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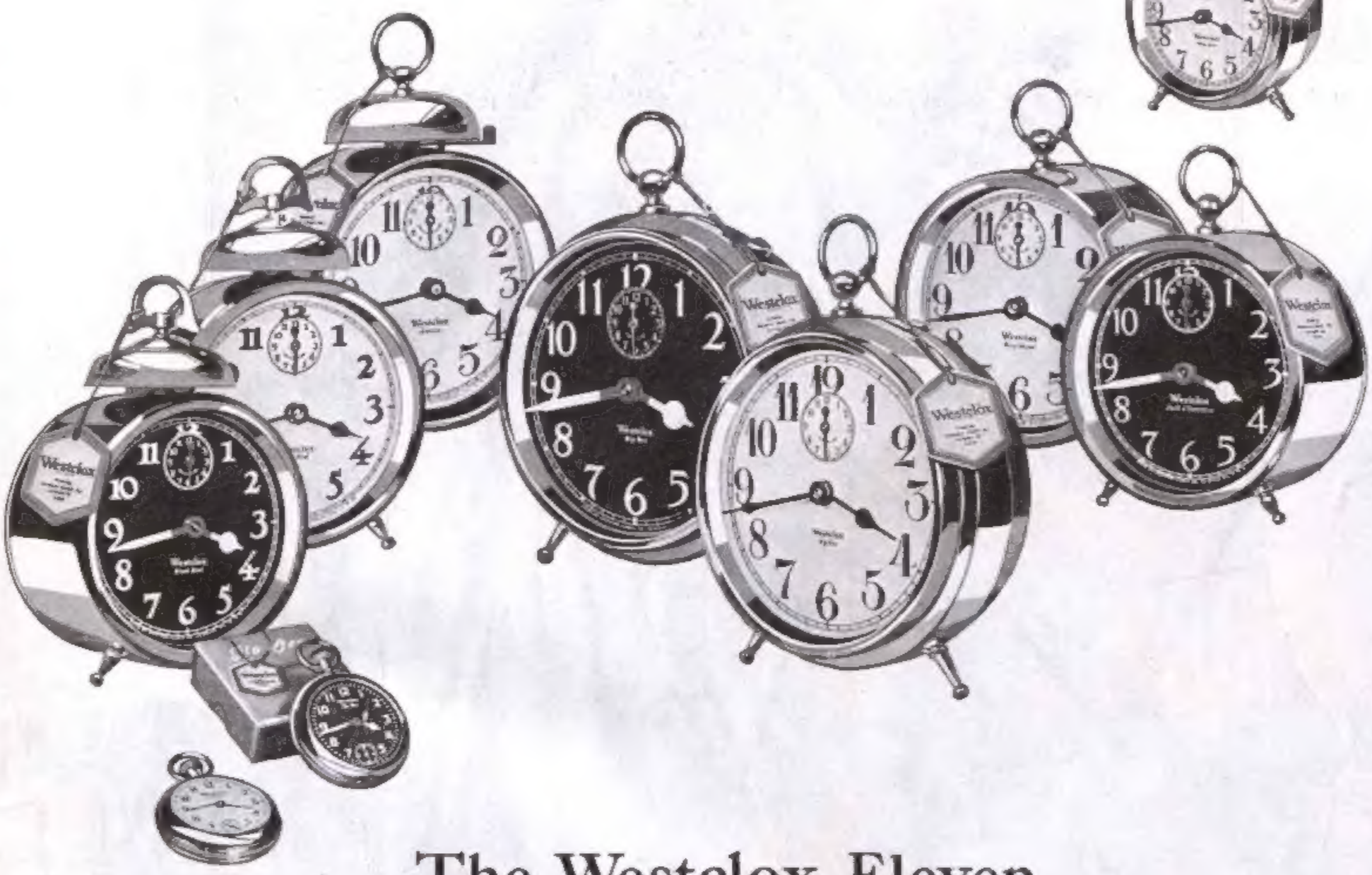

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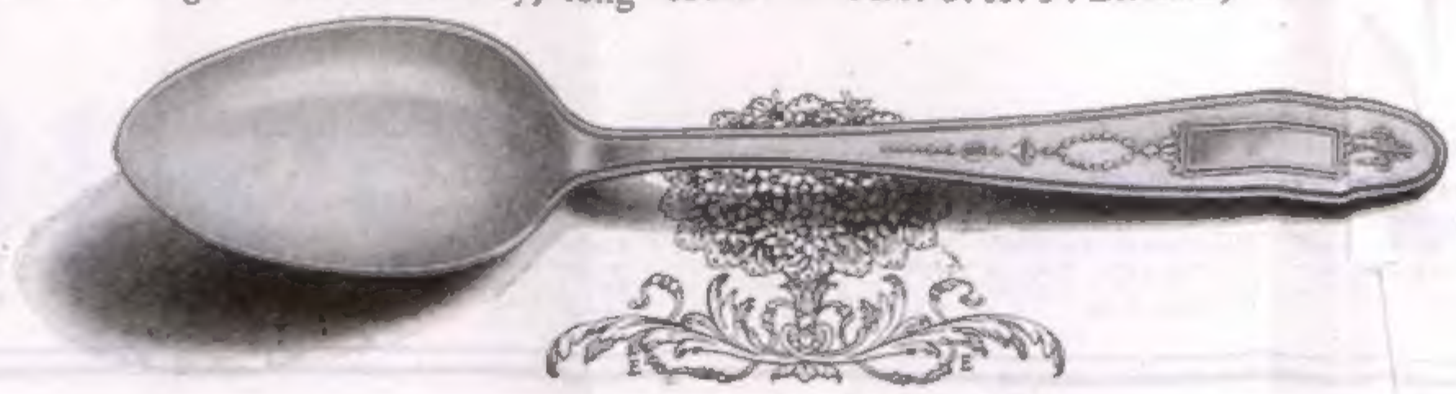

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CONQUERED

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PUHR

A New Hunger for Knowledge Took Possession of Tiny. When She Could Not Master a Subject, She Carried Her Troubles to Old Schultz, the Cobbler

IT WAS spring in the city. It was spring once more in Tompkins Square and Coenties Slip and the whole East Side that had become suddenly vocal and valiant with color. Over the cañons of the cliffdwellers, from the Sound to the Palisades, hung a daffodil-yellow wash of sunlight that made the moist roofs steam and left pearl-blue shadows under the minaretting water tanks. A soft and balmy breeze wandered up from the East River, carrying a smell of spice and sea water through the narrower tideways floored with stone and cement, where fire escapes became incredibly brilliant with airing blankets and windows opened like crocuses and pulley lines swayed with washings all the colors of the rainbow. A new animation showed in the streets, where the lavender man once more appeared with his tray and water rippled along the curbs and winter lay as dead as the indifferent dead cat disclosed by the vanishing snowdrift just beyond the Hunters Point ferry slip.

For there were new and unmistakable sounds in the air, the revived cry of the strawberry peddler, the wagon bells of the old-metal buyer, the diminuendo yodeling of the vegetable hawker, the echoing calls and cries of young baseball players, the squabbling over sidewalk marble games, laughter and singing and the clatter of dancing, where girls jigged drunkenly to the music of a hand organ that rose thin and plaintive through the vernal tumult about it. Doors, opening like eyes in a dead face, once more showed signs of life; steps and areaways again became crowded with gossiping figures; old men sought sunny corners, where they sat silent, absorbing the daffodil-tinted warmth and blinking impassively out at the shouting circle about the hokey-pokey man, whose barrow came adorned in a fresh coat of white paint, as befitted the season.

A spindly legged girl of twelve, pushing a dilapidated perambulator supported by three rickety wheels of wire and one of wood, stopped beside the crowd clustered about the hokey-pokey man. She looked out with dreamy eyes at the dozen rapturous tongues absorbing ice cream from little slabs of paper. And the white-faced boy of three, propped up in the pram, also showed interest—more pointed and personal interest—in that gustatory orgy of which he remained merely a spectator.

"Me some!" he demanded, licking his thin lips and dropping overboard a soiled pretzel that no longer appealed to his palate.

"Nuttin' doin', Buddy," was the listless reply of the girl with the spindly legs as she moved slowly on along the broken curb line.

There was a smell of tar and wood smoke in the air, a teasing and ancestral smell that made the violet vistas beyond the street ends strangely alluring to youthful feet. It made you want to get away from people. It made you unhappily happy and lazily restless. Even the houses were that way, observed the girl with the dreamy eyes, as she stared along the street, where every window had a blanket hanging from its sill, for all the world like a tongue hanging from a panting mouth. It was spring again. And it was nice to stand and listen to the trickle of water from the broken hydrant between the ash cans. It was nice to watch the warm and limpid sunlight, to breathe in the suave and gold-moted air that in some way managed to make young heads a trifle dizzy. It was a feeling, remembered the girl with the dreamy eyes, not unlike the sensations that had overtaken her after drinking a salmon can half full of the drainings from Dutch Bauman's beer kegs.

"Me some!" repeated Buddy, who seemed oversized for the vehicle which held him; for Buddy went about on wheels not because he preferred that means of locomotion but because a lame hip made it impossible for him to walk much.

"Tiny'll swipe yous a banan' when we come to Tito's," placated the dreamy-eyed girl, watching a group of boys who had taken off their shoes and stockings to paddle in the curb-side runnel.

But the dreaminess went out of her eye a moment later as a cabbage crate fell from a passing truck, burst open, and sent a scattering of green-leaved heads across the dusty pavement. The girl's swoop on the nearest of those heads was like the swoop of a kingfisher. She captured a still-rolling cabbage, promptly secreted it under Buddy's pram blanket and dived for a second trophy, already pursued by half a dozen equally eager urchins. The result of that common pursuit was collision and commotion, with the skinny little body in skirts ultimately eclipsed by the writhing bodies of boys who fought and gouged and piled deeper.

But the girl with the spindly legs was not unused to such combats. She reëmerged from the obliterating bodies, twisted herself free of the last clutching fingers, boxed the ears of a swarthy face that bit at her dress sleeve, and battled her way back to the pram, with the salvaged cabbage head clutched close to her breast. There she withstood the last wordy claimant, repelled the last charging rival and secreted her prize beside Buddy's withered hip as she discreetly moved on down the block.

When the girl turned the corner into Avenue A and approached Tito's fruit stand her movements became more deliberate. She veered in closer to the shelf of pyramided oranges and apples; and noting that Tito himself was busy weighing out a pound of pressed dates for an old woman in a shawl, she let a snakelike hand reach out toward the shelf-end exhibit of overripe bananas, marked down to Ten a Dozen. Quiet and quick as the movement was, it still gave the veiled-eyed girl time to appraise and choose the best-looking specimen on the mottle-skinned pile, to appropriate it and to secrete it in some unknown corner of her soiled apparel. She sauntered on, without once looking back, rounded another corner, and stopped to listen to the distant notes of a hurdy-gurdy. Mechanically, as she listened, she peeled the appropriated banana, bit off an end that gave every evidence of decay, and handed the titbit to the waiting Buddy, who lost no time in directing it well in between his distended lips. Then noting that the hurdy-gurdy was working its way closer along the side street, she sat down on a worn house step where the sun shone warm and surrendered to the spirit of spring. She leaned against the rusty iron rail, blinked contemplatively up at the daffodil-colored light and lapsed into a daydream that brought deeper lights into the intent young eyes and a softer smile to the slightly emaciated young face.

It was not an ordinary face, as anyone passing the worn old doorstep might have seen. And Tiny McCann was not an ordinary child, as anyone living within half a mile of her home could very readily have attested. The most exceptional feature about her was probably her eyes, which shone out of her thin and narrow face like ferry lamps out of a foggy slip end. They had a look of depth without being deep in color. There were times when they seemed a dark hazel and times when they seemed a light brown. But they were, in reality, an intense sea gray in tone, with a narrow pupillary ring of brownish-gold pigment from which minute rays of paler color radiated across the limpid band of the iris. The thickly planted black lashes made them look darker than they actually were, and the shadows under them tended to give them an air of wistfulness which did not rightly belong there. The faint shadows under the Celtic cheek bones were also responsible for a factitious look of fragility in Tiny's dreamy-eyed face.

This delusive impression of frailty was further heightened by the creamy pallor of her skin, which, when freshly washed, showed almost a gardenia white. That ethereal-izing pallor, however, was due more to the absence of actinic rays in her environment than to either physical weakness or the malnutrition that customarily results from hastily bolted meals. For Tiny's thin but wiry body seemed able to sustain itself quite satisfactorily on crullers and hot dogs and highly colored candy, on sliced Bologna and peanuts and thrice-boiled coffee, and on pushcart waffles and pink-tinted sarsaparilla and overripe fruit and dill pickles and granitic pretzels and not overly clean ice cream and delicatessen meats well steeped in preservatives and on kartoffel salat well soaked in cottonseed oil; to say nothing of cold tea and citric-acid lemonade and wienies and two-day-old gefüllte fische and cut-price nut bars trembling on the brink of rancidity.

For Tiny, being a true daughter of the East Side, dined where and when the occasion arose. She ate in the happy-go-lucky manner of her kind, knowing that life was a medley of fat days and lean days, but never turning away from that which was edible when chance brought it within reach of her talonlike little hand.

Chance, it is true, seemed to favor this particular wanderer of the highway, for Tiny knew where a so-called mutton pie could be purchased for a nickel, where hot coffee—with a stale roll thrown in—could be bought for two pennies, where a dime spelled the possession of a dozen indubitably well-ripened bananas; and where for a trifling coin or two of copper the unmistakably good portions of vegetables otherwise doomed to the garbage can could be carted triumphantly away.

It Was Not an Ordinary Face, as Anyone Passing the Worn Old Doorstep Might Have Seen

If the essential coin of the realm was not forthcoming, Tiny still had ways and means of adding to the household stores of the Widow Rapp, with whom she lived and had her being.

For Tiny was an explorer and from her explorations she never returned empty-handed. She knew the East Side as a pilot knows his harbor, from the Swamp on the south to the Williamsburg Bridge on the north, from the bright lights of the Bowery to the Sutton Place street ends where you caught a disquieting glimpse of Blackwell's Island and its gloomy-walled penitentiary.

And along these crowded tideways of traffic there was always some unconsidered trifle awaiting the watchful. There was fruit that got lost from the street markets; there were vegetables that fell out of shipping crates; there was coal that tumbled from delivery trucks; there was firewood to be commandeered from packing cases along the curb; there were bruised fish and an occasional oyster or two to be gathered in from the fishing sloops that rocked beside their lower-river piers; there were discarded burlap along the wharves and usable shoes sometimes to be snatched from the top of ash cans; there was a basement Frenchman who disposed of overripe Camembert for a nickel a box, and an egg candler in the next block who sold his unmarketable culls for almost nothing, and an Avenue B wop who cut your hair for a dime, and house wreckers who left wood and metal lying around loose after their work, and market men who stripped perfectly good leaves from their lettuce heads and were glad enough to have busy little hands such as Tiny's gather up the litter and cart it away. There was good soup meat in the butcher's trimmings that could be had for a song, and usable half blankets that could be cut from an occasional charred pile after a clothing-house fire.

Such prizes, of course, went only to the wary; and Tiny was wary. She could be hawklike in her descents and snakelike in her departures. That dreamy eye of hers, for all the wonderful light in its depths, missed little along her path. At one glance she could tell if there was anything worth retrieving from a given lot dump or littered garbage wagon. One blink told her whether or not a momentarily deserted peddler's cart held anything worthy of her attention. One look into a face informed her whether she was to get an angry push or an overripe pomegranate from the owner of the fruit stand which she stood studying with soul-hungry eyes. At the big poultry market she even learned to clown before the stalwart chicken pullers, busy with their loads, making monkey faces as she climbed the layered fowl crates in transit, for she had long since found that an occasional dropped egg was to be discovered by running an exploring hand in between the crate slots where some misjudged laying hen had been attempting too late to vindicate its right to live. Tiny had also been initiated into the secret process of milking coffee bags on the river lighters, just as from a small perforation in a sack of wharf rice she could run off enough of that Oriental cereal to keep the Rapp household in farinaceous food for an entire week at a time.

The water front in fact was Tiny's most favored stamping ground. For these more extended excursions, however, she supplanted Buddy's somewhat limited pram by a wagon made from a soap box mounted on two wooden cart wheels in front and two wire perambulator wheels behind, solemnly carrying a two-year-old license plate and one battered brass auto lamp on its dashboard. This wagon was not formidable to the eye, but the loads it carried home were by no means to be despised. It was in fact a seagoing frigate, preying on the riches of an overopulent city.

Just how long Mistress Tiny McCann had been engaged in these light and airy predatory efforts she would have found it no easy matter to explain, for Tiny's memory was almost as vague as her origin was misty. She had an indistinct recollection of first seeing the world through the rusty red bars of a Twelfth Ward fire escape, to which she was tethered by a clothesline around her waist. She stood up behind these rusty iron bars one bright summer day, like a young robin standing up in its nest, and heard the roar of the street and the rattle of the Elevated Railway trains and knew that she was alive, that she was Tiny McCann, that the sunlight felt good on her bare arms and that the warm air made her a trifle top-heavy, filling her with a dimly formulated desire to sing.

She had a mother with pale yellow hair who periodically washed Tiny behind the ears and gave her milk chocolate and a weekly bath in the kitchen laundry tubs, and she had a father who pinched her cheek and drank burny stuff out of bottles and quite often quarreled with her mother when he came home and went to bed in the daytime. But before Tiny was quite four this mother with the magically yellow hair mysteriously disappeared from Tiny's life, failing to return from a certain Sound chowder party because of the fact that the East River excursion boat conveying the party took fire in midstream and calamitously burned a number of its passengers to a crisp. Tiny, of course, was too young to comprehend the meaning of this tragedy; but she knew that the little flat was more lonesome than before and that her father, Mickey McCann, drank more than ever from the square-faced bottles that made him roll as he walked, and that he spent much of his day in a sleep from which it was not wise to waken him. Quite often, when she was hungry, a pale-eyed and large-bosomed woman from a neighboring flat gave Tiny a bowl of soup or brought her in a saucer of beef stew poured over a chunk of rye bread and spoke sharply to the man on the bed, who studied her with a somber eye and sometimes swore at her.

But Tiny's accumulating sense of loneliness was wiped away when she emerged to the street and mingled with the never-ceasing movement of her kind. And there a new life began for her. She learned to throw jacks and play cat and hopscotch. She learned to sew, squatted on housesteps beside other girls as pallid and unkempt as herself, and converted stray rags into dolls sufficiently authentic to be

fought over; and she found that a penny could buy an hour's happiness in the form of an all-day sucker, and acquired the art of biting and scratching back when unduly imposed on by her peers. She learned to scramble for herself and to protect her duly acquired prizes of the gutter and tool a hazardous path through passing traffic and shake impertinent hands off her bony little body and jolly Wong Tin for betel nuts and do cancans for the sloop sailors, who tossed her mussels and clams and sometimes even a trampled sea mackerel that was still worth boiling.

Tiny's cancan was sufficiently exotic to be entertaining, for East Side life had pretty well internationalized the little wanderer, as was evidenced by the extent of her dancing repertory, which soon included, besides the fox trot and the two-step of America, the mazurka and the tarantella and the Irish reel, and even the *csárdás* of Middle Europe. For already Tiny's ever-widening circle of acquaintances included Czechs and Poles and Chinks, Slavonians and Syrians and Sicilians, Finns and Swedes and Greeks and Germans, to say nothing of a missing link out of a circus and a deaf-and-dumb charcoal seller who claimed to be more than a hundred years old and could tell your fortune by shaking rice grains in a greasy cigar box without a cover.

Tiny herself was not unaware that she stood apart from the common herd, often in fact fabricating romantic origins for herself and devising highly ingenious reasons for her temporary presence in the tenement-house district. Her faith in her own uniqueness even stood corroborated one day when a tall stranger with a meditative eye stopped her by Corlears Hook Park and studied her face. He put a finger under her chin and lifted her soiled and slightly insurrectionary countenance up to the light. He inspected her as her old friend the egg candler used to inspect an egg, examining her with the X-ray eye of the artist.

"Child, you've certainly got an extraordinary face," he soliloquized aloud. He called his wife, who carried a portfolio under her arm and a collapsible stool. "Take a look at this kid, Aurelia. Do you suppose," he impersonally inquired, "I could ever get that face down on canvas?"

Tiny grew pinker as the woman with the portfolio joined in that singularly silent survey.

"There's beauty there," she finally acknowledged, "if you could dig it out from under all that dirt."

"Would you come to my studio, little girl," asked the tall stranger with the long hair, "if I paid you for your time?"

"Suttenly not!" retorted Tiny in a voice husky with indignation, wounded by the remark about her obliterating grime.

"But I'd paint a nice picture of you," he persisted, "and you and all your friends would be proud of it."

"Bunk!" was Tiny's brief retort.

"You could have all the ice cream and cake you could eat," added the artist's wife, "and I'd bring you back in a taxi."

"You go to hell!" cried the implacable Tiny.

"You wouldn't come?" asked the slightly astonished stranger.

"Suttenly not!" repeated the street waif.

"She'd probably be verminous," observed the woman with a sigh, her gaze following Tiny's receding figure as her husband explained that the cross breeding of the slum races seemed to produce an occasional face of exceptional beauty.

Tiny, fortunately, had no inkling of what the word "verminous" meant, or the stranger with the meditative eye might have been suddenly aroused by a beer bottle against his shin bones. So she merely presented them with a grotesque leer indicative of contempt as she took her departure, a leer that left her more like an organ monkey than a possible artist's model.

But the child, oddly enough, carried off with her a new and firmer faith in her own value. She knew that she was not of the ordinary run of children; that she held something of undefined worth, something to be remembered and taken care of and guarded for far-off ends. This protected her with an insulating sort of egoism and seemed to leave her more or less impervious to the evil influences that surrounded her kind. For all too early in life she was confronted by viciousness and remained in casual contact with the corrupt. She saw drunkenness and philandering, street fighting and thievery. She knew pickpockets who were supposed to be expert in the fob touch and strong-arm men who carried blackjacks as offhandedly as they carried pocketknives. She knew a coke snuffer who threw fits and a painted lady who paid money to the street-corner cop and an older boy who was a runner for a white woman in Chinatown and boasted of his knowledge as to the cooking of a pill, though it had never been explained to her just why certain pills had to be cooked like a potato before they could be consumed.

She knew there were boy gangs that fought with stones and sticks, just as there were men gangs that fought with knives and pistols; but this seemed so essential a feature of all established life that it made little inner impression on her unquestioning young soul. It was like the profanity that filled the air all about her, something to be endured and ignored, the same as you overlook mud in the street when it's the only place you have to play. She could toy indifferently with these high-colored words without awakening to their true significance just as she had once been found crooningly amusing herself with pistol cartridges and skeleton keys and a bunch of burglar's tools, as happy as a park child playing with its French dolls.

These burglar tools, it must be regretfully recorded, were the usually carefully treasured possessions of Mickey McCann, whose nocturnal activities were often a matter of bewilderment to his offspring. Early in life, in fact, Tiny learned not to be too curious as to her father's comings and goings. There were a couple of occasions, indeed, when an officer of the law had entered the dingy flat and closely interrogated Mickey as to his whereabouts at such and such an hour, only to depart eventually with no outward signs of satisfaction. This in no way lowered Tiny's estimate of her father, for street life had long since taught her that the policeman was the fixed enemy of the people, to be watched with a respectful eye when he watched you and to be evaded with agility when the familiar cry of "Cheese it, the cop!" interfered with the adventures of youth.

But the pursuit of all industries, nocturnal or otherwise, is open to the natural rivalries and enmities of the aggressive. And Mickey McCann, notwithstanding the quietness with which he pursued his calling, obviously made enemies and eventually came into collision with them. For very early one morning Mickey staggered into the little flat holding one hand to his side. The abruptly wakened Tiny noticed that the hand with which he locked the door after him was stained red and shook as it turned the key. She noticed that her father's bony face was the color of old cheese as he stood just inside the locked door, waiting, waiting interminably for something that never happened.

(Continued on Page 40)

"Take a Look at This Kid, Aurelia. Do You Suppose I Could Ever Get That Face Down on Canvas?"

WILSON AND BRYAN

What Brought Them Together in 1912 and What Separated Them in 1915—By Josephus Daniels

WHY did William Jennings Bryan nominate Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912 and how did he accomplish it?

How did it happen that Wilson and Bryan, who had been so far apart in politics from 1896 to 1907, joined hands in 1912, won victory at the polls, pulled together for reform legislation, and then suddenly in 1915 their lives diverged and Bryan retired from the Wilson cabinet at a critical moment in the world's history?

These questions have been often asked and partially answered, but I have not seen a complete or satisfactory explanation. It would not be literally true to say that Mr. Bryan alone nominated Mr. Wilson. It could not have been accomplished if hundreds of others had not, long before Mr. Bryan took a hand, broken the soil and sowed the seed. But all their planting and watering would have failed of harvesting the nomination for Wilson if at Baltimore Bryan had not, at the crucial hour, by the most brilliant and dramatic parliamentary challenges and the most compelling eloquence made such onrushes as could not be withstood. It was brilliant and it was war, successful war, and the stakes were not only the greatest office in the gift of the people but also control of the Government for eight of the most momentous years in its history. Almost single-handed, Bryan launched, fought and won that parliamentary battle. Let me give only one quotation as an example of how Bryan's oratory was gauged by the best judges.

"The oratorical treat was one of the pleasing features of the session"—of the Baltimore convention—"and the eloquence of Mr. Bryan made an impression on me," said Cardinal Gibbons. "It was the first time I had ever heard him speak. He is, in every sense of the word, a great orator, one who can sway crowds and hold them. He is a man of courageous and determined appearance and his speech sparkled with gems of oratory. It was an event I shall never forget."

PHOTO, BY CLINEDINST STUDIO, WASHINGTON, D. C.

William Jennings Bryan With the Ambassadors From Italy, France, England and Japan, Signing One of the Treaties for the Advancement of Peace

Not a Candidate

IT WAS the morning of January 6, 1912, in my home in Raleigh, North Carolina, the news came that a bomb had exploded which the opponents of the nomination of Woodrow Wilson believed had blown his presidential aspirations into smithereens. It was said to be loaded with TNT. William Jennings Bryan, en route to Washington, D. C., to attend what was expected by Democrats to be an epoch-making Jackson Day celebration, had stopped over to spend the day. We were talking about the improved outlook for the success of our party. He had given me in confidence the reasons why he had decided not to permit his name to go before the convention for the nomination. I state this in the very beginning, because attempts have been made to convey the impression that Bryan's actions at Baltimore—sometimes bold to seeming rashness and dramatic beyond precedent—were planned as scenes in a play whose dénouement would give him the coveted prize.

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Secretary of State Bryan, Chatting With Newspaper Men in the White House Grounds

Two months before the convention of 1896, when Mr. Bryan's nomination followed his matchless cross-of-gold oration, I had declared for his nomination for the presidency and I was his supporter in all three of his races both before and after the nomination. More than that, the first Bryan delegate chosen to the Chicago convention was my friend, Capt. M. W. Page, of the Raleigh district. I state this to show that if Mr. Bryan had intended to ask for the nomination he would have acquainted me, as one of his earliest supporters and oldest friends, with his intentions.

A Bombshell

WHILE we were talking the doorbell rang. A telegraph messenger and a reporter were at the door. The message for Mr. Bryan was a request from a New York newspaper asking him to make a statement about the Joline letter. The reporter, representing the New York Sun, brought a copy of the Joline letter with the request that Mr. Bryan state whether he would retort in kind and attempt to "knock Mr. Wilson into a cocked hat." I had not before heard of such a thing as the Joline letter, and my impression is its publication came as an entirely new revelation to Mr. Bryan. At least, if he had heard of it before he did not communicate that fact to me. He read it over first as if astonished; then read it over a second time, and with a quizzical smile handed it over to me. It gave me a shock and a scare. I was supporting Wilson, but I did not believe he could be nominated if Mr. Bryan fought his nomination. The sequel of the Baltimore convention justified the belief that nobody could secure that nomination if he was opposed by Bryan.

The boy who brought the telegram asked Mr. Bryan if he desired to send an answer. He did not. The boy retired.

The reporter then said, "Mr. Bryan, what have you to say as to the Joline letter and what do you purpose to do?"

"What paper do you represent?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"The New York Sun," was the reply.

"In that case," said Mr. Bryan, "you may just say that if Mr. Wilson wants to knock me into a cocked hat, he and the Sun are on the same platform. That's what the Sun has been trying to do to me since 1896."

That reply was probably wired to the Sun from Raleigh, but it was such a

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bryan at Their Florida Home in 1923

sockdolager it was not displayed in its telegraphic news of the next day.

"What do you think of it?" Bryan asked me when we were alone.

I read it carefully.

It was a brief note sent by Mr. Wilson from Princeton under date of April 29, 1907, to Mr. Joline, and referred to an address which the latter had delivered before the board of directors of one of the Western railway companies.

In commenting on the address, which, quite apparently, had made references to Mr. Bryan, the writer of the letter expressed the wish that something could be done "at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once and for all into a cocked hat!"

Bryan's Attitude on the Joline Letter

BY THE way, do you know what is meant by "knocking into a cocked hat"? The Century Dictionary explains it as "to knock over or to pieces, demolish, literally or figuratively." A further definition is given: "But a cocked hat is not only a three-cornered hat but a game of bowls in which three pins are used, one in front and two behind on a line so arranged that when the ball strikes the front pin a little off the middle the whole three are scattered in complete and exhilarating disorder. We are inclined to think, therefore, that it was this variation of the game of bowls that gave rise to the phrase 'knocked into a cocked hat.'" If you feel like playing the game, you have two sets of rules.

I had never heard of Mr. Joline and didn't then know that some time after writing this letter, Mr. Wilson had opposed and defeated Mr. Joline as alumni trustee of Princeton. That information was to come later.

"In the first place," I said, "we have no proof that the letter is genuine. I have seen too many political canards to accept any as reliable without proof. So, before determining anything, I should say the wise thing to do is to wait to see if it is genuine.

"In the second place, if it is so, I do not think you are the man to speak. It seems it is Mr. Wilson's turn to do the talking, if any is to be done. He may say something that will put another light on it. At any rate, it is several months before the convention and you will have time enough to decide upon your course."

Mind you, Bryan had not indicated any preference. He knew I was supporting Wilson and that I believed Wilson had been steadily veering away from a collegian's conservative attitude toward public questions and that the record of the governor of New Jersey had shown him to be a militant progressive, whatever he had been when he opposed Bryan and free silver in 1896. I ought rather to say that in that year he opposed free silver primarily and did not vote for Bryan solely because of Bryan's advocacy of free silver.

Mr. Bryan gave no indication of the course he intended to pursue or what he intended to say when he reached Washington. Other subjects were discussed and he outlined the speech he intended to deliver at Washington.

In the meantime Wilson's friends, particularly Tom Pence, the publicity director of the Wilson campaign, were bombarding me with messages to know how Bryan felt in regard to the Joline letter. I did not know and, therefore, could give no intimation. We went to Washington together.

Just before the journey ended I requested him to make no comment until I could see Governor Wilson and learn what comment he had to make. Bryan did not wish to seem to desire any statement, but asked me to take breakfast with him the next morning and we could then discuss the matter further. However, the reporters didn't let him escape without making a statement.

PHOTO, BY G. V. BUCK, WASHINGTON, D. C. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Secretary Bryan Ascending the Steps of the State Department, November, 1913

"What about the Joline letter?" Bryan was asked as he alighted from the train and started away with Senator La Follette. He made this Delphic reply:

"I am in the position of the juror who was asked if he had formed an opinion of the case on trial. The juror replied in the negative. The juror was then asked if he felt that he could form an opinion upon the presentation of the evidence. Again the juror replied in the negative. That is my present position relative to the Wilson-Joline correspondence."

Arriving at Washington, I went immediately, piloted by Pence, to Wilson's apartments at the Willard Hotel. Here a dozen of Wilson's closest friends were with him.

"What did Bryan say?" I was asked.

"Isn't it better," I said with a smile, to Governor Wilson, "to let me tell you first what I said to Bryan?"

Wilson smiled one of his inimitable smiles of inquiry and asked, "What did you say to him?"

My answer was:

"I said, 'Bryan, you must give these college presidents time to catch up with us.'"

Harmony Restored

FOR some minutes there was discussion as to the best course to pursue. Some wanted Wilson to make a statement qualifying, if he could not deny writing, the letter. I wrote down at his dictation a brief statement, which he thought should be acceptable. I was to show it to Mr. Bryan the next morning and see what he thought of it.

But before I left, Governor Wilson said, in substance, "After all, wouldn't it be better, without seeming to be on the defensive, for me in my address tonight to express my real sentiments as to Mr. Bryan's great service to the party and the country?"

It was thought that course might obviate the necessity of any reference whatever to the Joline letter, and if it didn't remove the plague, we could then consider what should be done. All agreed to this course, and felt sure it was the wise way to handle what was regarded as a troublesome situation.

That night at the Jackson Day dinner Wilson made the hit of the evening, delighting his friends, making new ones and sending consternation into the ranks of the opposition.

The next morning at breakfast with Bryan, I pulled out the brief statement Wilson had dictated. As I finished reading it Bryan said, "I think what Wilson said in his speech last night is ample, don't you?" I was relieved. The subject was never mentioned again.

Wilson had, in the course of his vigorous demand to end favoritism in government, paused and, with emphasis and sincerity, said:

"With all the rise and fall of

(Continued on Page 48)

PHOTO, BY NATIONAL PHOTO. CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Wilson Speaking at the Flag Day Exercises on the East Front of the State, Army and Navy Building, June 14, 1914

EVERY BOY

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"SUMPM"—that was Ma Fisher's pronunciation of the word "something"; she was not the only one in the world who pronounced it so; in fact nearly everybody does when (s)he is not thinking; but be that as it may, Ma Fisher was saying—"Sumpm's the matter of Ned, and I'm worried."

She was speaking of her only unmarried son, whose real name was Edward; but he had always been called Ned, though nobody knew where the N came from, because his real name was Edward.

She was speaking to her eldest daughter, Ida, and Ida's husband, Will Shippey, who had come over to take Sunday-night dinner with "the folks," as they called Ida's father and mother, who were also Will's father-in-law and mother-in-law. Ida had trained her father and mother to speak of the evening meal as "dinner," though Will insisted that it was "only supper—and hardly that." But whether it was—or were—or not, the married children, or such of them as had been unable to get out of Carthage, usually came over Sunday nights and took dinner with the folks.

It was a sweet custom of theirs. Besides, the hired girls of Carthage went out Sunday nights. Also, it put a little salve on the children's consciences for neglecting the parents that had never neglected them—or rarely. And then Sunday evenings were dull anyway. And it was a good day to get at least one duty done so that the next week could be tackled with a free hand.

When her mother mentioned her anxiety over Ned's matter, Ida was so alarmed that she broke out:

"Is that so? Well, what do you suppose it is? Whatever it is, you can't be half as worried over him as I am over my little Edna—she's got me so fretted. I was saying to Will only las' night that I wouldn't be surprised if Edna was coming down with the measles or the mumps or sumpm. And at a time like this of all times, when I'm just getting over the worst cold I ever had in all my born days—yes, sir, simply the worst cold. Why, Will was saying only the other night he never heard anybody cough as hard as I did. Didn't you, Will?"

"I sure did. Good Lord, I couldn't sleep a wink! She nearly coughed me out of bed. I couldn't hardly sleep a wink. She didn't wake up at tall, but she nearly —— Why, cough? She sure did!"

"I didn't wake up at tall? Listen at the man! Why, I never closed my eyes—not once did I so much as close an eye! Why, mamma—why, Will Shippey, how can you say such a thing!"

"I've not been feeling any too well m'self," Father Fisher tuned in. "Nothing much to speak of—just kind of mis'ble all over—kind of uneasylike."

Mother Fisher could always hush her husband. Look at the practice she had had. Forty years, day and night.

"As I was saying," she said, with a grim effect of effacing her husband utterly, simply erasing him—"as I was saying, sumpm's the matter. He acts so funny, he ——"

"In love, I guess," said Ida. "Speaking of acting funny, our little Willy is simply driving me wild—simply driving me wi-uld! He ——"

"Aw, there's nothin' the matter of that boy; just getting his second teeth, I reckon. When I got mine they said they never expected to pull me through. Why, would you believe it ——"

"It's nothing special you can lay your hands on. I'm just kind of mis'ble."

"Ned worries me. He —— Sh-h-h! Here he is!"

When Ned came in he gave no appearance of being worriable or of worrying. He was smiling like the canary-filled cat. He smote his brother-in-law on the back, dug his father in the ribs, kissed his mother and almost kissed his sister. And rubbing his hands together, he exclaimed, "Well, how's every little thing?" It was a favorite phrase of his invention. And he added another: "How about the eats? I could wolf a few vittles if anybody should drag me into the eatery."

So they all went into the dining room, and Ned made good his boast so nobly that his mother ceased to worry over him, and his observant sister began to sniff at the thought of anything being the matter of such a —— And then he startled them all.

He Told Her She Was the Dream Girl of His Dreams, the Ideal of His Ambitions, and He Was Simply Crazy About Her

The well-loaded fork paused before his open mouth a long while. The family stared at him, but he stared at nothing. Then the fork went slowly back to the plate as his strong jaws went slowly together. Both hands pushed the plate away far enough to permit one elbow to come up and rest so that the forearm and the heel of the hand could prop his chin.

He stared so intently at whatever it was he was staring at that the whole family traced his gaze across the air to where it was cut short by a blank space of wall paper. There had been a picture there until the old wire broke, and now the wall paper revealed a square patch of the original color before it was all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sunlight—Mrs. Fisher simply could not get the hired girls to keep the dining-room shades down.

It was so evident that Ned was not really gazing at the sample of the original wall paper that everybody's gaze came back to him, then went to everybody else with a look that plainly asked the riddle and gave up the answer:

"What on earth is the matter of him?"

His mother had always said his eyes were beautiful, and they certainly had now the lustrous limpidity and melancholy of a dying gazelle.

Ida whispered, aghast, "Appendaseetus—looks like!"

"Or gastrytus, maybe!" his mother whispered aghaster.

"Gastreetus, my foot!" said Will. "Prob'ly he's figurin' out a new way of holdin' a golf stick."

"I'm not feelin' any too well m'self," said father in a meek and gnatlike whine.

Ned paid no heed to all this inquest over him. But if he alarmed them with his mournfulness, he terrified them more by a sudden shift of expression from unutterable gloom to ineffable rapture. His face was illumined as if someone had suddenly turned up the gas in the chandelier. He smiled with a divine beatitude, a superhuman sweetness such as babies wear when their mothers say that the angels are whispering to the darlings—though it is really probably a mere registration of the warm milk in their fat little tummies, as their mothers call them.

Ned, whatever filled him with warmth, looked as mother imagined a young saint would look who saw an angel and heard it speak. She was nearer right than she knew; yet not quite right. Ned was visioning what he would have called an angel, but ma—almost anything else.

Then the radiance subsided from Ned's eyes like the gas going out. He sighed profoundly, shook himself, glanced about; seemed to be puzzled to find himself not alone; then laughed and pulled his plate nearer, reloaded his fork and transferred its burden to the hayloft where mastication proceeded.

Nobody dared question him, and he said nothing until he had eaten the last raisin in his cold rice pudding, whereupon he glanced at his watch carelessly, cried "Good Lord!" and "Good night, all!" and rushed from the room to the hall. They could hear him running up the stairs to his room. The door slam shook the house. They knew him too well to guess that he was late to church or choir practice.

"Do you wonder I'm worried?" said mother helplessly; but Will Shippey guffawed.

"Some woman is what's the matter of him."

This hideous theory shocked mother insufferably. She knew women well enough to know that none of them could be trusted to do right by her Ned. Ida knew it, too; but she did not trust the men either.

She sniffed, "I'll bet it's that Yore woman."

"Not Rose Yore?" mother howled. "Why, she's years older than Ned, and a widda. And been carrying on with Duncan Barclay ever since Cal Yore passed on."

"Yes," said Ida; "but Ned's been seen with her a lot lately and a man always falls in love first with some cat that's old enough to be his mother.

"And the cat usually encourages him so as to keep in practice and prob'ly to make some other fella jealous."

The most hateful thing about the bleak cynicism of women like Ida is the fact that they are usually right. Ida was right. The thing that had checked the young animal labeled Ned Fisher in the very act of satisfying his physical hunger was, indeed, a sudden thought of Rose Yore, a stifling yearning for her. It had come over him like a whiff of tear gas, pungent, suffocating, overpowering. Then, as in a delirium, he had seen her before him, not as she was to other people—who thought her a decidedly faded flower that had never been so terribly pretty—but as a goddess walking on a rainbow, drenched in supernal beauty in a pearly mist and enaureoled in a glory of loveliness.

The vision had faded as a wisp of haze is dissolved and he had seen before him only his plain old family, the food on his unfinished plate, his useful fork. His appetite had returned.

Now that he was in his room, he was doing what he could with his costume. He longed to wear the clothes that Romeo wore; he would look well in tights. And a feather in his cap would be nobby. Lancelot had nice togs, too—a bit of chain armor, a sword and a helmet—um-m—swell! A little inconvenient in the clinches, though. But these collars and ties and vests and pants—what could a fellow do to look romantic? A touch of purple in the cravat and a border of gay sock over the low shoe, and that about let the modern lover out.

He fought down a tuft of hair that would arise and shine at the back of his head. He finally fixed it with a bit of

Nature's mucilage, transferred from tongue tip to finger tip. Then he remembered Mrs. Yore's photograph. He took it from concealment and kissed the inscription—"To dear Neddie from his friend Rose." If it had been a dedication in Sappho's own autograph, he could not have found more poetry in it.

He turned the portrait round and stared at it, and did not see at all what a casual stranger would have seen—a highly commonplace photograph in the small-town photographer's worst manner of a commonplace young woman a bit dowdy and of a somewhat matronly urge, gazing into a sharply focused camera with a badly focused attention and a markedly uncomfortable look.

With an incense of adoration fuming across his eyes, Ned saw a Juno of ambrosial pulchritude gazing in immortal longing at him.

At that very moment his mother was complaining of this very creature—arguing against her as people do, in the known folly of imagining that the reasons why a thing should not be so are evidence that it is not so:

"He couldn't love Rose Yore. Why, she isn't half as pretty as she used to be—and she never was."

Will Shippey answered with odious humor, "But love makes such a darn fool of a man that he thinks his goose is a swan. Why, when I first saw Ida ——"

He caught a glare that silenced his words but not his evil snicker, leaving Ida as miserably concerned with her own wounded feelings as her mother was with Rose Yore's menace.

Meanwhile Ned's father was muttering, "Whatever it is ails him, if he don't quit moonin' round the office like a lovesick duck, I'm goin' to fire him."

When Ned had fed his eyes on Rose's mysterious beauty he kissed the photograph with the awe of a muzhik touching his lips to an icon; then he put it away—a bit carelessly in his haste to be off to the presence. He darted from the room, swished the door to back of him, and stepped off the top step as if he were going to descend a stairway of stars.

He went down sprawling, rolling and scraping his feet along the spindles with such a racket that when he finally arrived in the lower hall, amazed to be alive, he looked into the startled eyes of his family.

His mother rushed to help him up and ask him if he had killed himself. He laughed lightly and went to the mirror in the hatrack to readjust his tie, resalivate his scalp lock and whisk-broom his dusty clothes.

His mother seized him with her old hands and pleaded, "You're not goin' to see that homely old Yore woman, are you, honey?"

Ned drew himself up a few inches taller than his height and answered her with all dignity:

"If you are referring to the divinely beautiful Mrs. Rose Yore—I sure am!"

While his mother babbled protests, Ida cut in with untimely wisdom:

"Don't let her make a fool of you, Ned. She's just playing you off to make Dunk Barclay jealous."

Ned turned on her with brotherly ferocity.

"Mrs. Yore is uncapable of such low motives as no doubtedly acturate such as you."

Ida staggered back with mock humility, but Will Shippey intervened. He laid a friendly hand on Ned and uttered his warning:

"Dunk is an old lady killer, Ned, and throws his money free, and he'll make a boob out of you"

Ned lifted Will's hand away as if it were a lizard and answered loftily, "Duncan Barclay is a man of such low morals that Mrs. Yore would not even tolerate his presence—except perhaps to reform him."

Will clapped his hand to his brow and toppled to the wall moaning, "Lost! Lost!"

Ned's father added one further word of cheap inappropriateness:

"You better fall in love with your job tomorrow mornin' or you're likely to lose it."

"Yes, father," said Ned with crushing meekness, and opening the door, closed it with sweet softness and passed out into the night. His mother ran after to call him back for one more appeal; but he was hastening down the street, walking as fast as he could without frankly running. He was in a sweat of terror lest he should miss one priceless, irrevocable moment of Mrs. Yore's incomparable companionship.

If he had been Paul Revere riding to save a nation from ruin; if he had been galloping ahead of the Johnstown flood to warn thousands of men, women and children of approaching doom, he could not have felt a greater need of speed. If he had been Elijah going up in a chariot of fire to heaven he could not have felt a more exultant upluft or a keener expectation of paradise. If he could have chosen between a rendezvous with Mrs. Rose Yore and one with Aphrodite, Juno, Minerva, Astarte, Helen of Troy, Aspasia, Ninon de Lenclos, Nell Gwyn, Lillian Russell—or with all of them put together, he would have cried without hesitation, "Give me Mrs. Yore or give me death!"

Her front porch was preferable to a sunny cloud overhanging Mount Olympus or a moonlit balcony in Verona or a gilded Giralda in Spain. The wisdom of her least utterance was more important than anything Socrates was ever said to have said. Her laugh would have made Galli-Curci sound like a boy whistling through a missing tooth.

The memory of the brief embraces she had granted him made him stagger in his gait drunkenly. When she had surrendered with a sigh—"Oh, you are so strong!"—his bosom had swollen with more pride than if he had been decorated with six crosses of war. He would rather be her husband than president of the United Planets of the Universe. The recollection of the few kisses she had let him steal made his lips burn with white flame. He looked up at the serene sky and asked the stars—which were unquestionably staring at Mrs. Yore—if in all their travels they had ever seen the equal, not to say the beating, of her.

He was glad it was Sunday, for his heart roared like a pipe organ with hymns of gratitude to heaven for selecting such a miserable worm as himself to receive the smiles, the leisure, the confidences of the woman who was indubitably the triumph of time, the one flawless masterpiece of mental supremacy, physical perfection, vocal transcendency, wit, humor, philosophy, fascination—everything in the dictionary that meant any quality worth having, and not one thing in the dictionary that the most exacting critic would care to have omitted.

In short, the God of Love, having picked up this commonplace instrument known as Ned Fisher, was making it shiver and throb with a music far too big for it, played with the skill of a *maestro*. Look at the practice love has had! Forty thousand years, some say.

(Continued on Page 177)

She Was Up in Helen's Room, Helping Unpack Helen's Trunk, and They Were Commenting Shrilly on the Various Souvenirs of the Season's Scalp Hunt

TELLING JEDBURY

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY NATE COLLIER

FOR six years I have been attempting to get Senator Perlingham Jedbury to let me tell him what I think of the League of Nations. Two hundred times, at least, I have begun, "Now, senator, if you will just let me tell you what I think about the League of Nations ——" but he has always had to hurry away to keep an engagement, or has seen someone he had to speak to. As soon as I have begun with "Now, senator, if you will just let me tell you what I think about the League of Nations ——" he has got out of his chair. He has always made some excuse for not listening to me, but he has not deceived me; I have understood that he did not want to listen to what I think about the League of Nations. So that is why I am grateful to Henry Hooten.

The senator was sitting in the lounge of the Paxmack Club, where we both play golf, and I entered. I walked directly to him and seated myself beside him.

"Ah, senator," I said, "this is opportune! I have been wanting to tell you what I think of the League of Nations ——"

The senator immediately looked around, half rising from his chair, and saw Henry Hooten, Charles J. Carter, Amos Gregg and Jim Overman, who were passing us.

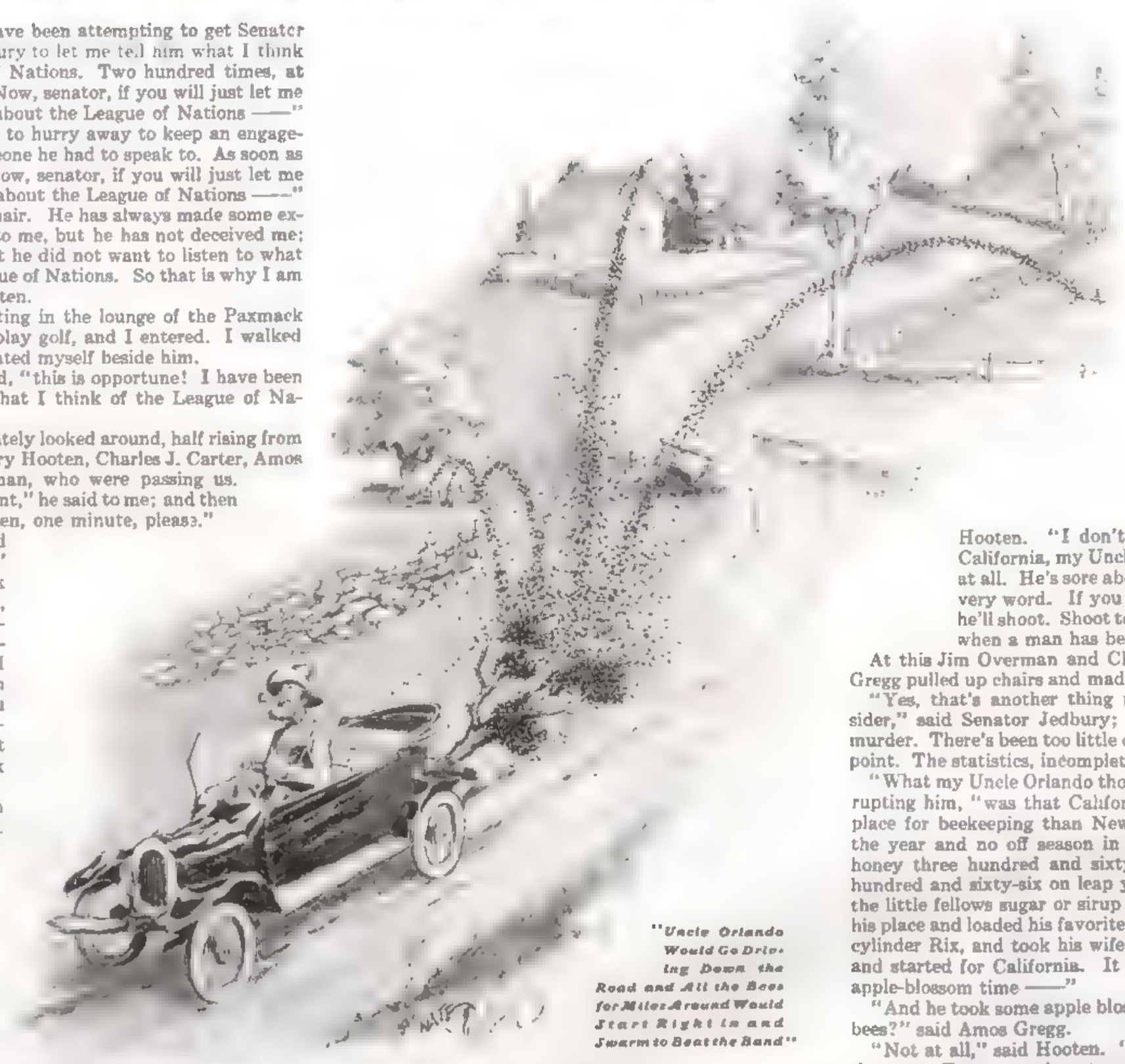
"Pardon me a moment," he said to me; and then to Hooten, "Oh, Hooten, one minute, please."

"Yes, senator?" said Hooten. "What is it?"

"I wanted to ask you," the senator said, and I knew he was mentally pawing for something to grasp—"I wanted to ask you—in fact I wanted to ask you to tell me—I mean—well, to be frank, I want to know what you think about bees."

"Bees?" Hooten said, looking dazed.

"Bees," repeated the senator. "Seems to me Congress is not doing the right thing by bees. The cow, yes; the hog, yes; the domestic fowl, yes; but the bee, no. Now as a bee expert, your opinion——"



"Uncle Orlando Would Go Driving Down the Road and All the Bees for Miles Around Would Start Right in and Swarm to Beat the Band"

"But, Lor' lumme!" exclaimed Hooten. "Lor' lumme, senator, I don't know anything about bees."

"Now none of that!" said the senator hastily. "Modesty is all right enough, Hooten, but not in this case. The future of this nation, bound up in the bee, rests on the wise action of its legislators, one of which I am, and your duty to humanity when a senator of the United States asks your expert opinion ——"

"Yes, but did you say bees?" asked Hooten. "I don't know anything about bees. I read the other day that there was a fine book about them written by some person named Dallas Lore Sharp, or something of that sort."

"It seems to me that Belgian fellow wrote something about bees," said Carter. "The fellow who wrote the Blue Bird thingamajig."

"I read a piece in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the other day," said Gregg. "A fellow named Dick Wick Hall wrote it. Sounded untruthful to me, though; it didn't have the ring of truth, somehow. It was about ——"

"I remember about Lightnin', that character Frank Bacon played on the stage," said Jim Overman. "He said he drove a swarm of bees from Nevada or somewhere to California."

"This fellow I'm telling you about," said Gregg, "told about a fellow who was taking a hive of bees from New Hampshire to California in an automobile, and in Arizona ——"

"That is what I wanted to get information on particularly," said Senator Jedbury; "the transportation of bees. The Interstate Commerce Commission ——"

Hooten stood his bag of golf clubs against a table and dropped into a chair.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "if you want to know the truth of it, that story of Dick Wick Hall's was pure fabrication. I read it, and I know what I'm talking about. And I ought to know, because the man from New Hampshire was my uncle. Orlando X. Hooten is his name, from Balesburg, New Hampshire."

"That don't seem to me to be the name I read in THE POST," said Gregg.

"When a man like Dick Wick Hall starts out to tell a whopper," said Hooten, "he don't dare use actual names. He'd be sued for libel, most likely. I dare say my Uncle Orlando did stop at this Dick Wick Hall's garage, and of course he had his bees with him; but that's about the limit of the truth in that Dick Wick Hall's story. My Uncle Orlando was not, for example, driving a broken-down flivver. He got rid of that flivver long before then. When that flivver got him his bees ——"

"That's one of the points I wanted to ask you about," said the senator, seeing I was about to speak. "Using flivvers to get bees is one of the matters my committee must take up at the next session."

"Oh, that was simple enough!" said Hooten, with a careless wave of his hand. "You see, my Uncle Orlando had this flivver ten or twelve years, and he drove it mighty hard and never spent any money on repairs, and it made a terrible noise when it was driven. Awful noise! Like tin pans and shotguns and I don't know what all. And you know, senator, that when beekeepers want the bees to swarm they pound on tin pans and make a big racket. Well, sir, whenever Uncle Orlando drove that flivver anywhere the bees would immediately swarm! Yes, sir! Thousands and millions of them. Uncle Orlando would go driving down the road and all the bees for miles around would start right in and swarm to beat the band, so to speak, and when he had a swarm of bees gathered in that way my Uncle Orlando would drive right back home and hive them."

"But I thought bees usually swarmed on a limb of a tree," said Jim Overman, and Hooten gave him a mean sort of look.

"They do," said Hooten. "Uncle Orlando had lost the main brace—or whatever you call it—of his flivver and he had stuck in the limb of a tree instead. So, of course, the bees swarmed on the limb of the tree Uncle Orlando used as a main brace."

"This is extremely important, Hooten," the senator said. "If our committee should go to New Hampshire, I suppose it can see the flivver."

"Now that's just the trouble," said Hooten. "It can't see the flivver in New Hampshire. In the first place my Uncle Orlando scrapped that flivver and bought an eight-cylinder Rix, and in the second place he sold all his bees but his favorite hive, and he took that hive to California."

"Then," said the senator, "our committee must go to California and investigate your uncle's bees there."

"Now that's another thing that almost breaks my heart, senator," said Hooten. "I don't believe, if you did go to California, my Uncle Orlando would talk bees at all. He's sore about bees. Yes, 'sore' is the very word. If you mention bees to my uncle he'll shoot. Shoot to kill too. You see, senator, when a man has been tried for murder ——"

At this Jim Overman and Charles J. Carter and Amos Gregg pulled up chairs and made themselves comfortable.

"Yes, that's another thing my committee must consider," said Senator Jedbury; "the relation of bees to murder. There's been too little consideration given to that point. The statistics, incomplete as they are ——"

"What my Uncle Orlando thought," said Hooten, interrupting him, "was that California would be a far better place for beekeeping than New Hampshire. Flowers all the year and no off season in the winter; bees making honey three hundred and sixty-five days a year—three hundred and sixty-six on leap year—and no need to feed the little fellows sugar or sirup in the winter. So he sold his place and loaded his favorite hive of bees into his eight-cylinder Rix, and took his wife and two children aboard, and started for California. It was early in the spring—apple-blossom time ——"

"And he took some apple blossoms with him to feed the bees?" said Amos Gregg.

"Not at all," said Hooten. "He let the bees forage on the way. Every morning at sunup the bees would fly out of the hive and fly forward, ahead of the automobile, and grab honey from the apple blossoms along the route. Then they would hover in the air until they saw Uncle Orlando's car coming, and when it came abreast they would dash down and enter the hive. Uncle Orlando used to toot his horn continuously to let the bees know he was coming. It was a pretty sight, he said, the pretty little bees crawling out of the hive, standing a moment to spread their wings, darting rapidly ahead of the automobile and then waiting for it to come up with them when they had gathered the honey and pollen."

"What speed did your Uncle Orlando's car make?" asked the senator, taking out his notebook and pencil.

"Thirty-five," said Hooten. "Thirty-five miles an hour was his average, sir. At times he did get up to forty-two, but his average was thirty-five."

"The bees must have made fairly good speed," suggested the senator.

"Yes, fairly good speed," agreed Hooten. "Seventy miles an hour, on the average, was what Uncle Orlando figured they did. They made seventy miles while Uncle Orlando was doing thirty-five, and that gave them an hour to gather honey before he caught them up. That was plenty. They did not need that much time, as a matter of fact. Often Uncle Orlando would see the bees sitting on the fence, resting, as he drove up."

"The—oh, yes," said the senator, and coughed gently. "Yes, sitting on the fence."

"And from New Hampshire to the Western desert Uncle Orlando did not lose a single bee," said Hooten. "And even then ——"

"He only lost one," suggested Gregg.

"No," said Hooten seriously, "I shan't say that. I'll stick to the truth. He lost several. They were the weaklings, of course, and probably fell in the desert and died of thirst. Probably twelve or thirteen in all. The wings of the rest gradually strengthened ——"

"Strengthened?" the senator asked.

"Of course," said Hooten. "They had to strengthen, and so they did. I remember that Uncle Orlando said that

(Continued on Page 118

The Odyssey of a Columnist

By Jay E. House

CARTOON BY WYNCIE KING

IN POINT of continuous service, I am the oldest living newspaper columnist. By that I mean I am the senior of the old ego school. The term of servitude of Doc Bixby, of the Nebraska State Journal, already exceeds mine by a dozen or fifteen years. Doc is the hoary-headed patriarch of the clan. But he has sung a gentle lay. He has written so little about himself and his personal reactions to the trivial and unimportant matters of existence that he can scarcely be considered in any approximation of the type. Doc swings a thoroughly innocuous perpendicular pronoun. It never makes trouble for himself or anybody else.

Be that as it may, I have made a newspaper column stand up and beg for my daily bread for twenty-four years. It had its genesis in an obscure corner of a morning newspaper printed in a secondary city of the Corn Belt in August, 1901. It was more than two years old before its author became the beneficiary of a "by" line. And that mark was not conferred as a reward for meritorious service in the field. It was rather a mark of caution. I was saying so many things in conflict with the settled beliefs of the paper it was deemed advisable and good business-office policy to permit me to shoulder the obloquy which my observations provoked. I did not make the editorial page or any sort of preferred position until late in 1903. For a long time my stuff was run-of-the-paper. The make-up man sank it wherever he could find a hole deep enough to contain it. The market page was one of his favorite spots. I have been on the market page oftener than any other columnist in the world.

It is too much to say that my column never missed an issue. In its earlier years it missed many issues. All I claim is that the breath of life has always been in its body. In the beginning my duties were multifarious and complex. In addition to dramatic and sports writing, which were regular assignments, I never knew when I should be called upon to act as editor, managing editor, city editor or relieve an absent or incapacitated reporter of his regular duty. But the column survived the neglect and the occasional manhandling it received. Eventually it outgrew the back room in which it had been planted, to fix its tendrils in the editorial page of a metropolitan newspaper. A year or two ago I landed it on Broadway. The resultant splash was not noticeable, but it is still there. Daily now I write of myself for two great city constituencies and I am read by them with more or less regularity and a greater or lesser degree of disapproval. It is a curious thing that I, a stormy petrel of the country newspaper, should finally come to rest under the protecting rooftrees of two famous journals, each bonded in tradition and steeped in the ethics of the craft. It was a long journey, but an interesting one.

A Big Following in Small Towns

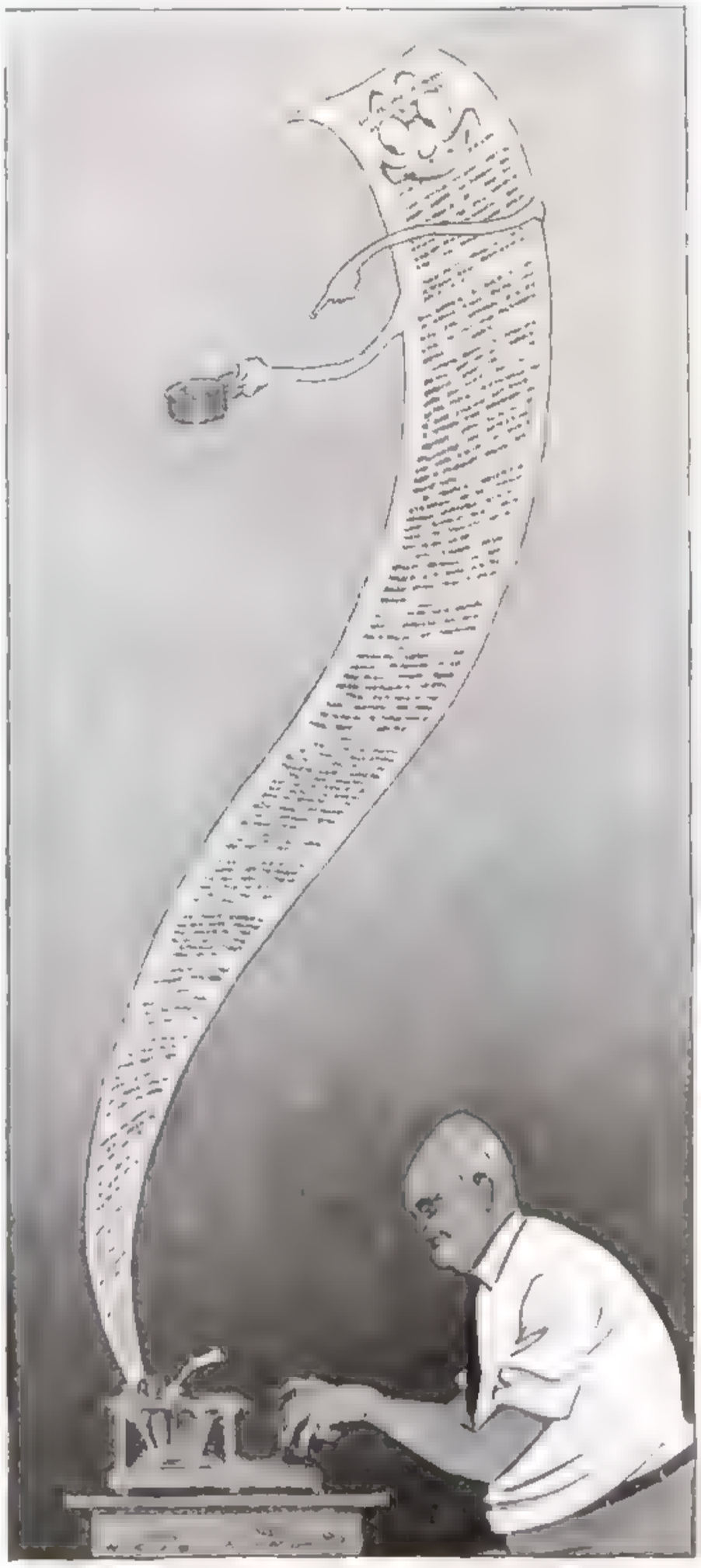
LET it be understood that I am not one of the anointed. I lead no cult. Essayists writing somberly and seriously of the art of columning do not single me out for discussion. They wouldn't; they have never heard of me. I am not mentioned in the literary weeklies. They never heard of me either. My jokes are not reproduced on the motion-picture screen. I make no jokes. I have never lunched at the Algonquin. I don't know where it is. But I have my moments. I can go into almost any small town in the country and the chances are that sometime during the afternoon or evening I shall meet a man or woman who remembers something I wrote in 1907, 1912 or 1916 well enough to quote it to me. Likely enough, the individual in question has been laying for me all these years. He wants to speak his disapproval of a sentiment the expression of which I have forgotten and the belief in which I have long since abandoned.

For mine, if I have one, is a Main Street clientele, and I am tremendously flattered by the fact. This because I have long contended that the highest average of intelligence, the straightest thinking and the keenest understanding are found in the shops and offices along Main Street and in the homes appertaining thereto. Give me the doctors and lawyers along the street and the women in the comfortable lawn-flanked houses above the railroad tracks, and the other lads may have the cognoscenti for their own.

When I became a columnist the word had not been embedded in the phraseology. It hadn't even been hinted. There was no particular call for such coinage. There were not enough working columnists in 1901 to justify a descriptive term. Those of us who contributed personal reactions to the editorial page were loosely grouped under the term "paragrapher." To the papers in the town in which I gave a newspaper column birth, I am still a paragrapher. They still withhold from me the badge of the order. Anyway, the number of columnists in an active state of eruption in 1901 might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. And, at that, the accountant who made the computation would have had some change coming to him.

I recall but one who had begun to flourish in that day, but my outlook was circumscribed; there may have been a few others, none of them famous enough to have achieved a national currency. The one I recall was the late Bert Leston Taylor. He had done a column for the Chicago Journal as early as 1899. By the time I broke into the game, he had shifted his field of operation to the Chicago Tribune and was well on his way to fame. But there was a hiatus in B. L. T.'s career as a columnist. For a time he left the field in which he became the bright particular star to go elsewhere. And so, at the time of his death, now some years ago, I ranked him in the matter of continuous service. George Ade did a feature for the editorial page of the Chicago Record for a number of years along in the 90's. It was grand stuff—the foundation of and the stepping-stone to his greater fame and fortune. Pink Marsh, Artie, Doc Horne and others of his once famous but now almost forgotten characters first saw the light of day therein. But Mr. Ade was not a columnist and would not now be so rated. His stuff was all impersonal. He never wrote a line about himself. The world has yet to learn his personal reactions to the inconsequential affairs of existence. In short, he was no columnist, although his feature was, perhaps, the most popular printed in his day.

The present-day columnist is at once an evolution and a response to a simple human need. Biologically speaking, he is the get of the old-school humorist and the old-time paragrapher. Curiously enough, the foal has few of the characteristics of either sire or dam. From along in the 70's until the late 90's a large class of paragraphers made mock and flourished. Many of them served small-town papers; all were anonymous and unknown outside the immediate neighborhood of their own narrow activities. There was nonpareil gothic and caslon old-style, even then, but its forte was plain and fancy job printing. It was not employed for the purpose of giving paragraphers "by" lines. The old-timers were sung but unhonored. Their stuff permeated a nation. It was copied from Belfast to San Diego and from Bellingham to Tallahassee. But credit, when credit was given, accrued to the newspaper on which the paragrapher was employed. Thus the Somerville Journal, the Germantown Telegraph, the Yonkers Statesman, the Danbury News, the Norristown Herald and a number of other small-town newspapers impinged upon a national consciousness and became famous.



I Have Made a Newspaper Column Stand Up and Beg for My Daily Bread for Twenty-four Years

The American School of Humor

THE same period saw the rise and fall of an American school of humor. Its feeble beginnings were, perhaps, fixed in Artemus Ward. Among the subsequent full-time professors who gave the school vogue were Josh Billings, Charles B. Lewis, who wrote under the name of M. Quad, Robert J. Burdette, J. Armoy Knox, Opie Read, Bill Nye, Petroleum V. Nasby and George W. Peck. Probably Petroleum V. Nasby would not now be rated as a humorist. He was D. R. Locke, editor of the Toledo Blade. His humor most frequently expressed itself in vitriolic and bitterly partisan attacks upon the Democratic Party. Newspaper readers no longer take their partisanship so seriously and it would be exceedingly difficult to syndicate Nasby today. He would mortally offend the Democrats; and except in the heat of presidential campaigns, few Republicans now care for that form of partisan excess. But in his day, and in communities in which Republican voters predominated, Nasby was considered screamingly funny.

Those set down herein were nationally known names. They were familiar not only to the man in the street but to those who sat upon kegs and boxes in the crossroads grocery and those who gathered for social converse at the corner blacksmith shop. They had a wider range and were better known than any columnist of today. Civilization was less complex, intellectual segregation less complete. The country then was more nearly a mass meeting and less a close conference of those bound together by social, intellectual and business ties. That school of humor, crude, often banal and wholly lacking in subtlety, flourished tremendously and died. It is the way of all professed, intentional and obvious humor. The professed and intentional humorist is the shortest-lived of the human species. No man may be funny to order over a long period of time. Inevitably and within a few years he has drained the reservoir.

Between them, the old-time paragrapher and the old-school humorist handed on one curse to their residuary legatees. That is the almost universal assumption that the columnist is funny, or is trying to be funny. It is so firmly fixed in the public mind that hundreds of years of earnest effort will be required to dislodge it. Half the sneers leveled at me—and I have what I fondly believe to be the

(Continued on Page 54)

Airy Adrienne Takes the Air

By ROLAND KREBS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IN ALL the pictures of Daniel G. Cupid that I've ever seen, the kid carried no other deadly weapon than a bow and arrow. That's wrong. If that little gunman doesn't pack around a blackjack and brass knucks, too, I've got eleven hands and thirty-nine feet. And if he was pinched with a crate of bombs and a brace of .45's in his possession, I'd be the last guy on earth to faint from surprise. Should that stack up to you like a lungful of broad statement, drop into Ward H of the General Hospital and take a long and earnest look at Bobby Butler's blackened eyes and mashed dome. Bobby, if he is able to talk, will tell you that falling in love sometimes isn't radically different from being in three railroad wrecks. Bobby, you can bet the rent, will not fall in love again soon, even if he's pushed.

If Cleopatra, Madame du Barry, the original Florodora girls and two-thirds of the feminine population of Hollywood propositioned Bobby Butler, all they'd get from him would be a growly "Let me alone."

Nothing except maybe his union suit is closer to Bobby than me, so I guess I know. I and Bobby are partners in vaudeville. Tell anybody at all that you never have heard of the wise-cracking team of Boyd & Butler and you'll get yourself thoroughly laughed at.

Well, Bobby didn't step out of his character any when he fell in love. I've seen the little smelt fall in love so many times, and I've pulled him out so often, that each new flop excites me about as much as my morning bacon and eggs do.

My reasons for keeping the little toad from wading up to his hips in romance are two. One is that when he has some new dame on his peewee brain, he is as useful to me in our act as General von Kluck would be. He keeps thinking about his great spiritual love and forgets his lines. A wise-cracking comedian like me finds a straight man that boots his cues and a Slovakian orator equally handy. If Buddy Boyd and Bobby Butler eat, it's because I keep Bobby's mind off romance. The other reason is a sweet, dumb little girl out in Zanesville, Ohio.

If Bobby doesn't love Georgia Grayson, of Zanesville, then General Grant never was in the Army. She's a nice little kid that grew up with my dub of a partner, and she's the girl he's going to marry some day when he gets around to it, after I've made him a success. All Bobby's got to do to have me pound his head down into his shoes is fall permanently out of love with Georgia.

The little herring doesn't realize himself how much he really loves Georgia. Every once in a while he gets the wild notion that she's just a small-town moll that isn't quite good enough for him. Well, sir, on the day that her value is compared to Bobby's by feet and inches, the Lick Observatory's best glassware won't be able to find Bobby Butler.

Occasionally, feeling as he does, Bobby thinks he has got to fall in love with this dame or that. Once he was going to be the soul mate of a lady piano mover who had an act where she threw two-edged hatchets at a gook standing against a door. The trick was to sink the hatchets into the door all around the guy without accidentally whittling one piece of him loose from the rest of him. When her helper quit, Bobby offered to double in the act, and did. Twice a day I used to think she'd kill my half of our act until I got him out of that scrape.

That's the kind of a bozo he is. Never uses any judgment. His judgment was out picking tulips a month ago when he did his most recent Brodie into romance. This time it was Airy Adrienne for which Bobby's heart was going to pound an excavation in the wall of his chest. What a bust she was!

Although Addie is a light heavyweight of about a hundred and seventy pounds, she three-sheets herself as "airy" because she does an aerial turn on a trapeze. You get the racket, I suppose. It's calculated to indicate that Adrienne flits about in mid-air like a fleck of foam or a vapory, billowy cloud. Well, when clouds grow as airy and light as Addie is, houses will be built with armor-plate roofs and people will navigate about the streets in caterpillar tanks.

Just what it was about this gymnast that struck a chord in Bobby's soul is no more mysterious to me than Swedish conjugation. Her pan is something to scare naughty kids with. The first seven years' output from the Yukon must have gone to make gold teeth for Airy Adrienne. With those molars, she's a walking subtreasury. Listen to a grindstone screeching against a rusty kitchen knife and listen to Addie's voice and you'd swear the grindstone was a nightingale by comparison. Her build is a story all by itself. Addie makes the Washington Monument look puny. From all that trapeze work, she has the shoulders of a stoker, muscles of piano wire and arms like the driving rods of a locomotive. I shook hands with her once. Mine still feels as if I'd stuck it in a cider press.

"The Little Bimbo Holding the Other End of the Rope Shot Toward the Ceiling and Dangled There"

Twice a Day I Used to Think She'd Kill My Half of Our Act

I might make some excuses for Bobby if now and then he fell in love with some woman that could hold the gravy spot in a big-town bill as well as out in the butter-and-egg belt, but all I can hand him is a wagonload of abuse when he tried to tie himself onto a dizzy opener like Addie.

She's not bad as acrobats go. Most of the time she opens a bill, but when I've seen her close the show, she's never held the clients in their seats breathless. All Adrienne can ever hope for with her limitations is a spot where she kills time while the customers are quarreling with the ushers about their seats and checking their coats and umbrellas before the real show starts. But Bobby he thinks, or did think, that Addie and Sarah Bernhardt would break even before any mob of judges of the drama.

Addie knew a good thing when she saw it. She held Bobby upside down by the feet and shook him till he quit jingling. I'll bet you my nervous system and my bronchial tubes that he's bought enough uptown food for that acrobat to feed the late A. E. F.

"Look here, blood poison," I used to tell him, "you're not doing right by the belle of Zanesville when you fritter away your coin on vittles for this human famine. The dough you spend on coffee and cake for her ought to be salted away in the sock for the day when you steer Georgia into a license office and get shackled to her."

"I'm in no hurry to take the handcuff," the little woggle bug would answer me. "Anyway, Buddy, I'm not sold yet on the idea that Georgia is the girl for me. Who knows? Who can tell? Perhaps it's in the stars that Addie is to be my mate."

I poked a finger into his chin.

"The day that you marry Addie," I told him, "will be one of economy for your friends, for the same posies that they send to your wedding can be used the next day to give your grave a tidy appearance."

I gave him a dirty, homicidal glower, but he only grinned at me.

Bobby got to running after Addie and waiting on her like he was a queen's handmaiden. About all he didn't do for her was her laundry. Addie used to tell him that she had to save her strength for her act, so he'd cart her around in taxicabs everywhere she wanted to go.

Why, when we played Washington, Bobby had one of those Nubian boys in a bottle-green coat with pewter buttons and a four-foot dicer leave his stand on Northwest Sixteenth Street every afternoon and gallop his victoria over to the theater. Then, after the matinée, they'd get into the carriage and have themselves driven all over the city for about eleven dollars' worth, giving Addie the fresh breezes.

"It would be cheaper," I told Bobby, "if you'd buy a tire pump and nozzle the air into the theater for Addie."

"The trouble with you," he said, "is that you haven't got a streak of romance in you."

What he calls his streak of romance is the same sort of streak that ran through the Mad Hatter.

On weeks that Airy Adrienne was billed at the same house with our act, it must have got to

be a question in the minds of the house staffs whether Bobby was a lady's maid in Addie's turn or a straight man for me. While the overture was being played and the news reels run off, Bobby would scurry around the stage, seeing that there was resin in the box that Addie rubbed her dogs in, another box of resin for her mitts and not a guy wire in her trapeze supports loose. When she rumbled out to do her business, he'd take her bath robe and hold it lovingly all the time she twisted and turned and I hoped she fell on her ear. When she'd go offstage, he'd drape the bath robe around her and tell her she was wonderful. And do you know that that woman never once contradicted him!

He was her public, and what a public he was! The weasel would disguise his handwriting, which in itself is a gigantic task, and write her fan letters that she could wave under managers' noses.

Airy Adrienne had one gag that she uncorked on Bobby that was a wow.

"I'm so afraid, Bobby," she told him over and over again, "that all the exercise I get will make me thin and make me lose my figure. And you know, honey, that there ain't no place whatever in vaudeville for a bony lady aerial artist."

"Baby," was always Bobby's answer, "you've simply got to eat more."

What a laugh that is! The only way Addie could have eaten more was for her to have three more stomachs.

After one of these little inspiration lectures from Bobby, Addie would let him tell the waiter to wheel in another steak.

I don't think the old Czars of Russia ever got more attention from their hired help than Addie was getting from Bobby, but when she caught a cold in Philadelphia he really began to lavish it on her.

"Stuff a cold and starve a fever, baby, is a good old household saying," Bobby reminded Addie, and urged her to eat up.

Besides all the jack he was spending on grub and taxicabs for Addie, he began buying her cold remedies. He was feeding her easy eighteen dollars a week worth of cough sirups, powders, pills, atomizers and gargles.

Then I got a letter from Zanesville.

"Buddy," Georgia wrote me, "doesn't Robert love me any longer, do you suppose? I wish to know only because I want him to be happy. He hasn't written to me for ever so long. If some other girl can make him happier than he used to say I could, why no one would wish more for him to have her than I."

My first impulse was to chase after Bobby and wear out a piece of half-inch pipe on his dome, but it occurred to me that it would fatten his vanity to know the little kid in Zanesville was worried about him. You might think from that that Bobby is a no-good scamp, but you're wrong. He's just like any other man—likes to have some dame nutty about him.

I'm used to putting Bobby on the griddle and giving people the idea I hate him, but that's not true. He's got lots of good qualities—and lots of bad. I just know that a halo wouldn't look right on him, even if it was nailed to his conk, and I know he couldn't do Satan's act for him either. Well, anyway and anyhow, I figured that I'd have to be very, very subtle and adroit pulling him away from this gymnastic eater.

You know, I guess, friend, how it is with vaudeville artists. Sometimes the same acts will be on a Minneapolis bill that all played together the previous week in Chicago. It's nothing uncommon for three or four acts to play different towns together week after week.

Lately, a not bad looking serious sort of a girl that called herself Countess Eau Claire and played deep stuff on a harp in one had been teaming up with the acts in different burgs. The distance between her and being a real countess was roughly the same as from Patchogue, Long Island, to Omsk.

The countess was all that Addie was not. In February I had heard her say "Thanks" to a stage carpenter that painted a scratch out on her harp, and then again late in March she said "Excuse me" when she bumped into a tap dancer backstage. She and President Coolidge are the same sort of chatterboxes.

Eau Claire always minded her own business. She would be as apt to fall in love with Bobby as the water in the Hudson would be apt to run back for another look at Poughkeepsie.

The countess lived only for her art, and like all nuts of that kind, she had a sort of woebegone glint in her eyes and a sad droop to her pan. It was the sort of expression you see plastered on the faces of people who are the permanent victims of unrequited love.

So Bobby was disarmed when I sprung this on him:

"Say, you must be giving Eau Claire a whirl on the quiet, aren't you? She seems dopy about you?"

"Eau Claire?" said Bobby, surprised, probably thinking I meant Eau Claire, Wisconsin. "Eau Claire?"

"The countess."

"Countess? Oh, that moll that jerks opuses and arias out of the harp in Number Four spot?"

"The very same," I said, sort of winking my eye and nodding my head knowingly as if to say, "You needn't play innocent, you old fox. I know you."

"You mean she's taken a shine to me?" Bobby asked.

What a Kicking and a Slapping She Gave Him Before Professor Juan de Ruiz y Ruiz, the Lion Tamer, Could Drive Her Away

"A shine my eye!" I laughed, punching him in the ribs. "She's daffy about you. What have you been feeding her?"

"Honest, Buddy," Bobby assured me seriously, "I never even noticed." He thought for a while. "Not a bad-looking wren, is she?"

"Bad looking!" I professed amazement. "Why, she's scaly with allure," I told him, spreading it on.

"What makes you think she's edged about me?"

"Oh, little things I've noticed. She stares after you, even after you're out of sight. I've watched her a couple of times in the wings, too, keeping an eye glued on you while you'd be feeding me our gags."

"Funny," Bobby confided to me, unsuspecting. "I've never particularly noticed it."

"Don't you know, you poor finnan haddie, that a woman is always carefulest not to let the man she loves know it, even if the rest of the world does? What do you expect her to do—hit you with a sledge and megaphone you that she's cuckoo about you?"

"Then you really think the kid likes me?" Bobbie asked earnestly.

"Look at here, Bobby," I told him kind of gruffly. "That dame is in love with you and you know it, and I don't hand you much for pretending that you didn't even suspect it. Treating a woman indifferent-like to keep her interested is all right in small doses; but when you let a good clean girl like Eau Claire pine her heart out for you, and you keep on pushing her around like you've been doing, it's cruel and ungentlemanly. Add those up."

"I guess I have been a little hard on her," the smelt said remorsefully. "But then they fall harder after a little bruising, Bud."

Swallow it—hook, line and sinker? Say! He swallowed the pole, too, and nearly ate my arm off up to the elbow.

From watching Bobby Butler I knew what he was figuring. He was figuring that if Eau Claire proved a live one, fine. If not, why it would make Addie a little jealous.

Don't think I wasn't adding and subtracting a little my own self. I know that feminine admiration is as necessary to Bobby as an occasional drop of water is to a codfish. I was sure he'd give the countess a tumble. I suspected that Airy Adrienne would then quit Bobby and that later he'd find he couldn't hold the interest of a woman like Eau Claire, whose one love was for her great art.

He got away to a slow start. That was good, because Bobby's brain works so slowly that he's best in a muddy track. He gave her a couple of polite hellos as a starter, then took to splashing a little flattering apple sauce on her, backstage.

"I think you play with such feeling," I overheard him tell her one matinée. "It's as if every fiber in you, every shred of your soul itself, was trying to get a tune out of that big banjo of yours."

Would she have dinner with him? Humph! Feed the countess a couple of cracks like that and she'd let you amputate one of her arms with a nail file.

Airy Adrienne didn't notice this trifling any more than she would have noticed your stealing her spinal column. It just scalded her. She began following Bobby around the same as Friday follows Thursday. She would cough a couple times and ask him what she ought to do for her cold.

"What you need is rest," he said once. "Take a nap."

Addie needed that advice just the same as the Chicago fire needed gasoline.

Bobby, now sold on the racket that Eau Claire was mad for him and didn't want him to catch on, began giving her more and more of his time. He must have spent hours telling her what an inspired musician she was. That's a laugh, because the one thing that Bobby understands less than music is the personal habits of the gwyniad.

Airy Adrienne had the pronounced sensation of having been filed away for future reference. At first she tried indifference, thinking it would bring Bobby back to her. That brought him back as fast as *tempus fugit* will bring back 1908.

Then she began demanding all sorts of attention from him again. She asked his advice about a new caper she was planning to try out on her trapeze. When nothing else will warm a man up, asking his advice about this or that usually does the work—appealing, I suppose, to the protective instinct.

"Do you think, Bobby," Addie asked the little ash can, "that standing on my head on the trapeze bar, without grasping the supports, would go over big?"

"Tremendous," he said without interest. Then he added, "Well, I don't know; you might fall and break your neck."

That crack was worth a week's pay to Adrienne. It showed her Bobby still could worry about her. She coaxed him to stay around the theater after performances and watch her practice her new stunt. She would balance and shake and screech and then say, "Oh, Bobby, I'm so afraid I'll fall!"

"That's all right," he told her, standing under the trapeze. "If you fall, baby, I'll catch you."

(Continued on Page 135)

For What Shall it Profit—

By
LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE E. WOLFE

After Long Minutes His Father Did Not Speak. Strengthened by Bitterness, Paul Turned and Strode Back to Him

THE city of Siesta sleeps and dreams on a long sunny slope down which the mountains roll lazily to the western sea. It takes its census in the tourist season and publishes its population in the high thousands. Quarrelsome contrasts of architecture mark its subdivisions; vistas of startling loveliness stretch out from its hills. Siesta's periods of growth have been spasmodic, like those of an unpruned vine planted in sand, fertilized now and again by booms and advertising agitation, complacently surviving dormant interims on the beauty of blue sky and gentle weather and surpassing sunsets.

Siesta's old families are like the eucalyptus trees that quaintly pattern its landscapes—newly native but intrinsically characteristic. On a few walls old portraits hang, regarding friendly and familiar old furniture on which no alibi-ing dealer has left finger prints. But for the most part the traditions of Siesta's first folk lie before them. Many a matron who carelessly, but with pleasurably conscious sophistication, dates her memory pad with tea and dansant and bridge engagements would instead, except for the adventuring boots which brought her father's feet westward, be crossing off on a large Christmas-compliment calendar the dates whereon certain hens should hatch in Illinois or certain cows come fresh in Iowa.

Henry Jennings and Frank Shields, vagabonding together from Tinytown, Wisconsin, had founded two of these old families in the days when the deeds of the forty-niners were reluctantly settling into a sequel of normal success and normal failure. After fifty years in their climatic paradise, Frank Shields had made himself into the big man of the country round; he was president of the Siesta Commerce and Trust Company; the park was named for him; he was the public adviser.

But Henry Jennings, his good friend, having continually buffeted bankruptcy, had grown into an old, old man, beaten but not bittered by his dreams. He was only a figurehead, and was that merely by the grace of a dead and gentle Jew, in the big tuna canning and packing plant which he had started so many years before in a shanty on the water front, and which now raised its Spanish cream-colored stucco eminence five stories high to greet incoming ships. There were real bells in its arches. They rang softly when the right winds blew.

Pure chord bells in a fish cannery—old bells—beautiful.

Small wonder Henry Jennings had walked long and close with debt, or that his sons had not turned out to be better business men. Allen, the younger, would probably never come home again; for certain punitive laws so limited his personal freedom that he found better faring in old Mexico. And Paul, though pleasingly cultivated and the outstanding social asset of Siesta, was no more of a business man than was his impractical father—that is, he had not been until last week.

Now, for a week, he had worn the garments of success; had won them without advice, without assistance. Pricked by impulse, he had speculated chancefully; had turned his mother's shabby bequest of ten thousand dollars into nearly ten times ten thousand—as much as the amazing secret sum which she had willed her fugitive son, Allen. In his accomplishment, he lost his bitterness against her.

Today he had worn his garments of success before his world. No such wonderful day could ever be again. But tomorrow would be also sweet; and next week; and all the months. Last week, in his inconsequence, his forty years had seemed many; now they unveiled his youth; they had kept him so young that he did not see the lighted ships lying, lovely, on the star-reflecting waters of the harbor, nor smell the spiced fragrance of the Cecile Brunner roses that wound every porch pillar with their profligate tiny pink blossoms, nor hear the music—soft English songs that old Eben Ellis loved—drifting over the garden wall from the long-silent piano in the next house.

But leaning back in the grass porch chair, a chair he had brought his mother from Manila when he returned from his trip around the world, he saw, swinging in space in the moonless night, a shining mahogany desk; and he smelled pretentious flowers—roses and carnations and peonies and a few smaller intimate bouquets from women; and he heard a golden chorus of voices saying, "Well, Paul, old man, congratulations."

Ah, that polished empty desk! Not a desk huddled up with many others, but apart, dignified, consequential, fenced by fine polished spindles and accessible by a small swinging gate that awaited the open sesame of a nod from his head. Today the desk had been empty of everything except the small black-lettered brass name plate which said:

PAUL JENNINGS
Vice President

How many friends had come! In fact, he could think of none who had not, except his father, who, more than all others, would most have liked to. But an absurd fishermen's strike had developed at the plant on the bay and young Winnerheim had sent for his father; because Henry Jennings, though he couldn't keep money, could always keep men. But he sent his greetings to his son. There arrived at the bank a whole fieldful of wild sunflowers.

"Oh, Lord, now isn't that just like Henry?" Frank Shields had said, reading the penciled card which Paul silently handed him:

"*My dear son:* When I named you Paul it was with the faith of this good day for you. It was Paul who learned strength from the 'substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'

"I had Charley stop the car this morning and I cut these sunflowers for you. If Frank won't have them around throw them out. But you know why I send them, anyhow.

"HENRY JENNINGS."

Frank Shields had grinned companionably under his short gray mustache. For him also it was a good day, and fertile with generous viewpoints. Frank Shields had been financially foolish, and had not been found out, a condition conducive to magnanimity and due in great part to Paul's quiet seventy-five-thousand-dollar cash entry into his reorganized bank.

"I'll wager you don't know why he sent 'em any more than I do," he said.

"Oh, he likes the things; he always has," Paul told him, embarrassed a little, not for himself but for his father's oddness. "Dear old father."

"A wonderful man," said Frank Shields. "I don't think he's ever had a mean thought in his life. Always has floated out of trouble like a cork. Funny thing, but I'm positive I hate it worse than he does to see that Winnerheim tribe gobbling up all his years of work. Impersonal, that's what he is."

Paul put the note into an inside pocket. He resented this graciously unctuous cataloguing of his father, even while he agreed with it.

"Well, you see, Uncle Frank, father doesn't care so much about things in themselves as he does about the doing of

them. He'll continue to have charge of this uptown office, and the business will go on in his name. That was agreed between him and old Levi Winnerheim. Young Irvin's not the man his father was, of course, but he's been very decent."

The older man was not listening.

"Paul," he said, his voice coming deep from other thoughts, "you said, didn't you, that you offered to take up those notes for him when your good news first came?"

"Y-es," said Paul. It was a surprising question at a surprising time. Shields' shrewd eyes were looking at the pile of wilting sunflowers over in the corner. His fingers fussed with the lodge emblem on his old-fashioned watch chain. "That is" Paul went on saying things unnecessary to say since they both knew them—"that is, we talked over putting the original ten thousand into the business, but he said mother hadn't so intended it and that he felt it was up to me to make a stab for my own salvation. He really hasn't been the reason I've stayed down there—not for the last six or seven years. It's just been my lack of initiative. Then, of course, I had just sold my stock when you told him about this opening here and he telephoned me right away."

"Yes, yes, I know. He's glad enough to have you here; there's no doubt about that." Frank Shields had learned the fallacy of saying unnecessary things. That Henry Jennings had, with one gesture, dismissed disgrace from his old friend and beckoned opportunity for his son was a matter sweet to remember, but sweeter undiscussed. "Let's see; where'll we put his weeds?" he said with gentle amusement. "We certainly can't throw 'em away."

So the porter put the sunflowers into the four big onyx urns by the doors, and there they became the most remarked of all the flowers sent. "Perfectly stunning," they were pronounced by a group of smart winter women from Cabrillo Point, and Paul was pleased, for his father's sake, that Frank Shields overheard their comments. And after the admiration of others Paul himself saw beauty in the big bright blossoms.

But to Henry Jennings, beauty had ever been convincing in itself, and no man could steal from him the strength of its sustainment. But his sunflowers had small part in his son's daydreaming. They and all other incidents of the last twelve hours hid themselves behind a little brass name plate:

PAUL JENNINGS
Vice President

Even a memory of the charming piquant face of Gladys Verner, lifted prettily, and with his betrothal kisses on her lips, did not blur Paul Jennings' untiring mental vision of that small thing of brass and black letters. But because of it he had driven to Cabrillo Point—where the rich systematize their winter pleasures—and had asked Gladys Verner to marry him. It was the least let-down he could think of after such a day. As he drove down Broadway—recently and legally metropolitanized from Main Street—he slowed his bright new roadster in front of a corner window whose faded sign announced Jennings & Co. He knew his father was not there. But the empty old swivel chair and the closed high-top desk depressed him during the moment he was driving by.

He told Gladys Verner frankly that had he remained a salaried superintendent in a fish cannery he could never have offered himself at her worldly, wealthy, pretty feet. It was an easy answer to her question, "Why on earth haven't you asked me before? You've had me so discouraged that I'd decided to take my grief to Palm Beach next winter." She told him convincingly, and he heard, unconvinced, that he was a fool. "Fish or finance, it's all one to me. I love you," she had said.

It was not for Paul Jennings to overvalue the sufficing power of love; his mother had married his father because she loved him.

Though Gladys was entrancingly loath to have him leave, he had stayed only for dinner and two dances at the big gay hotel. He was restless to get home and talk the day's satisfactions over with his father. But he told Gladys that he was worried lest his father might have had some trouble with the fishermen.

But Henry Jennings was not at home. He had telephoned the housekeeper early in the evening not to keep dinner for him.

"His voice sounded sort of excited," old Martha said.

Paul could understand why that was. His father had been wanted, needed, useful. Young Winnerheim had been obliged to send for him. Paul was glad that it had been a good day for his father too.

So for an hour, there in the quiet night, he had sat waiting for his father—to tell him all about the day; what this friend had said, and that one; the flowers that were sent, and the messages. Of course, it was all small-town stuff; he could see it from the same amiably amused viewpoint as did the clever cosmopolitan woman he wanted to marry. But with his father he could share his satisfactions; he could exult. He warmed with the consciousness of his affection for his father.

"Where is your father?" asked a sudden definite voice from the doorway.

Paul Jennings started a little and stood quickly. For years his grandfather had seemed more spirit than substance. He rarely saw him. For the old gentleman seldom wandered from his housetop quarters, where he kept himself contented with his constant theater of moving ships and of shining automobiles flashing like jewels along the ribbon roadways that strung the hills together. But since the death of his daughter, two months before, he had appeared more frequently, with never a sound of coming. Her dying had disturbed his brain. He was very, very fragile. He looked like wax. He did not use a cane, but he rested often, his hand lightly touching some support. But his aristocratic body suffered none of the usual ugliness of the extremely old.

Stronger than any love for his grandfather was Paul's pride in the old man's fastidious personableness; he was more convincing than escutcheons and crests. "A precious old porcelain," Gladys Verner had pleasingly described him. About Paul's father, with his baggy trousers and too frequently crumpled collars, she had been graciously noncommittal, though once she had said, "Your father has such a sweet face. I think you are more like your mother's family, though," she had added. And Paul was pleased, though he knew that his father was finer than the Drews.

(Continued on Page 103)

And Then it Came Again, the Soft Melody of Another Ballad Covering the Silence of the Quiet Night

THE YANKEE IN ARGENTINA

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

LESS than ten years ago North Americans residing in Buenos Aires got a real kick out of watching a Yankee-made motor car make its way through the congested traffic. European machines dominated the field. Today they are the exception and our cars the rule. To this extent have we advanced our interests in the largest and most competitive of all South American markets.

In this journey through the immense domain beyond Panama we have crossed the Andes and reached Argentina, commercial bulwark of the South Atlantic Seaboard. Behind us lie the languor of Peru and the pep of Chile, yet we have come into an atmosphere charged with a curious mingling of both. Spanish pride, French gayety and Yankee enterprise, combined with the consciousness of having the one real metropolitan city south of the equator, make Buenos Aires—the B. A. of familiar reference in those parts—unique among Latin-American capitals.

Congress Building and Park at Buenos Aires. At Right—Marcelo de Alvear, the President of Argentina

Our Biggest Southern Customer

IN THE matter of population Buenos Aires is to Argentina what Vienna is to the new Austria so benevolently emasculated under the Treaty of St.-Germain in that first frenzy of European self-determination. One-fifth of all the people of the republic reside in the brilliant bailiwick on the shore of the River Plate. Buenos Aires' skyscrapers are reminiscent of New York, while her cafés and boulevards convey more than a hint of Paris. Although she is incessantly animate, her real affinity is not with us, but with Europe.

Nowhere, save possibly Rio de Janeiro, are chauffeurs so reckless. To paraphrase the well-known quotation that "all good North Americans want to die in Paris," you may well say that every 100 per cent Argentine desires to breathe his last—he would much prefer to live—within the shadows of Montmartre. As a spender the Pittsburgh millionaire of gilded memory was a piker alongside most of the Argentines you see abroad. This article, however, demands practical analysis, although the temptation is strong to linger on the infinite variety of Buenos Aires. What concerns us is the place that Argentina occupies in the economic structure of South America, and our penetration there.

A stimulating record of progress is unfolded. With Argentina, we arrive at the point of our biggest selling contact with that part of the world. Not only are we running Great Britain, with her investment of $2,500,000,000 in the country, a strong race for first place—during the war we outdistanced her—but we are playing the commercial game with a skill and a persistency that make the Yankee observer proud of the achievement of his countrymen.

A North American colony of nearly 4000 in Buenos Aires, with a chamber of commerce and an admirably equipped club; a gasoline row that looks and smells like a slice of Detroit and sells sixty-five makes of our cars; near-control of the packing industry; adequate shipping facilities and a succession of branch houses whose signs show on all the leading streets—these are some of the contributing factors. The First National Bank of Boston Building is the finest business structure in South America. The net result is that Argentina buys as much from us as our three next largest South American customers combined. We purchase more from her than from any of the other republics except Brazil, where our huge coffee bill swings the balance in her favor.

The First National Bank of Boston Building at Buenos Aires

As a starter, let us visualize Argentina with her area of four times the extent of Texas, or more than one-third of that of the entire United States. Only Brazil exceeds her in size. Where Brazil is rent with civil and political strife, Argentina is not only in repose but, all things considered, is the most stable country in South America. Bigness is her middle name both in territory and in the principal home activities, which are land and cattle. Most people do not realize that she is the source of an important part of the world food supply. As the older countries, especially of Europe, become more and more industrialized and our population catches up with our output of food products, Argentina will loom larger and larger as a source of essential raw materials.

Just how the Argentines regard the future may be seen from a remark made to me by Dr. Tomas A. Le Breton, formerly Argentine Ambassador to the United States and now Minister of Agriculture of Argentina. In discussing the world food supply, he said, "Within five years the United States will be eating Argentine meat and bread and drinking our milk."

A Hit With Roosevelt

INCIDENTALLY, Argentina in two respects is a sort of modern Utopia. Labor is free from unemployment and there is no income tax. It is almost too good to be true, but such is the case.

We think that a ranch of 1,000,000 acres is some property, but it is a back yard compared with many *estancias*, as they are known, in Argentina. Farms are measured by the square league. On the vast pampas, which we would call prairies, graze 35,000,000 cattle, 75,000,000 sheep and nearly 9,000,000 horses. The cowboy of our once romantic West has his counterpart in the gaucho, who is as picturesque as so many Bill Harts or Tom Mixes.

Bigness is not confined to farms and herds. There are also record families. Doctor Uriburu, a leading lawyer and publicist of Buenos Aires, related an incident to me that gives some idea of the size of domestic circles. He was chairman of the reception committee that met the late Theodore Roosevelt upon his arrival at the capital in 1913. During the ceremonies he remembered that he and three colleagues on the committee together had exactly forty-nine children. When he told Roosevelt about it the colonel sent for the others and embraced the four in one big hug, saying, "This is what I like to hear."

The Argentine of fortune is either a farmer—his wheat crop helps to feed Europe and his cotton is to be reckoned with—or a cattleman on a large scale. It follows that, just as obtains in every other South American country, trade is mainly in the hands of foreigners. This brings us to another patch on that highly colored quilt of immigration which, let me repeat, is the most interesting of all South American exhibits. Not in Chile or Brazil are the figures so

(Continued on Page 153)

EUROPE TAKES TO THE AIR

By F. Britten Austin

THE previous article dealt with the two European countries, Britain and Holland, which, although they subsidize their national air-transport companies, do so with the minimum of state expenditure possible, and with no other purpose than that of helping those companies to become commercially self-supporting at the earliest possible moment. In both those countries commercial aviation connotes commercial aviation and nothing else. In the case of France and Germany, the respective governments liberally support their aviation companies, but with an ulterior purpose that far transcends the mere commercial success of those enterprises. For both countries, commercial aviation is an instrument of national policy.

The French system differs essentially from the British, with which it may most appropriately be compared. Instead of one monopoly company, the French Government supports five, of which four are concerns of first-class importance. Instead of grudgingly maintaining the industry on a basis which expects it to get the maximum commercial results out of a minimum fleet of machines, it is concerned rather with inciting its companies to employ the largest number of aeroplanes possible.

A Twin Engine (Rolls-Royce) Dornier-Wal Plane on the Danzig to Stockholm Route

The frankly confessed aim of the French Government is to create a military reserve of pilots and machines, and also, in the case of two companies, to preserve contact with the protégé states of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania across a possibly hostile Germany to the east, and with those reserves of man power, Morocco and Senegal, to the south.

Air Policy

IN ADDITION, though the air route which serves this purpose is temporarily in abeyance, it desires to uphold French prestige and influence in that new Turkey of Angora which largely owes its present importance to Monsieur Franklin-Bouillon, and to extend it, as a counterpoise to British and Italian influence, in the Eastern Mediterranean. No doubt the French air-transport companies would like to return a profit; but equally there can be no doubt that the French Government would maintain them even at a total loss.

As a nation, France has not taken enthusiastically to air travel. Her citizens appear almost at the bottom of the list of nationalities conveyed on the international air routes. Of all the passengers departing from or arriving at the Paris air port of Le Bourget by French and foreign lines, French travelers number only between 7 and 8 per cent. British and Americans make up 75 per cent of the total, in almost equal proportions. Holland, pro rata to her total population, shows an infinitely greater percentage of travelers by air. And there is no comparison possible with the immense popularity of the German air lines with the German people. To this extent the French air-transportation industry is artificial. It is maintained for political reasons, but nevertheless it is based on a very large aircraft-production industry which equals for technical skill and totality of output any in the world.

French Subsidies

THE subsidies for French air-transport companies are still, as they have always been, the highest given by the government of any country to its civil aviation. They commenced on March 1, 1919, just after the establishment of the British Government Department of Civil Aviation, with an initial vote of 2,437,253 francs—the franc had then approximately three times its present gold value. For the succeeding years the totals are as follows:

	francs
1920	8,080,000
1921	3,[illegible]
1922	4[illegible]
1923	4[illegible]
1924	4[illegible]
1925	17,210,000

In addition to the specific subsidies, of course, the French Government allots a considerable annual amount for the general purposes of civil aviation. The complete amount voted for the year 1925 under this heading, including subsidies, is 77,000,000 francs. Besides which the French Government makes a practice of lending to the air companies, for months at a time, a number of new types of aeroplanes which are tested in the carriage of freight. "For many years yet," declares the official Rapport sur le Budget de l'Aéronautique Civile for 1925, "the regular air-transport companies must count upon the financial participation of the state."

It is a financial participation that, as has been seen, has increased rapidly and formidably.

But if the French Government hands out liberal subsidies to the air companies, it does not do so blindly. France possesses no air ministry, and civil aviation generally comes under the Sous-Secrétariat d'État de l'Aéronautique et des Transports Aériens. Commercial aviation proper—the regular air lines—is administered by one of its attached services, the Service de la Navigation Aérienne. The companies are subjected to rigid official control. Their relations

(Continued on Page 90)

Le Bourget, the Great Paris Air Terminal

"I GOT HONOLULU!"

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

Then, When He Least Expected It, a Mere Touch On a Knob and Suddenly the Little Cabin Was Filled With the Plaintive, Sweet Tinkling of a Steel Guitar

TERENCE HICKEY yawned widely. The lobby of the Hotel Aladdin was a dull thing; and though it was but ten o'clock, the lights hurt his eyes and he yearned toward his bed. From the green-and-gold music room came the incessant crash of the orchestra and the rhythmic shuffle of many feet, but the old house detective did not hear. It was old stuff to him. He yawned again and strolled across to the desk.

"It's a long time till twelve o'clock, Phil," he observed.

"I bet you didn't think so twenty-five or thirty years ago!" grinned the young night clerk.

The kindly blue eyes of the house detective twinkled.

"That's so," he admitted. "Night or noon—it was all the same to me them times. I could work all day and dance all night, and wake next morning singing like a lark. But t'irty years of trampin' me beat, mostly out in the fog belt or back yonder among the goats—it laves its mark."

"I bet you," agreed the night clerk. "It's a shame you never got promoted, Terry."

"I'm not complainin'," said Hickey. "I never got to be even a bailiff in the police court; but if a cop's a good cop he keeps his eye on his beat and laves the soft snaps to the soft guys. I did me duty, Phil. I could say wit' me last breath—I did me duty."

"Everybody knows that, Terry," said the night clerk heartily. He liked the old house detective. "You got no kick coming, Terry. Maybe you didn't get rich at the job, but I bet you there's fifty thousand people in San Francisco would go to the mat for you any old time."

"Mostly kids!" chuckled old Terence.

"Mostly kids," said the night clerk. "You were my friend when I was a kid, and many's the time you should have laid me over your knee—and didn't! You're a good old guy, Terry."

"Quit it!" chuckled Terence, and slapped a huge red hand affectionately upon the young man's shoulder. He started to move away, when the elevator door clanged open and a fat, overdressed woman rushed across to the desk, white and trembling.

"Mr. Harlow!" she panted. "I—I think someone is in my room! I was dancing, when suddenly I remembered that I had left my pearls —— I am sure I heard someone in my room!"

"Just a moment, ma'am!"

The elevator had gone up again and old Terence did not wait for it to come down. He took the stairs like a cat, making for the Sinclair apartments on the third floor. Thirty years had fallen from him in a moment, and once more he was the tall young cop who had won the heart of Maggie Fogarty, away out in the Mission district. Mission was far from the city hall in those days. . . . No street cars. . . . Strangely enough, while one part of his mind was on the Sinclair apartments, three floors up, that other part of his mind was running through those great old years. Maggie was the prettiest girl in all the Mission—God rest her sweet soul! . . . He had passed the second floor now, and his automatic was in his hand, his eyes on the third-floor landing, but that other part of his mind ran on. . . . Her face was like a freshly opened rose. Her lips were like the half-opened rose trembling with morning dew. Ah, the blue eyes of her and her loyal heart—loyal through thirty years. . . . He was speeding down the corridor; and as he reached the Sinclair apartments he jerked the door open and sprang inside.

A man had just flung up the window opening upon the fire escape. He turned for a moment, and Hickey saw a long pallid face, marred by a cast in one cold, expressionless eye and an old knife scar that ran from the corner of his mouth nearly to his chin. Only that brief instant, and then the room was filled with the roar of battle and was as suddenly still.

The night clerk got there first. Groping through the acrid smoke, he knelt beside the sturdy old figure, babbling in youthful horror.

"Terry!" he cried in a strangled voice, sobbing, for he was young and old Terence was his friend. "Are you hurt?"

"All right, Maggie," the old house detective was muttering. "Dish up the spuds while I change me uniform. . . . Maggie darlin' ——"

There was a smile on his blue lips.

"Are you hurt, Terry?" wailed the night clerk, quite beside himself. Again it must be remembered that he was very young. "Who did it, Terry?"

The old eyes opened and looked up.

"Eddie Wickham," said old Terence, and died. He was a good cop.

II

UNCLE BILLY CRICKET was excited. His skinny fingers trembled over the lash rope and he chewed his tobacco violently—a sure indication of mental turmoil.

He was a lean, wiry little old man with the heart of a child, a genius for tracking down wild things and a talent for profanity that was beyond belief. There was no beard on his lip or cheeks; but from the tip of his nervous chin depended a long narrow wisp of whisker, grizzled in the middle, tobacco-stained at the roots, sunburned to a pale yellow at the tips, which curled upward at the end like the saucy feathers on a duck's tail. Whiskers like these were popular in the days when Lily Dale was the latest song hit, though now they are practically extinct.

"Groan, durn ye!" sneered Billy Cricket as he drew the rope tight, one foot braced high against the indignant donkey's ribs. "Feller'd think I was killin' you, way you take on about it! Whoa, durn you! Ain't you never had your stummick squeezed before? Stand still, I tell you! There, now!"

He wiped the sweat from his bald head and stepped back, treading upon his mongrel hound's toes. The afflicted cur loosed a high, sharp yelp and Uncle Billy went three feet into the air.

"Punkinseed," he said hotly, "I got a good mind to bust you with a pick handle! Wasn't in such a hurry——" He cast a wise eye aloft and forgot Punkinseed. Nearly two o'clock, and the stage was due at Taterbug Ford around four. He snatched a club from the ground and whacked the donkey with it. "Git, Absalom!" he yelled.

As he disappeared along the brushy trail that led down Bony Creek to the Chanowah River, the old trapper prospector glanced back over his shoulder with eager pride. Above his log cabin stretched a wire, reaching from the fir tree by the wood pile clear across to a yellow pine on the other side of the creek.

"All set!" exulted Uncle Billy. "And I bet you that first crack out of the box I get Honolulu!"

In his absorption he stumbled upon Absalom's heel and the sour-souled jackass kicked him on the shin. Throughout the rest of the journey the cañon reëchoed with the constant smacking of the punitive stick and the high vitriolic voice of Billy Cricket, shrieking horrible invective.

But the return trip was entirely different and the old prospector followed his weary donkey with agonizing solicitude. The trail up Bony Creek had not been swamped out for fifteen years and the new mail-order radio set was dear to the old man's heart. Punkinseed trotted cheerfully ahead. He was only a dog and unable to realize how much was at stake.

It was long after nightfall when they approached the little clearing wherein the old man made his home. But hardly had they left the forest and entered the clearing when Punkinseed uttered a scared growl and slunk back behind his master, his absurdly long tail curled between his legs. Absalom stopped abruptly, ears thrust forward.

Billy Cricket listened, but there was no sound of blundering bear or prowling lion. The moon was high and threw a flood of light over Crunchbone Mountain. Under it the roof of the little cabin shone white against its background of great trees. A vast silence was all about and nothing moving.

"Giddap, Absalom!" said Uncle Billy, and gave Absalom a tentative kick.

But Absalom stood firm, his ears still pointing forward. He uttered a snort of suspicion. Groveling in the trail behind, Punkinseed whined uneasily.

Billy Cricket stepped to one side and peered ahead past the donkey's ears. Huddled in the moonlight, a man sat upon the ground in the middle of the trail, his head hanging forward, almost between his knees. The old hillman walked round his donkey and approached timidly, but the man did not move.

"Hey!" said Uncle Billy, and touched him gingerly upon the shoulder.

A low groan was the only response, and he shook the shoulder vigorously. A loud yell of anguish followed, frightening the old man nearly to death.

"Lay off that shoulder!" said the man. "It's hurt!"

"All right, all right!" quavered Billy Cricket. "But you better come on up to my cabin, pardner, and let me bed you down. How come you to be away out here in the hills all busted up like this?"

The stranger did not reply, but struggled painfully to his feet and stood rocking in the moonlight. Uncle Billy got him up to the cabin and he collapsed into a chair, where he sat motionless while the prospector built up a fire in the fireplace. From time to time, squatting upon the rock hearth, Billy Cricket cast curious, uneasy glances over his shoulder; but his visitor made no sign, sitting with his chin on his breast, apparently in the last stages of utter exhaustion. When the fire caught, the old man brought out his jug of Old Crow and offered the man a drink. It was accepted with avidity.

"Bet you that starts your stummick to feelin' gay and festive," suggested Billy Cricket.

His visitor nodded and held out his cup for more. After the second drink he lifted his head, looking about, and for the first time Billy Cricket was able to see the man's face. It was a lean, pallid face, covered with a week's stubble, which accentuated its pallor. One eye had a cast in it. A red wale started at the corner of the mouth and ran nearly to the chin. These two things gave to the stranger's face an expression sinister beyond their value. The eyes were cold, hard and expressionless—like the eyes of a mask.

"Hungry, pardner?" asked Billy Cricket.

"Nothing since day before yesterday."

The voice was thin, unmodulated—almost the voice of a child. Billy Cricket marveled at it, for he never had heard the voice of a dope addict. He bustled about, putting on the coffeepot and hanging the beans over the blaze. When these were upon the table the visitor ate like a wild beast, with no words. Outside the door Absalom brayed peevishly and Uncle Billy hurried out and brought in his precious radio set. The stranger had finished eating and was leaning back in his chair, relaxed and given over to the lassitude following long exhaustion and a heavy meal. Billy Cricket put his treasure upon the table and sat down, eying it with tremendous pride.

"There she is!" he gloated. "Loud speaker and everything. Cost me fifty-three dollars too! Prob'ly run me shy on flour and bacon this winter, but she'll be worth goin' hungry for if I get Honolulu! You ever been to Honolulu?"

"No."

The strange guest suddenly squirmed in his chair and made a wry face, putting his hand to his shoulder.

"Shoulder hurtin' you?" asked Uncle Billy.

"Yes."

The old man arose with eager purpose and took a bottle from the mantel

"Tell you," he said; "I'll rub her down with this here horse liniment and then put you to bed."

"No!" The monosyllable was brief but uncompromising, and even Billy Cricket recognized the tone of finality. "It—it'll be all right."

Disappointed, Billy Cricket put the bottle back on the mantel and sat down again. But he could not restrain his desire for conversation. Visitors were rare things in his lonely life.

"Stranger on Crunchbone, ain't you?" he asked The man nodded.

"Timber cruiser?"

"No."

The old man was disappointed. But immediately his volatile mind went back to the radio set, gleaming upon the table.

"Goin' to have a lot of fun with that radio," he said. "Long winter evenin's—feller gets to talkin' to himself. Lonesome for human speech. Now me, I don't get down to Taterbug more'n once a year. Nobody ever comes here either."

This time the stranger roused and cast a long appraising look at his host.

"Nobody ever comes here?" he repeated, his thin, far-away voice trailing through the quiet of the room like the wraith of speech.

Billy Cricket was pleased to note this interest in the conversation at last.

"Let's see," he said. "Eddie Benson rode in here last Fourth of July two years ago. And—yes, ole Tom Willey came by last fall; but he was drunk and lost his way, so he don't count. Yes, sir, I shorely do live in a dark pocket. What did you say your name was, pardner?"

The cold masklike eyes slid for a moment toward the ancient hillman and the stranger's fingers crept to his pointed chin and strayed about through the stubble. Long, white, prehensile fingers they were. They seemed to move and work independently of one another, sinuous and crawling, like bleached snakes.

The unreadable eyes went back to Billy Cricket's face and stayed, watching.

"My name is Smith," said the man.

"Smith?" Uncle Billy wrinkled his brow thoughtfully. "Minin' man?"

"No." Still the visitor met Billy Cricket's frank, curious gaze, watching. "Reverend Josiah Montgomery Smith. A mountain missionary."

"Oh! A preacher?"

The Reverend Josiah Montgomery nodded, his gaze still fixed upon Billy Cricket's face, with its childish, credulous eyes.

"I had a call," he went on, explaining, "to visit the lonely ones in the far places and minister unto them. I started into the wilderness to obey the call, but fell and hurt my shoulder. But now—now I have been taken in by a good Samaritan." A canting note crept into the thin, unmodulated voice.

A preacher! To most lonely mountain men, hospitality is a sacred thing: a rite, to practice which is a tender privilege. But a guest who was also a preacher! Billy Cricket contemplated his rare visitor, awe and a profound respect mingling in his simple face. Few preachers ever had touched his life, and he felt the awe that the servant of the church has imposed upon the humble mind of the unsophisticated layman since time immemorial.

When he next spoke his voice betrayed this new attitude toward his guest.

"I'm aimin' to take the best care of you I can, reverend," he said. "But you got to overlook a lot of things about me. I'm a reg'lar cussin' fool and once or twice a month I take a few pulls at the old jug; but you just make allowances. I ain't had any raisin'; and to tell the truth, I didn't have much sense to start with. Nor I ain't got much to offer in the way of grub and everything, but such as she is, she's yours."

"It will serve, brother," said the missionary, "even though it be locusts and wild honey. And who knows? Maybe I shall convert you yet! Locusts and wild honey and a drink from yonder purling brook. Or as Omar says:

"'—— *underneath the Bough,*
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!'"

Billy Cricket considered this respectfully.

"I can't sing none at all, reverend," he said humbly; "nor I ain't got any wine. But my jug of Old Crow—maybe she'll be able to help your shoulder some."

"Let us give thanks, brother," said the thin, canting voice. "Or, as the saying goes, 'A little for the stomach's sake.'"

Presently his head drooped and he fell asleep. Uncle Billy roused him and put him to bed, then went back to the fireplace.

Billy Cricket was too excited to sleep himself, so he sat smoking and contemplating his new purchase, all gleaming with fresh varnish and nickel and shiny knobs and doodads and dinkle-bobs that lent wings to his imagination.

For magic was in the thing: a magic that made it akin to the flying carpet that once upon a time carried people over mountain and valley and sea, a thousand miles in the wink of an eye. Why, when that new radio set was all hooked up, he needed but to twist one of those glittering knobs and instantly he would listen to sounds from the ends of the earth! His pulse leaped at the thought and he yearned mightily for the morning.

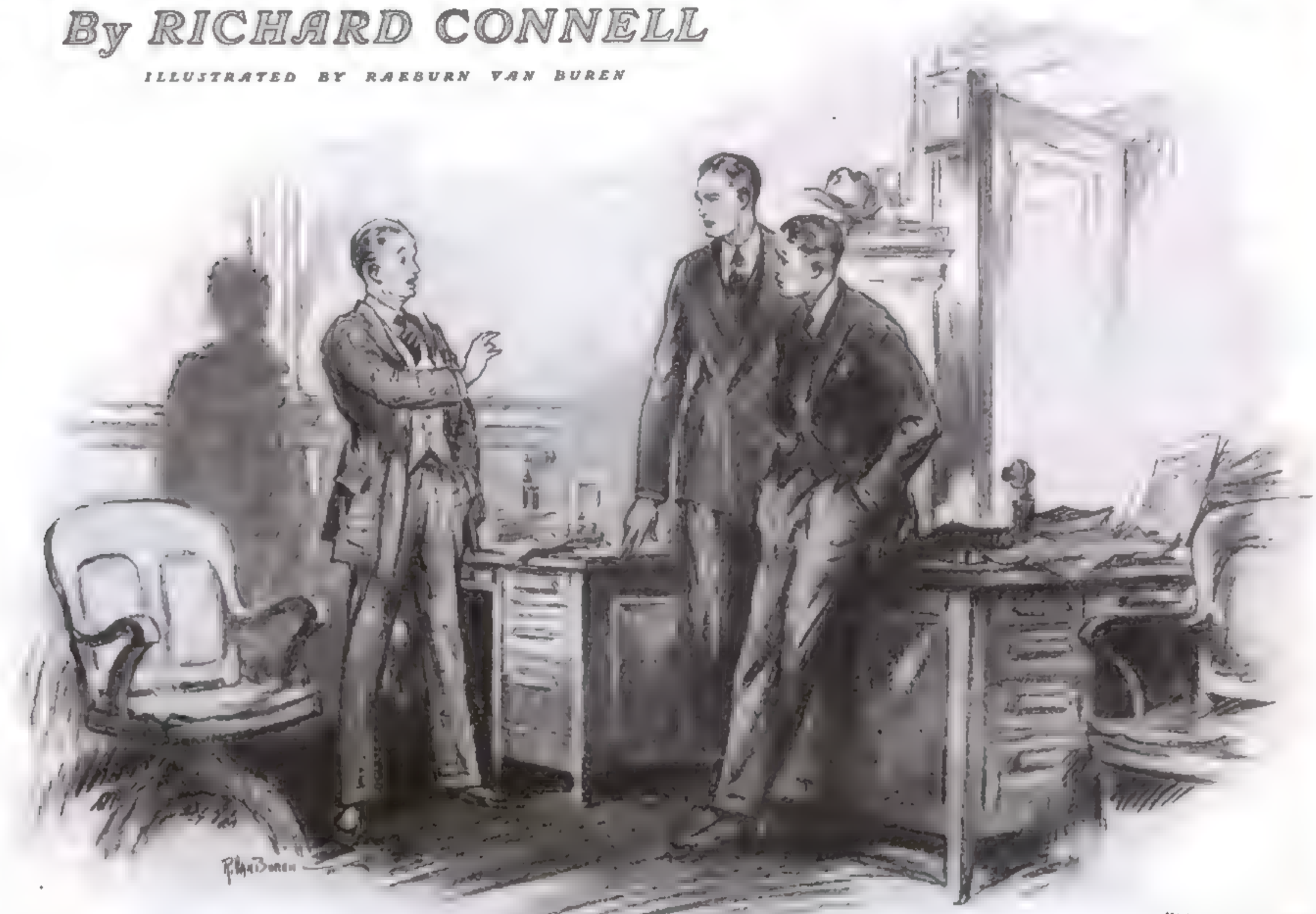
(Continued on Page 64)

Punkinseed Trotted Cheerfully Ahead. He Was Only a Dog and Unable to Realize How Much Was at Stake

UNBEATABLE BETTLE

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



"Well," Exclaimed Lester G. Bettle, "Why Don't You Give Three Cheers for Little Lester? I Suggested to Mr. Kendrick That He Invite You"

AT NINE Monday morning I started my new job with the Kendrick Piano Company. At 9:08 Lester G. Bettle burst into my life. You know how it is when you begin a new job. You dust off the best blue serge and you polish up your personality. You are a hot-and-cold water faucet, one moment exuding confidence, the next a dank self-distrust. As you approach your new office, you seek to buck yourself up by sketching in your mind the interview you will give twenty years from that day to some inquiring reporter.

"Yes, I started at the bottom," the piano king said. "I might be there still; but," he added with a genial laugh, "I guess I'm not a bottom-minded man."

He leaned back in an easy-chair on the deck of his yacht.

"How did I do it? Three friends helped me. I owe all my success to them."

"And those friends were?" queried the interviewer.

"Tom Honesty, Dick Sobriety and Harry Industry," answered the millionaire, with a twinkle in his eye.

As you go up in the elevator, you practice, in an unostentatious way, a genial laugh, and you try to learn to twinkle your eye. Then you step out into the new scene of your endeavors, twinkling, a bit scared and charged with curiosity. What sort of fellow will your new boss be? Will you like the crowd in the office?

My immediate boss was Pickering. He was all right. He ran the advertising department, which I was to decorate. He was lean, long, red and monosyllabic.

"Glad to see you," he greeted me. "Hope you like it here. Your desk is in there. Bettle is on one side, Ward is on the other. Here's a book of our ads. Read 'em. Let 'em sink in. No big rush. Bettle will talk to you. He knows the game. See me in three days."

He left me in a glass coop. I sat at one of the three desks there, squared my shoulders, resolved not to be a bottom-minded man and was about to start to digest the stuff Pickering had given me, when the door blew open and a young man blew in as if propelled by a small tornado. He was an open-faced chinny young man with a good many dazzling teeth, and he moved as if he were on springs. He had the sort of breezy personality one becomes aware of at once—like a draft. He bounded at me, grinning.

"Bettle's my name," he announced. "Lester G. Bettle."

I told him mine, and we shook hands. He had a handshake that came under the head of mayhem.

"Try one of my pills," said Mr. Bettle.

He hopped on my desk, sat there cross-legged and jerked from his pocket a large cigarette case, one of those tricky ones. He pushed a button and a cigarette popped into my hand. His other hand produced a gold lighter. His worked. He watched me closely as I puffed.

"Good, eh?"

"Excellent," I assured him truthfully.

"Genuine Ghienbek," he said.

I examined the cigarette. There was a fancy monogram on it—T. R. M. Lester G. Bettle chuckled.

"Don't ask me; I'll tell you," he said. "I get these at Lamson & Wedgewood's, on the Avenue. Friend of mine is head salesman there. These cigarettes are made to order for millionaires. Some of the rich boys forget to call for their orders, so that's where little Lester comes in. I buy them at half price, monograms and all. I guess I'm kind of dumb, eh?" He lowered his voice confidentially. "Any time you want something special in the tobacco line, drop into Lamson & Wedgewood's and ask for Mac. Tell him you're a friend of mine. He'll fix you up."

He interrupted my words of thanks with, "This is a good shop to work in. The big boss is a square shooter. Do your stuff and you'll be O. K. I've been here four years. Wish I had a dollar for every piano I've sold for Old Boy Kendrick. Not that he hasn't come across pretty. I'd hate to tell you how much little Lester steals from the cashier every Saturday. Makes me blush to take it."

I was impressed. He didn't seem to be the type that blushes easily. Thinking of my own modest wage, I said nothing. Mr. Bettle, however, was equipped with a self-starter. He was soon in high again.

"They know I don't have to stay here," he told me. "Only last week the president of the Amerikola Corporation said to me, 'Les, what does old Kendrick pay you?' I told him 'So-and-so.' He said, 'Come over to us and we'll give you so-and-so.' I said, 'It's a lot more money, Fred, but I guess I'll stick where I am. Mr. Kendrick won't live forever. I'm young and I've got big ideas.'"

Mr. Bettle's sharp eyes had been roving over me. They stopped at my shoes, newly bought.

"Where did you get the kicks?" he asked.

"Hodge Brothers," I told him.

Sadly he shook his head. I gathered that I had made a mistake, which he regretted.

"You should have gone to Cooper & Genung's," he said. "Better shoes for less jack. I get all mine there. Got a drag. Know Jake Genung. Next time you want some real shoes drop in and mention my name."

I promised to.

"Married?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

Mr. Bettle smiled knowingly.

"Almost. Half a dozen times. It's easy to get married, but it's darned hard sometimes not to. I almost fell last fall. She was an actress—The Follies. Somehow she got the idea I was the best egg ever laid. I took her around a bit, but I got tired of her. She was always trying to kid me, and I hate to see anybody wasting time doing that. Besides, she wasn't my kind. Not very brainy. Well, I didn't want to hurt the kid's feelings, so I pulled a little psychology and let her think it was she that was slipping me the air. I've made a study of women, so I knew just how to handle her. She gave me the gate, and was sorry, but I was through. Just out of spite she married a butter-and-egger from Toledo."

I eyed the portfolio of advertisements Pickering had given me to study, but Lester G. Bettle did not budge from my desk.

"It always hands me a hearty ha-ha," he declared, "when I hear a man say he can't understand women and never has any success with them. Art Ward is that kind of fellow." I looked at the third desk. "Yes," said Bettle,

"you'll meet Ward soon. He lives out in the country, so he's always a little late on Mondays. I tell him he's a sap not to live in the city. I've got a flat in Thirty-ninth Street. Talked the agent into letting me have it for half what it's worth."

He divined I was wondering about Ward, so he told me:

"Wardie's a nice quiet lad. You'll like him. He's a regular old reliable. But I doubt if he'll ever get married—unless some girl lassoes him and drags him to a preacher. Too bad too."

"What is?"

"About Wardie. He's a born husband. Not bad looking, good natured and works hard. He's got everything but the one thing a fellow has to have to make good in business or in love."

"What's that?"

"The go-getter spirit, aggression. The Lord loves a go-getter. I found that out long ago. Little Lester doesn't wait for the bacon to be brought to him on a silver platter. He goes right out and brings it home. You watch me. When I see the right girl, I'll give her such a rush that she won't catch her breath till we're on our way to Niagara Falls with rice in our hair."

The door opened and Mr. Bettle hopped from the desk as if it had suddenly grown red hot.

"It's only Wardie," he said. "Here, Wardie, shake hands with our new associate in the glorious work of putting a Kendrick Baby Grand in every American home."

I shook hands with Arthur Ward. He was tall and tanned and had a friendly smile. I knew at once I'd seen him before.

"Aren't you Ward the tennis player?" I asked. "Bettle neglected to mention that."

"I play a bit," Ward replied.

"I saw you in the semi-finals at Forest Hills," I said. "You played more than a bit that day. I'd give a couple of toes to have your backhand."

Ward said nothing; he looked embarrassed.

"I shot an eighty over the Rockywood course yesterday," spoke up Lester G. Bettle. "First time I ever played it too. Golf's my game now. Used to play a lot of tennis, but had to give it up because people were always pestering me to play in tournaments and it interfered with my work. I'll never forget one tournament I played in about six years ago. I was playing a fellow"—he mentioned the name of a star of Davis Cup magnitude—"and just to kid him I took all his shots on my backhand. This rattled him, so I managed to beat him 8-6, 6-4. He said afterward he got dizzy watching my backhand. I gave it a nasty cut—like this."

Mr. Bettle demonstrated with an elaborate motion. It was difficult to doubt that it rendered his opponent dizzy.

"I was even better at doubles than at singles," went on Bettle. "My brother Bigelow—he was named for my grandfather, the Secretary of the Navy—and I used to play together. Our teamwork was uncanny. I wish we could have played the Doherty brothers."

"I wish you could have," said Arthur Ward.

I turned to my work and Arthur Ward to his. Presently I heard Mr. Bettle's voice.

"How did you hurt your hand, Wardie?"

I noticed then that Ward's fingers were bandaged. Ward laughed.

"It sounds foolish," he said apologetically; "but a lion bit me."

"What?"

"I took a pack of young nieces and nephews to the circus," Ward explained. "Little Nancy thought a lion cub was a kitten. She tried to pet it. The cub nipped at her and I grabbed her and got nipped myself. It's a bit ridiculous to go round suffering from lion bite."

"Not at all," said Lester G. Bettle promptly. "An even odder thing happened to me once. My brother Bigelow and I were at the zoo once when we were kids. We'd read you can hypnotize a lion by looking him straight in the eye. Bigelow bet I couldn't, so I hopped into the cage. There were two lions there—not cubs, full grown lions. I looked them in the eye ——"

"Both of them?" asked Ward.

"First one, then the other," said Bettle, and showed us how, by narrowing his eyes and fixing first Ward then me with fierce glares. "Well, the lions crouched there as if they were made of marble. I began to get tired after a while, so I turned to walk out of the cage. That was a mistake. Another time I'll back out. Of course, the minute I took my eyes off them, the man-eaters went for me. I was just squeezing out of the cage when they bit me."

"Both of them?"

"Simultaneously. I couldn't go to school for months. My brother Bigelow had to captain the baseball team in my place. Didn't you ever notice that I sit a little lopsided?"

Two months went by, and I was learning the art and mystery of piano selling. I had come to know Ward and Bettle pretty well. I began to notice that something was the matter with Ward. Usually he worked along steadily. Now he seemed to find it hard to concentrate. Bettle worked in spurts, like a geyser. Between spurts he regaled us with anecdotes plucked from a highly colorful past. Any casual word of Ward's or mine started him. We were working along one morning when Bettle's typewriter stopped its cyclonic clicking.

"What's in the package, Wardie?" he asked.

"Mouse Murderer," answered Ward, not stopping his work.

"If you've got mice, the stuff you ought to get is Doheney's Deadly Drops," counseled Bettle.

"My sister's house is full of them," said Ward. "Biggest I ever saw."

"Speaking of big mice," said Lester G. Bettle, "you should have seen the ones I used to have in my old apartment on Washington Square. Like small guinea pigs, they were; but more ferocious. Do you know what they were?"

We didn't. Knowing Bettle, we surmised that they were something very remarkable indeed. We were not deceived.

"Those mice of mine," he said impressively, "were man-eaters. Yes, sir, if I went out in the kitchen in the dark they'd rush at me and bite my ankles. They got so bad I had to buy an air rifle. I'd lie in bed and pretend to snore. They'd think I was asleep and they'd sneak toward my bed to attack me. Then—ping, ping, ping!—I'd let them have it. I got to be a pretty fair shot."

During this narrative I was watching Ward. He was gazing pensively out of the window with a far-away look in his eyes. Once he sighed. This didn't escape the ever-alert Bettle.

"Wardie," he said, "who is she?"

"What?"

"The girl."

"What girl?"

"Don't tell me you get that goofy look thinking about mice," said Bettle. "Tell little Lester. Who is she?"

(Continued on Page 129)

"I Fought Him the Better Part of an Hour. Finally Landed Him. He Weighed Exactly Nineteen Pounds and Four and Three-Quarters Ounces"

A LITTLE RUSSIAN DRESSING

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND IVANOWSKI

A NEW dishwasher had arrived at a Russian restaurant that is hived in a Broadway cellar. The proprietor, once upon a time a rich man, with oil wells at Baku daily spattering him with more riches, entered the nauseous vapors of his kitchen to observe the strange workman that had been sent to his establishment by the Russian Refugee Relief Society.

He found him bent over the deep sink, with hairy arms submerged to the elbows in the greasy gray water impounded there. When the leaning figure straightened to ease a tired spine, there was revealed a broad face, set deeply with black eyes, and almost purple at the lips and chin from a beard that was not allowed to grow.

There was a gasp of surprise from the proprietor; his heels clicked as he came to attention, but his voice broke as he cried out, "Excellency! General!"

The dishwasher flashed white teeth, but returned the salute with a swollen red hand and arm that gleamed where drops of water were enmeshed in the black tangle of hair.

"They Dance, They Sing; But I Give 'Em the Tempo. I Know What Americans Want"

"Well," he said in embarrassment, "you see me here less of a general and more of an admiral. This vat of dirty water is the ocean I control."

Presently, after handshaking and excited talk, the proprietor rushed from the kitchen into the restaurant, filled with a clacking of tongues and the clinking of silver and china. Light was admitted there with a cunning, sparing hand that had been guided by a subtle sense of values. The mural decorations were as vivid as a basket of Easter eggs, as grisly as a morgue. Each of the few incandescent bulbs was so shaded as to cast a thin shield of illumination on these paintings of strong Byzantine flavor; but the complexions of the patrons, seated for the most part at cushioned benches running along the walls, were protected by a cavernous darkness. A lady with a faint mustache could eat there and be sure of romantic attention. A red light glowed in one corner of the ceiling; a greenish lamp was so placed as to spill a corpselike pallor on the face of a Tartar chief in one of the pictures. The cigarettes of patrons sitting within its sickly effulgence glimmered with the soft radiance of phosphorus in a firefly's tail. Many of those patrons were Russians, refugees; a few were the peripatetic tourists of Broadway whose custom is to dine with the Chinese one night, with the French another, with the Italians, the Mexicans, and so on.

The General's Impromptu Reception

A JEWISH violinist, with a thick mane of black hair that he flung about with what was intended to represent gypsy abandon, was leading a quartet of musicians in the rendition of chamber music; in this instance, A Little Gift of Roses.

"Hey," roared the proprietor, emitting Russian phrases as he bolted into this scene from the kitchen, "stop that song, you fellows! Come into the kitchen. My general is here. Quickly, quickly!"

The musicians, in confusion, broke off playing and moved toward the kitchen. Those patrons who understood Russian crowded after them, and those who did not trailed along anyway to see the cause of the excitement. All these shouldered their way into the steamy kitchen, where they saw an embarrassed chef with fierce Cossack mustaches twisting his apron between powerful hands as he spoke respectfully to a weeping old man, who leaned against the drain board of the sink piled high with soiled dishes and affirmed again and again "Da, da, da," which was as if he had said "Yes, yes, yes."

The proprietor interrupted to make a speech; not a long one, but very impressive, even to those who could not understand. Then he ordered the musicians to play, and brought his right arm up in a salute that fixed his elbow rigidly on a level with his shoulder, his fingers against his forehead, palm outward. His heels and the heels of all the other Russian men there, including the dishwasher, snapped together as if they were drawn by a magnetic force. The music was the anthem of the Russia of the Czars.

It was dramatic, of course; and no people in the world are quite so instinctively dramatic as the Russians. But with 10,000 of them in the United States, fugitives from the Bolsheviki, it would be strange if there were not such meetings, and there have been many. New York contains about 6000 of these people who count themselves the brains of Russia. Most of them came to the United States from Constantinople, but others have entered from remote places in a frontier that encircles Russia, a frontier that has been called a fringe of misery. The Grand Duke Nicholas has said there are 3,000,000 of them scattered over the earth.

The records of the Russian Refugee Relief Society of America indicate that there are 600,000 of these members of the intelligentzia in Germany, 400,000 in France and more than 1,000,000 others, including the 10,000 or more in America, scattered in every quarter of the globe, even on tiny tropical islands; at least 2,000,000 who dream vainly of the day they may go back to Russia and resume the life they once knew. Almost everywhere, except in America, these exiles are leading a pinched existence. And in America?

One of the cruising taxicabs that roll on New York streets drew up to the curb in Fifth Avenue near the public library recently. A lady had lifted a finger in a signal that is made to taxi chauffeurs thousands of times a day; but as this cab reached the curb the signal was acknowledged in a fashion that does not happen often. The slightly rotund, blond chauffeur, a bronze octagonal license badge pinned to his uniform cap above the patent-leather visor, clambered from the seat to the sidewalk, opened the door of his cab with a fine flourish and bowed from the waist as he took the lady's hand and kissed it. They had known each other in very different circumstances. The lady was a real princess, and now works behind the perfume counter of a Fifth Avenue department store.

That taxi chauffeur once was an officer in the Russian naval air service. Early in the war he came to America as a member of a commission to buy planes for the imperial government. Then he wore a uniform resplendent with badges and decorations; but he did so with no more of an air than now, when his uniform is that of a gasoline hackman. He is an engineer of considerable ability, and once since he came to America as a refugee he obtained a place with a large company that sent him to Central America at the head of an important project. Unhappily, malarial mosquitoes sank their proboscides into him with such energy and in such numbers that he had to resign and come back to New York and his taxicab.

Awaiting the Return to Russia

"I ALWAYS thought I should like to drive a taxicab," he tells friends who think he ought to employ his talents in a more complicated field. "I find I do like to drive a taxicab, so why not? Some day I shall go back to Russia. What does it matter?"

In the meantime he lives with his wife in a Harlem apartment and finds beauty in an ice box that was paid for in weekly installments.

That princess who rode in his cab—with the meter flag up and not registering—worked in a perfume-bottling establishment before she went behind the counter in the department store.

"Some day we shall all return to Russia," she will tell you. "Perhaps we shall have a Romanoff Czar again, or even a government like this in America. What does it matter? There we shall be happy. In the meantime I live, and all day long I may inhale the essence of the fragrance of flowers."

If you had seen that naval aviator take leave of his guest as she stepped from his taxicab before the imitation marble entrance of an uptown walk-up; if you had noted his elegant manner of lifting his cap, his fervor, his respect as he kissed the hand she regally extended; and if you, as his next passenger, had presumed to suggest that such manners were hardly American—he would have agreed with you.

"I like Americans," he would have told you; "but, of course, they have no manners. You, of course, are

(Continued on Page 166)

PURVEYORS TO THE BRIDE

By JANE GRANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"I UNDERSTAND. You want a really brilliant wedding in keeping with the traditions of your family, quite naturally. Let me see then—roughly estimated, it will come to about $50,000."

The debutante nodded meekly and bent over the desk, absorbed with the hieroglyphics that took form under the pencil as he moved it rapidly over the paper. Fifty thousand dollars! Yes, father would take care of that all right. More important to her were the items that rolled from the lips of the purveyor to Her Ladyship, the bride.

"Let us list them in order," he went on. "We will have to allow at least $500 for the church; the decorations will be around $10,000, if the ideas you have are carried out; the wedding breakfast will come to about $12,000; say, $2000 for the invitations—that includes getting up the list and all; the costumes for your attendants would scarcely be less than $1500"—and the $50,000 figure was reached with amazing ease.

No doubt dad got quite a shock when he examined the list, for the tabulation of items for a present-day wedding is something else again if you carry in your mind the recollections of those that took place a generation ago. It is simply that business has found an excellent pie, rich in plums, and fingers are reaching in deeper and deeper as the game becomes more profitable.

You see, in the trade weddings are classed as essentials. Won't they be essentials as long as romance survives? was the query put to me the other day by one whose interest in the present classification is vital. So, with the soaring prices of essentials, weddings are becoming increasingly expensive.

They are easily twice as costly as they were ten years ago. And I know whereof I speak, for during the decade just passed I have had a pretty intimate knowledge of the marriage market from one angle or another.

In that span of years I have acted as bridesmaid four times, maid of honor once, said tremolo "I do" in the little marriage chapel in the Little Church Around the Corner, and as a reporter covered so many hundred weddings that I lost count long ago.

But the fact that it costs an unmerciful lot of money to get married deters our romantic young things not at all. You would find that a marriage chart, provided you kept one, shows the number of big weddings rising high above the prices of them in their lofty climb with the years. A pleasant proof of the prosperity of our country.

In the historic 90's, famed as they were for their Mrs. Astor, their Mrs. Fish, their Ward McAllister and their handful of important weddings, society was a precious thing, partaken of only by the most select; and that circle to some, peering through the barricade, was distressingly small. But now the list of millionaires is growing so rapidly and international marriages are so numerous that brilliant weddings are an everyday occurrence.

You have only to choose your day—even the once taboo Friday is no exception—and journey to St. Thomas', the Church of the Transfiguration, St. Patrick's Cathedral or any of the other great churches, and you will find a marriage celebration such as our grandparents would have talked about for the rest of the season. Such celebrations in reality are so frequent that a ceremony even lightly smacking of economy is of exciting interest for that reason alone, especially if the family coffers presage a grand event. Only the other day one of our greatest heiresses was married, and to the amazement of all only $10,000 was spent on the function. You may be sure there was a good deal of whispering over such retrenchment, since everyone had looked forward to one of those $75,000 affairs.

To spend only $10,000 on a wedding these days is really an evidence of economy. Ceremonies at that figure are so numerous that they are within the realm of even the most casual observer. It is therefore with the $50,000 class of weddings that I prefer to deal in this article. They are frequent, they are beautiful and they are often strikingly simple.

Dearest of all is the last item, for it gives the real pull to the purse strings of the fond parent. Artistic effects come high. Instead of the one-time ambition to have an abundance of flowers that would impress by their very quantity, the present aim is to have exquisite blossoms arranged with taste and understanding. The collation need not be of the groaning-board variety, but it must be the epitome of culinary art. The presents must be displayed to advantage, with just the right emphasis on a trinket from a powerful personage. Such fine points are not to be taken lightly. They are in fact so important that they have produced a new species of specialist, the master of marriages. He is an expert director, who takes the entire matter in hand, with a prayer that the family will leave him in peace to execute their commands, and, if need be, gives a subtle touch here and there from his secret knowledge chest. New York City has a number of such authorities whose fame has spread with their achievements.

I know of one in particular, who is the savior of that army of apartment dwellers to whom weddings have become such an enormous problem, for he has popularized the hotel ceremony. Since his star has risen the hotel wedding has taken on a new significance. Not only has he made it a haven for those living in small quarters, but he is also responsible for the solution of a problem that was becoming increasingly distressing with the complexity of our social scheme. I refer to the growing number of intermarriages among those of diverse creeds and nationalities.

When two of widely or even of slightly different faiths are married, a surprising number of obstacles must be overcome. The master of marriages is an old hand at handling such problems. Also he can tell you the marriage customs of any land, and he can create a setting for them that would satisfy the most exacting.

The minister's fee, never a fixed one and really never demanded at all, has come to be a bugaboo to the nervous

(Continued on Page 84)

The Clergyman Read the Service With Such Hamlet-Like Eloquence That the Bridegroom Doubled the Fee

The Death of an Infinitive Splitter

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY · WILSON PRESTON

YES, sir, it was just about as pretty a little murder as you could want. Why, I'm telling you, you could sit down right now and think and think and think and you wouldn't be able to think up no nicer murder than this one was—that is, of course, in its own class. So clean, y'understand, and quiet and refined.

All I got to say is I wisht I'd 'a' been there and handling the case and not no kid like this Joe Cole, that never tried to do any publicity work before. I ain't bragging or anything, see? But after all, you don't go barging into a first-class press agent every day—and Joe wasn't no first-class press agent.

I call him a kid—he was about twenty-five—because you know how these bookish fellows is. They read and read and read, and what happens to 'em? First thing you know, they're kind of moony and pretty near no good for anything except maybe writing. That's the way I mean Joe'd got, going to college all them years.

Evidently Joe Don't Believe His Own Ears at First, for He Just Sits and Looks at Her Before Answering

Well, he comes to me, see, and says Max Garfunkle sent him; and I been knowing Max Garfunkle since I and he was out together in front of the Parker Brothers' Circus, long time before I went over to the theatercal business. Max sends him to me, see, thinking maybe I can hitch him onto something.

"I don't care what it is," Joe says, "just so's I can make enough to live on and have some time to myself to write."

It just happened then that a fellow's been telling me about this girls' college down South—they called it Shaw Seminary—that's decided it'd try a press agent and see what happened, and that there's one of the faculties from it up here buzzing around to find one that the college wouldn't have to be ashamed to introduce to the freshmen girlies, see?

I seen Shaw Seminary once when I was out in front of Toots Watson's Wine and Song Babies a coupla years ago; a nice old yard, full of green grass and big trees and little old buildings and swell-looking cuties running around, but it seems the whole outfit is running a little to seed, y'understand, and some of the families was beginning to send their daughters to one of them Northern colleges where there was daisy chains and masques by Percy Mackaye and jazz parties and such. And now they'd got the idea of signing on a regular press agent to get Shaw's name in the papers now and then.

So I says to this kid, "Kid, you come to the right man. I got something I wouldn't tell nobody except you're a friend of Max Garfunkle's and anybody's a friend of Maxie Garfunkle's is a friend of mine, see?" And I send him over to the Pennsylvania to see the register of the college that's stopping there.

Well, Joe comes back in a coupla days and says everything's jake and he's to start right away for Riverside, where this college is.

"But he's not the registrar," Joe says; "he's the professor of English."

And I says, "What's the difference? He's a professor, ain't he?" And Joe's got to admit he is. And then I give him some advice.

"Look here, kid," I says, "you never done press-agent work before, see, and I been at it for years, so I want to wise you a little on account you're a friend of Maxie Garfunkle's and anybody's a friend of Maxie Garfunkle's is a friend of mine. Just remember this—all you got to think about is getting old Shaw Seminary's name in the papers, and don't nothing else matter."

"I've got to dig up the news," he says, "and send it out."

"Dig it up incidentally," I says. "But you make your own news, see? And I got a idea you'll be sending out little notes on how many pages of Shakspere was translated during the term or essays on Longfellow and—er—on Longfellow and such literary fellows. Well, you got to slough that idea. You want human-interest stuff—animals, redhead clubs, romances, elopements, murders ——"

"I don't have to make a murder, do I?" he says.

"Personally," I says, "I don't care who makes it, just so's it's there. But you can say what you want, one way the other, but a murder's the sure way to get publicity; and Shaw Seminary needs publicity, because it looked to me like it was fallen in a comma."

Well, Joe gets off with this professor, whose name is Burdett; but he gives me a buzz on the phone to thank me.

And I says, no, he can't thank me, because anybody's a friend of Maxie Garfunkle's is a friend of mine, see? I was out in front of a circus with Maxie once.

And then a funny thing happens on this train trip down to Riverside and the college. Joe and the professor are getting along swell together, talking about Shakspere and Longfellow and such fellows, until while they're passing through North Carolina, Joe makes a break—a little break, so he tells me when he gets back.

The professor, it seems, has run into Latin fellows and Joe remarks, "I suppose I'll have to rather hurriedly brush up on my Latin if I'm ——"

That's all the far he gets, see, when Professor Burdett pops around in his seat and aiming a fierce look straight at Joe, like Joe's questioned his degree or something, says, "Mr. Cole, that was nothing more or less than a split infinitive!"

Well, Joe's sort of taken by surprise, the professor was so harsh; but he's a honest lad, and when he's thought it over and seen he's got the "rather hurriedly" in the wrong place, he's man enough to come right out clean and admit it.

"Yes, sir," he says, "you'reright, Professor Burdett. That was a split infinitive. I'll have to look out for those."

But the professor apparently doesn't accept Joe's apology. He just looks at him suspiciously and then says, "Are you sure you didn't split that infinitive purposely?"

And now Joe's surprised sure enough.

"Split it purposely," he says. "Why should I split an infinitive purposely?"

"I don't know," the professor says, still a little leery; "but maybe you did."

"No, sir," Joe says emphatically, "not me. I don't go round splitting infinitives as a regular thing, you know. That was just a regrettable error."

Joe knows, of course, that a split infinitive is always all wet in talk and you got to lay off 'em, particularly when you're talking to a professor of English. But Professor Burdett's taking it harder than anybody Joe's ever seen, see? Grammar's the old man's racket, y'understand; and while he hated all kinds of blowzy language, he hated most a split infinitive—hated it worse than poison.

Then the professor asks Joe another question.

"Do you know Professor Madison? Ever meet him anywhere?"

"No, sir," Joe says, and then thinking maybe he can smooth out the situation with a little gag—"He wasn't the one that was President, was he?"

"Professor Madison," the old gent says, "occupies the chair of history at Shaw Seminary."

"Well," says Joe, still wanting to be affable, "more power to him."

That's all, see? But it's pretty funny business to Joe and he ain't wise to it at all, but he don't say anything. He rather likes Professor Burdett; a nice, quiet old fellow that ain't all the time telling shady stories, and he don't want to go prying around in his personal affairs. So Joe just lets things ride.

Well, Joe cottons to old Shaw Seminary right off—likes it swell. It's peaceful and pretty and little breezes blowing through the trees and way off some of the girlies singing Who Takes Care of the Caretaker's Daughter; and Joe says to himself, this is the berries, see? And he's going to make good and stay here, because he thinks that in a set like this he can write rings around Shakspere and Longfellow, y'understand.

He's give a office and the next morning he's brung in to meet the president of the school, a testy little old man, and the president makes it plain to Joe that he's as welcome as a epidemic of hiccups. He don't approve of the idea of a press agent, see, and thinks it ain't identically dignified; but the board of trustees, or what is it that runs the college, ain't ask him one way the other.

"Mr. Cole," he says, "Shaw Seminary is a very old and conservative institution. In its seventy-five years of lifetime it has grown its own quiet and scholarly spirit, a spirit directly reflected in its academic policy; and I am frank to

say that, in my opinion, such a theatercal factor as a press agent has no place in this spirit and policy. However, the trustees have decided that the school might be hurting itself by not giving the experiment a trial; and speaking both for myself and for the faculty, I want to assure you that I am most anxious that you prove my opinion wrong and show me that good can be done without destroying any of our very dear traditions. But I certainly never expected to see a press agent striding through these classic groves."

This was just about like sending somebody off to Baffin Bay without no clothes, and Joe's quite sunk in when he goes out and decides to pop in on Professor Burdett, the only person he knows there, just to pass the time of day; but there's so many girlies, all of 'em pips, circulating around that he's kind of bucked up right away.

Well, he drools into the professor's office and gives him the low-down, see, and the professor, who sees now that Joe's all right and not running around splitting infinitives all the time, is sympathetic.

"Discouraging," he said; "but just go ahead and do your best. That's all that can be expected."

So they're talking there about things in general, when suddenly the door opens without being knocked on, and a head sticks in. It's one of these big, husky heads, see, but the face is very red and flushed, like its owner might have some trouble getting his breath; and the face is one of these always-laughing faces, always enjoying a joke, always in a good humor, and you want to sock it right on the button, see?

"Well, well, well!" this head stuck in shouts. "Back from the big town, eh? I'd just like to quietly sit here and hear all you got to tell, eh? Big time, I'll bet, seeing all the sights!"

Joe looks at the professor kind of questioningly and sees that the old gent is just staring at the head at the door, see, and not saying anything. Then the head booms out again.

"But I've got to quickly go to a class now. I'll hurry it, because I want to briefly stop in here around noon, eh?"

Then he haw-haws and slams the door, and Joe and the professor can hear him laughing all the way down the corridor. Joe takes another squint at the old gent and this time he sees his face is white. For a minute or two the both of them just sat there and thought, and then finally the professor spoke.

"That," he says to Joe, "was Professor Madison, who occupies the chair of history here."

II

WELL, it's two days later, to the very day, that Joe gets better than an even break on the luck. He's sitting in his office, see, probably thinking about Shakspere and that Longfellow, when there's a knock at the door and in comes a girlie all in red and green, and she's a pip.

"You're this here Mr. Cole, ain't you?" she says right off. "I come from this here morning paper here, the Telegraph. I'm one of these here reporters."

Evidently Joe don't believe his own ears at first, for he just sits and looks at her before answering.

"I say," he says then, "would you mind saying something again—just any old thing you can think of? Maybe my ears played me false."

The girl says, "Sure! Ain't I making myself plain? They ain't hired nobody that don't understand no English, is they?"

Well, Joe just gets up and goes over and closes the door.

"In the next room," he says when he comes back, "is an old fellow that if he heard you talk like that he'd probably put you in two or three jails. But honest, you got about the fiercest grammar I ever heard. You write in that language too?"

"Nope," she comes back. "I write the purest English known to mankind—newspaper English. That means I haven't used 'who' and 'whom' and 'shall' and 'will' and 'if' and 'though' correctly in nigh on three years. But I rather thought you'd like to hear a little low-life stuff after all the swell line you have to stand from old Burdett."

"Oh, you know him?" says Joe. "He certainly is hell bent for grammar, isn't he?"

"Don't I know it!" the girl comes back. "I'm his daughter, his little jewel, and I been through the mill, I have! Say, before I got liberated in spirit and took mixing my tenses, I thought I'd go crazy around the house. Sometimes I'd feel if he didn't double a negative or end a sentence with a preposition, I'd just be compelled to end his life with a ax."

"He seems particularly set against a man that would split a infinitive," Joe says hesitatingly.

"He'd just as soon split a skull as a infinitive," the girl declares. "Personally, I'm willing to split an infinitive with any decent fellow. You see," she says, "I was so full of suppressed desires; I wanted to say 'ain't' and 'nope' and such words, and they wouldn't let me. You can imagine how that came out; first thing you know I was sneaking off in alleys and using bad grammar on the sly. It went on like that until now I go off on fierce bats—I just let loose. And when I'm that way, nobody can do anything with me. You just got to let me sleep it off."

"You probably won't come to no good end if you keep up that pace," Joe says.

You see that double negative? That just goes to show how easy it was for Joe to be led astray by a pretty woman, see? And this was a pip he was talking to.

"Yep," she says, "probably wind up in an illiterate's grave. Pop says the way I talk leads to anarchy or socialism or worse. Can you triple a negative?"

"I never tried," Joe comes back, "but I can just naturally ruin a infinitive."

"All right," she says; "then we'll go out together some time and you'll call out the rules of grammar and I'll break 'em, one by one, right spank in your face! Meanwhile, what's the idea of this?"

She hands Joe a piece of paper and this is what he reads off from it:

"Mary and Drucilla, the famous Siamese twins of Parker Brothers' Circus, will not be students at Shaw Seminary after all. They had made preparations to enter in the spring, when it was discovered that there were five weekly conflicts in the class-work schedules of the domestic course, which Mary had selected, and the academic course, which Drucilla had chosen. It is reported that the inseparable sisters then quarreled over which should go to which class, and the upshot of the matter has been that, no agreement being possible, they won't be educated. Furthermore, so says Dame Rumor, they are no longer on speaking terms, which puts them both in embarrassing positions."

"Well," says Joe, "what's the idea of what? I sent it out last night—human-interest stuff hot off the griddle. Going to print it?"

"It's apple sauce," Miss Burdett says.

"What does that matter?" Joe demands, see? "I'm the press agent."

"It's not me," she explains. "It's the city editor. Mr. Ethridge says he won't print this unless you can prove you're Hans Christian Andersen. You better try again."

Well, Joe's worried at this, see?

"This is fierce," he tells Miss Burdett. "I was told newspapers wanted human-interest stuff. I never was a press agent before. What ought I to do?"

She begins putting on her gloves then.

"Well," she says, "I don't think I ought to begin arranging your life for you so quick. Give me a week or two, will you?"

She stops at the door before going out and speaks again.

"Make another stab—look round for a romance," she says; "and by the way, my name's Flora; but because you've been so nice, you can call me Miss Burdett for the first visit and a half. 'By!"

Well, sir, Joe was in a swell fix at that minute! He couldn't make up his mind whether he ought to be upset over the flop of his first press yarn or whether he ought to be upset over this girlie, see? Then this Professor Madison comes in.

"So you're the press agent, eh?" he says heartily

Continued on Page 108

And This Flora, Who's a Pip, and Him Get Along Swell, See?

AS A WOMAN THINKS

IV

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I DO not know how it may be with others who have outgrown themselves and become merely the residents of culture and learning, but I experience a sensation of uneasiness when conversing with a man who evades his own personal pronoun. I always change my seat as soon as possible, because he is concealing someone who should be present and apparent if he is talking.

He will never say "I think," "I believe," or "I know," but he will begin with "It is said." This may be a scholarly affectation of self-effacement, for all I know, but it is neither natural nor sincere.

We are every one born in the first person singular. We live and die feeling that way. Therefore the pronoun "I" is the most honest and revealing word in the English language. It is our obligatory oral signature. It is not an egotistical part of speech, unless you are an egotist, but the born-and-bred name by which every man calls himself. Without this provision, you may say, of Nature in him, we should never be able to identify him or know whether he is talking his own truth or his own lies or quoting them from someone else.

This is the reason why certain of my books are written in the first person. They must be. It is my way of writing as other people feel, interpretative. I am being confidential, not boastful, except possibly where we may boast together. I am telling experience common to us as human beings and giving the reader the advantage of keeping his own silence.

The method works. It encourages many to give tongue to their lives and feelings, which is a relief if they have held them in for a long time and never expected to see them said anywhere. Just write the truth of your own heart and you will find out how many men and women have lived that same truth more valiantly than you have without emitting it into copy! I have had to make that humbling revision of my attributes since the publication of My Book and Heart. These silent ones who write letters not for publication have found in this volume the witness of their own hearts, a record more intimate and personal to them than if it had been written in the third person, or of one already dead and subject in the very nature of the case to biographical speculations.

He is Really a Child Who Never Grows Up, Begging for Cake When a Boy and Sympathy When a Man

The record I am now writing will have no such effect, though it may be equally veracious, because we are farther apart in our thoughts than we ever are in our feelings. We may talk much or little, but most of our thinking is done and kept in silence. The human mind is a queer thing. It has more ways of the wild creatures than we have. It never ceases to circle either upon the wing or to prowl in that secret darkness which conceals every man's mind. It goes off and comes back laden with strange thoughts while you sit gazing with candid eyes into the candid eyes of your companion, whose mind has also been out scouting around and has returned without ever meeting your mind on the way.

I suppose many a man, seated in the possessive case beside some woman who has a Spencerian countenance and speaks to him in pale-blue language of sweetness, would leap for his life if he could see so much as the flash of the thought she is whetting in her neat little head against his peace and happiness. And sometimes if a woman had a look into the mind of her hero she might become an idol breaker in the twinkling of an eye.

But we are not to be judged by what goes on in our minds. And never gets out in a word or a deed. If all the tools of vengeance forged there were used, this world would be a terrible place. If all the dark thoughts we have were spoken, no man or woman would trust us. But these are the mental vaporings of our lower and meaner natures, conquered in most of us by the moral sense we have acquired which has established better standards.

I recall a period in my life after I had passed years in the most arduous Christian training, hand in glove with the Beatitudes, when I suddenly developed a genius for vindictive thinking. I literally burned with the desire to even up a few scores for my husband. But when the opportunities came, one after another, as your enemy invariably falls into your hands if he has wronged you, I lacked the courage of this dishonor. I had a decent horror of availing myself of them. I wrote A Circuit Rider's Wife instead. This was not a vindictive book, although for a time it excited the animus of some guilty saints. Personally, I shall always regard it as the best prayer I ever prayed to the world. And my experience is that the world is very good at answering an honest prayer for help, comfort or justice. Many years have passed since then and I am eased from all bitterness of thoughts connected with that period; but even yet, when I remember sometimes how that book was received, I have a queer, tender wish to lay my hand upon the heart of the world and swear something good. I do hope it is not wrong to believe that the heart of it is close kin to the Word!

I was thirty years of age before the character of my mind differed consciously from that of any other woman's mind who is a devoted wife and mother, and, by marriage, deeply and sincerely pious. I was backward with my needle, but necessity compelled me to become skillful in this art. I made my own clothes and they proclaimed the fact. But I was more successful with dear little Faith's things. She came up in the drawn-linen period. We could not afford linen, but every ruffle and hem on her white muslin frocks was hemstitched The gathers were rolled and whipped. The yokes were elaborately carved with the needle into blossoms and webs worked into the drawn threads.

Faith was an adorable mite of a woman from the very beginning of her life. She felt her feathers and could not resist the joy of switching when she pranced forth in one of these dresses. I wore the long skirts of that period and held them up behind after the manner of those former ladies. Likewise, Faith invariably reached back, caught a fold of her exceedingly abbreviated skirt between her thumb and forefinger, the other three fingers hoisted and curled as daintily as if she held an afternoon teacup. Then, bent slightly forward, head thrown proudly back, she frisked forth glorified in her own pride. It comforts me now to remember that I never chided her for these airs and that she had the joy of her things.

They really were beautiful little garments, if I do say it who should not boast of my handiwork. You may have observed that love can impart to a woman who has no sense of style about her own clothes, a rare genius for dressing her girl child.

I had no domestic accomplishments, but I had one hard-and-fast rule as a loving wife. This was to appeal to the eye. I have a vaguely guilty feeling that I was not an exquisitely neat housekeeper—which immediately became a belligerent feeling the moment someone referred to the fact—but I always kept one place attractive in the house that would strike Lundy's eye as he entered the door.

I remember once after we had left Oxford and our fortunes were at the lowest ebb we lived in two rooms far up in the mountains. I had saved his dearer books, some draperies and precious ornaments from the sale of our household things in Oxford, but not enough to furnish a whole room cheerfully. So I massed our wealth in one corner of it.

There was an ugly little stove set far enough out to admit of a seat behind it on both sides of the corner. I had it put in, no more than a low wide shelf against the wall But it was softly cushioned and I covered it with a dark

blue chenille curtain. I covered some old sofa pillows with the red-and-yellow borders of these curtains and piled them like gaudy mushrooms on this seat. Some distance above I put in narrow shelves for the books. These were arranged without regard for their titles or inside substance, but to bring out as much color as possible. A red or green backed book was precious and must be placed where the light would fall on it.

There was a vase on the top shelf, two brass candlesticks, and wedged in the corner was a remarkable plaster of Paris little boy, quite naked, sitting cross-legged on a square pedestal, reading from a large book open upon his knees. I take it that he was an erudite child, because from the looks of his pouncy body he could not have been more than three years old. Lundy had given me this thing in an opulent moment years before. Remembering the classical Greek turn of his mind, I cannot believe it truly represented his taste, only what he could afford to buy. But he craved statuary of the graver sort to the last and treated himself now and then to the molded bust of a great poet or a great philosopher. I keep them all, though the little boy has lost half his book, broken off long since in our travels.

Two very wide chenille curtains remained. These were split and hung at the windows on either side of this corner. I do not suppose a professional decorator would have admired the general effect, but compared with the remaining space and furnishing of that wretched room, it was palatial.

On very cold evenings when Lundy came in, the stove would be glowing like a grotesquely deformed red-hot coal. The two candles would be lighted and flickering bravely. The little boy high up in his corner between them would still be studiously reading his book. The books on the shelves below would be lined up brightly like old friends waiting as usual to spend the evening with us. And Lundy, merely giving me the peck of a kiss as he passed, would make straight for that long cushioned seat behind the stove. He stretched out there like a wealthy man and read or scribbled notes for a sermon. I do not think he ever really saw the other part of that wretched room.

This was the life I lived then and the mind I had then. Good, tender and very anxious for my dear ones, but not by any stretch of imagination an intellectual existence. I doubt if we can be very active in such a love affair as this and be intellectual at the same time. Love itself is the self-expression of such a woman, which is something we hear more about these days than in those days, when it seems to me women loved more giftedly than they do now.

I could have been contented with these intimate blessings. I do not remember ever to have craved a career. I do not now understand those who strive so brilliantly and senselessly for recognition, fame and one sort of distinction or another.

For me the career of an author was purely accidental and resulted from a desperate emergency. I have written all this out more particularly in another book, but while we are on this subject of careers and recognition I may as well set down now what I have to say about that.

Anything you do, however well, which draws the world's attention is a fearful thing, not to be lightly sought. And I do not refer in this connection to the competitive jealousies engendered by success, having had no experiences along this line. What I am trying to tell you is that with the rewards one earns in this business, some right to live privately passes away. Your habitation may be divided from the crowded world by a thousand hills, but there are voluntary biographers in it who create the life they think you live back there. I could write much more entrancing legends about myself.

I have an ambition to sit gracefully in the public eye, one hand resting on my desk, neatly littered with manuscript, and the other curled like a white lily across my breast. When you are posing thus in your own mind it is disconcerting to learn that I am a country policeman, conscientious in the discharge of my duties. I respect policemen, but I should shrink from crowding into that profession. If you have written much testifying to your Christian faith, even if you do admit a somewhat crank-sided human nature, it is depressing to learn that you are an atheist smoking with bad doctrines.

After that happened, I had no sooner retired behind that Scripture which says "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake"; "verily they have their reward"—and I am taking particular satisfaction in the dark intimation as to the probable nature of this reward—than I was startled by the report that I, one of those certified widows so highly recommended in Paul's epistle to Timothy, had been cutting a swath in the social life of Havana.

Not everything you hear about yourself can be considered good publicity. And if you have delicate sensibilities, the currycomb of public imagination frequently rubs your vanities the wrong way.

You can never choose your own duties or pastimes again. You must work at your thoughts. They hold you and compel you like voices calling to be heard.

Sometimes now I still feel the womanly instinct stirring in me to sew a fine seam. I want to lay a pattern on a piece of beautiful cloth, cut out something sweet and make it. I long to gather a ruffle with my fingers, pin one end of it down and scratch the gathers with my needle as I used to do long ago. But I never can do it. No time. No such cunning left now in my fingers. I have become a sewless woman.

When it is a fine, large, perfectly rounded day, with the sun shining and all the leaves talking in the wind, and a faint perfume of woodland flowers floats in through the window like an invitation, I would give much to cast my pen far from me and follow it out and away to the deep green valleys where these blossoms bloom. But I cannot take the day off. I must stay here and write down the things my mind makes believe. No real blossoms, only the things I know—so little, compared with what the trees tell and the river sings, if you know how to listen.

Every author knows what I mean. We become the slaves of our thoughts that must be written before they fade into forgetfulness.

Invitations to speak upon public occasions are among my most grievous embarrassments. Why is it inferred that one is or can be a public speaker because she has written a book? Writing is a very private business. I do not know any other occupation which requires so much privacy unless it is a life of prayer or a life of crime.

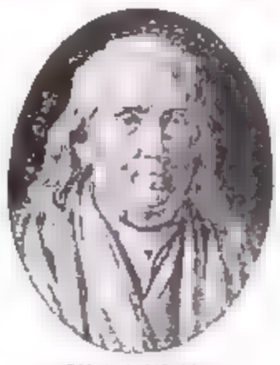
During these many years with a bee in my bonnet and a pen in my hand I have practically lost my oral faculties. I cannot scintillate on a rostrum. The flare of so many faces would put out my light. I am accustomed to work in the presence of three open-eyed windows which look upon a wide green forest. Much motion and life out there, but complete and magnificent indifference to the mortal mind in here struggling with the adverb of an idea.

I am not apologizing, you understand, for not being able to live up to this side demand of a literary reputation. I am simply telling what happens to one not anxious to

(Continued on Page 121)

I Should Recognize a Certain Author's Heroine Anywhere on Earth, Even if She Escapes From All the Stories in Which She Figures

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 5, 1925

Pot Shots

ONLY destructive and disgruntled elements will disagree with the statement that for the most part the courts form a bulwark that stands between the people and the loss of their rights and liberties. But it is a thousand pities that the courts should be clogged with cases, even though in long-delayed decisions the people are protected. Justice is slow partly because of the careless, almost slovenly conditions which attend legislation.

Unfortunately state legislatures often meet under conditions that make the acquirement of first-hand and expert knowledge almost impossible. In one state two thousand bills must be disposed of in a session of ninety days. It is impossible for more than two or three leaders to have any real familiarity with the measures that come up. The legislature may be a fair cross section of the population; probably it is considerably better than that. But practical politics is such that only a few members are what is called well informed on many of the bills.

It is common knowledge that numerous bills, indeed many of the laws themselves, are merely happy-thought pot shots at the subject matter. One observer has remarked harshly that most such legislation is based upon "expediency and barter, with some thought for popular feeling and little for principles." But even if this were wholly false, it would be physically impossible for state legislatures to know much about the topics they consider.

A frequent comment is that legislatures should meet less often. On the other hand, if such bodies met continuously, less hasty consideration might be given the pending measures. There is an old adage about the frying pan and the fire. Tampering with governmental machinery produces unexpected results. There might be other and greater evils in a continuous session.

Fortunately, the gubernatorial veto saves many a situation. There have been weak governors, and worse. But as an average they seem to have a fairly broad comprehension of the needs of their states. Certainly they take more of a bird's eye and less of a snail's view than many legislators. By pocket and other forms of veto they save their people countless sums.

"The founders of our state government didn't mean that the pocket veto was created to override the legislature, but was intended as a check on mistakes," said an angry state senator, following the last session of the body of which he was a member and just after the governor had let several hundred bills die a natural, or, from the senator's viewpoint, an unnatural death.

Possibly this particular governor made a few mistakes and killed meritorious as well as noxious measures. But it is fortunate for more than one commonwealth that so many governors have the courage of their convictions. Economy is always popular until the governor vetoes one's pet bill. Let us hope that the tribe of governors who mean what they say when they run on economy platforms will never diminish.

A Year-End Cash Account

IMAGINE a young business man who at the beginning of the year found himself, through no fault of his own, in debt to the tune of something over $21,000. As an offset to this heavy obligation there are a dozen slow-pay or never-pay debtors who owe him something like $11,000; but for one reason or another he can persuade only one or two of them either to pay up or to give him any sort of negotiable paper which he can sell or use as collateral at the bank. His only wise course is to live as well within his income as possible and pay off as many of his outstanding obligations as he can by his own efforts, not counting very heavily upon remittances from his delinquent debtors.

Definite agreements compel him to pay interest on his debts and to retire part of the principal each year, whether he himself is paid or not. At the beginning of his fiscal year he calculated that he could live within his probable income to such an extent that at the end of the twelvemonth he would have sixty-seven dollars, over and above what was required of him, to apply to his debts. He went through the year paring expenses wherever he could. On June thirtieth, when his year ended, he found to his delight that instead of having but sixty-seven dollars extra with which to pay for dead horses, he had a little more than two hundred and fifty dollars. Moreover, his total debt had been reduced by the tidy sum of $734.62. Next year he hopes to be able to squeeze out four hundred dollars more than will be required of him; but he is such a conservative figurer that he will probably be able to do better than that.

This thrifty young man, as the reader must have guessed, is no other than Uncle Sam. If rows of six ciphers have been knocked off all the items found in his statement for the year 1924–25, it is only to avoid the confusion which gigantic numbers create in the minds of all but bank presidents and astronomers. On the whole, it is an excellent report. It proves not only that the budget system can work, but that it has worked. It proves, moreover, that a sharp reduction of taxes should not be described as possible but as inevitable.

The Passing Age

THE difficulties the British face in regaining industrial prosperity are not entirely war-made. A new age is being ushered in and some of the advantages the British enjoyed under the old order are slipping them. We are emerging from the Steam Age, and slowly but none the less surely entering the Age of Electricity.

It was the almost inexhaustible supply of coal underlying her chalk cliffs which gave Britain her great chance. It was with coal that she largely paid for her raw materials, and coal was thus at the bottom of the manufacturing supremacy she obtained during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Cheap coal was a factor also in the building up of the British mercantile marine. Half the seagoing commerce of the world was under the British flag. Great shipyards sprang up, and during the 90's more than eighty per cent of all bottoms launched the world over were the product of British shipbuilders. All this is changed now. Archibald Hurd, writing in the Fortnightly Review, describes the three basic industries—coal mining, shipbuilding and shipping—as suffering from creeping paralysis.

The slump in coal is due in part to a shift in conditions following the war. France is now in a position to get much of her coal from Germany. Italy is buying from Russia. As a result, British production in 1924 was twenty million tons less than in 1913. But back of the unfavorable conditions resulting from the war is another factor, and a more serious one, because it is the certain commencement of a new era. Europe is no longer so entirely dependent on coal.

"Oil is driving coal from the seas," writes C. A. McCurdy in the Contemporary. Since the start of the war, oil-burning merchant ships have increased thirteen times over. The British Navy has been converted largely to the use of oil. On land, the electrification of railways is under way. France expects to cut her annual coal consumption in this way by fifteen million tons. Industry in Europe is following, and even in backward, soviet-ridden Russia the electrification of factories is being tried out. Though straggling far behind America in this respect, Europe is now awakening to the possibilities of electrical power.

The British could regain their advantage by a quick turnover in the utilization of their vast stores of coal. If the coal were used to develop electrical energy, enough could be produced to revolutionize industry in Britain. But so far the British have shown a tendency to cling to steam power, and they will have to make a quick shift if they are to keep up with the procession.

Coaching for Opportunity

TODAY one of the outstanding jobs of big business is that of building men. The burden of educating young men and women for business opportunity is in the hands of large corporations.

Modern big business seems to be characterized by a clear recognition of the fact that security lies in the right relations with the consuming public and with employes; that there is more money, in the long run, in building up and holding public confidence in its commodities and its service than in suppressing competition by sheer financial power; that the economies of production and distribution possible through large capital and highly perfected organization are the best weapons with which to meet competition.

When any big organization deliberately bases its prospects of stability and expansion upon the application of intelligence to its production and distribution problems it means that there must be intelligence all along the line from one end of the organization to the other. Just a few dynamos of intelligence in the administrative offices will not overcome the static of undeveloped mentality in the lower strata of the service.

The direct reaction to all this is found in the fact that big business today has its educational department—perhaps under the title of Personnel and Employment—and considers its operations of major importance. There are few very large corporations which do not directly operate schools and classes for the improvement of the intelligence of their employes. Many of these schools are so elaborate as to be virtually business and technical universities, teaching almost everything required in industry, from elementary mechanics and basic shop practice to the principles of business administration and economics.

But this is only the beginning of the educational work in which big business is engaged. For example, one of the very largest corporations pays one-half the tuition of any employe who will take up an educational course. Hundreds of its employes are taking courses at the University of New York, Columbia and other accessible educational institutions. Has this company yielded to a philanthropic impulse? Not for an instant. And it makes that point clear to all concerned. It doesn't wish to be suspected of philanthropy, but to be credited with intelligence.

It cannot operate on modern lines of competition without maintaining a high level of intelligence throughout its organization. A dumb-bell clerk can ball up a lot of business for that corporation and not half try. It prefers to pay money for the special education of its employes so that the mean level of intelligence throughout the service will be raised perceptibly. Again, this plan is probably considered well worth its cost as an automatic separator of the ambitious from the unambitious among the younger employes, irrespective of ultimate educational results.

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IN THE summer of 1887 I had my first glimpse of a great city—Chicago. The National Teachers' Association held its annual convention there, and the sleeping car on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train was pretty well filled with people taking advantage of the excursion rates to make a visit to the great metropolis of the West. I was one of the party, and in it were Klinefelter, Tom Miller, Art Sale, Judge Cummings and many more, both teachers and members of the laity. The sleeping car was a new thing to me.

I remember that the extravagance of paying the porter a tip of a whole quarter impressed me as uncalled for, though I yielded to custom. Tom Miller invented several remarks attributed to me, the point of which was my verdancy.

"Did you hear what Quick said when he came into the city?" he asked so that all could hear. "He said, 'There's a house bigger than John West's. Why, Chicago's built up on both sides of the track!'"

This was an exaggeration; but the city was a great sight for me. The Iowa headquarters were in a hotel across the street north of the Palmer House. The street between was paved with Belgian-block pavement. All that first day I was dazed by the throngs; and Tom said they found me once standing in a doorway as if waiting for something. When they asked me what I was waiting for, he said I remarked that I had stopped to give the crowd a chance to get by! This also was a statement colored somewhat by the mentality of its author.

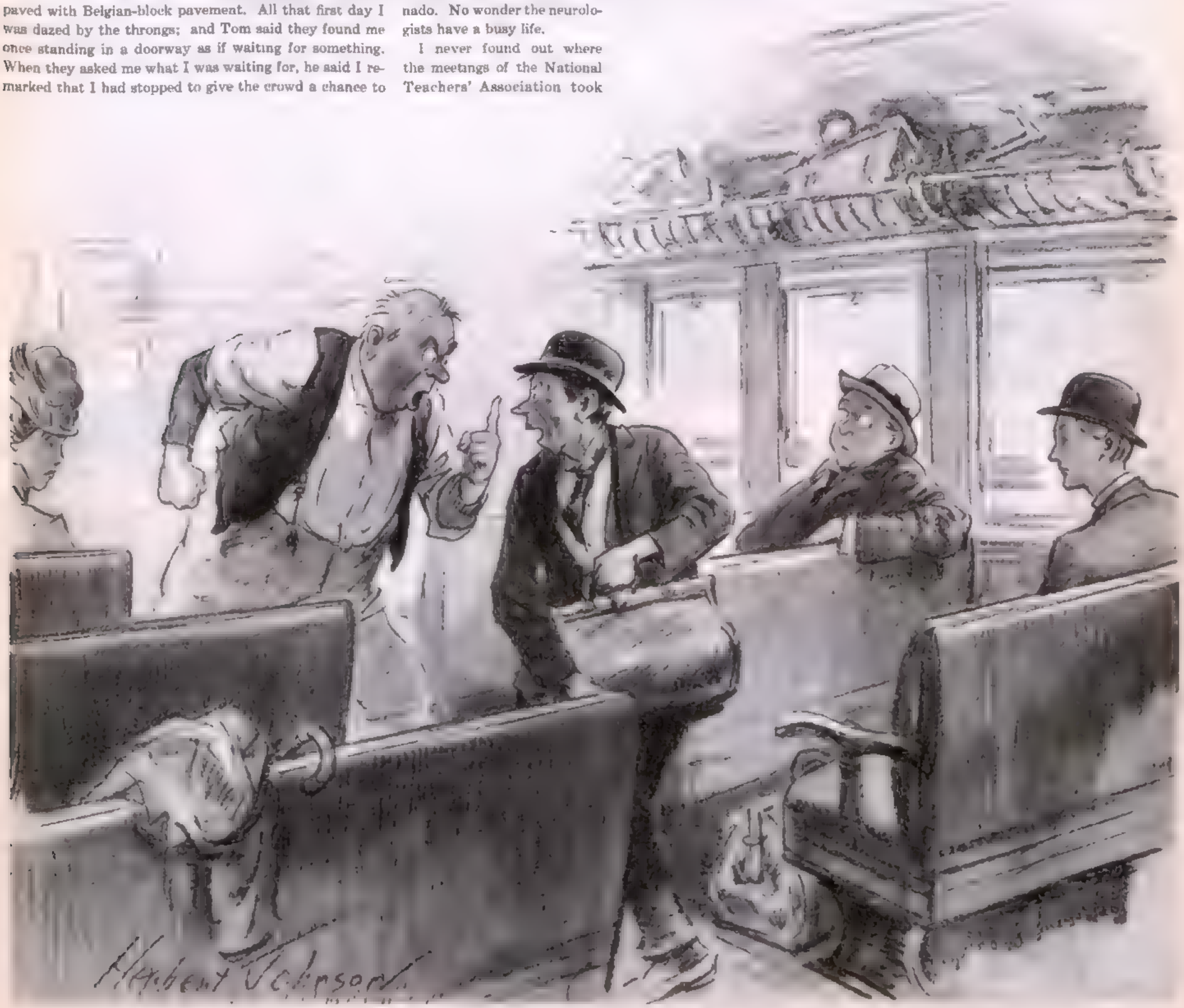
I went to bed late that first night and slept heavily after the wakefulness of the night before and the weariness of a day of excitement. As I slept I dreamed I was out in Iowa and that a fearful storm had risen. I heard its roar in my ears, deafening me. Surely this was a tornado. I was terrified. I leaped out of bed. The sun was shining in the window; but the roar went on. It was the thunder of traffic on the pavement outside. I crawled back into bed, but I slept no more; and I did not tell Tom or Cummings about my dream. They would have based a tradition on it.

Two inventions have mitigated the tornado which beat upon the sensorium of city dwellers then—the soft-tired motor car and asphalt and concrete pavements; but still my dream proves what a revolution has taken place in the environment of a nation of country people, accustomed for ages to the stillness of the countryside, who have become city dwellers. The sounds of the city are only one element in this new world in which humanity has learned to live; but the noises alone mark a change from peace to a tornado. No wonder the neurologists have a busy life.

I never found out where the meetings of the National Teachers' Association took place. I began my career as a visitor to such gatherings, as I have in the main continued it, by ignoring the ostensible objects of them. I took my dip into the night life of the city. I rode in street cars drawn swiftly along by horses and carrying one to the end of the line for a nickel. I stood on the shore of Lake Michigan and for the first time gazed out across water so broad as to form the horizon. And all the time I was filled with such a crowd of new impressions that they grew dim even as I looked and listened.

There was a landing for steamers then at the foot of Madison Street, at a place which is now nearly half a mile inshore from the lake. One evening an excursion for the Iowa delegations was planned. I started for the landing, alone, I think, when I saw one fire engine after another dash off southward, their horses running madly, their gongs clanging. I forgot all about the excursion and followed the crowd to the fire. It was miles away, but its flares beckoned to us. It was in fact away down in the railway yards; but it was worth seeing. The great soap works of the N. K. Fairbank Company were burning. It would be a

(Continued on Page 141)



I Gathered From Some Words Which Interrupted the Flow of Profanity That the Hound of the Basketvilles Was a Hotel Keeper

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Wives and the Man

BIG Joe Brown and little Bill Swain
Bumped their flivvers at Market and Main;
Little Bill stayed in his battered old bus;
Joe climbed down and started to cuss.

"What in the aitch do you mean?" bawled Brown.
"Doing a steeplechase through this town?
What in the aitch are you trying to do?—
Main Street a little too narrow for you?
Where in the aitch were you going, you simp?
I've a notion to bust you, you petrified shrimp!"

That was the argument—every word;
But this is the version that Bill's wife heard:

Returned Vacationists—"We Ought to Make Him Take a Vacation. It Isn't Fair to the Rest of Us"

"He started to razz me and I got mad.
'Say, listen,' I tells him, 'you great big shad,
Just keep off the ether till I get through,
Or something or other will happen to you!'
I shoots it across at him like that—biff!
'I'm playing this record, you great big stiff!'

"(You know how I talk when I'm red-hot, Lil
First thing that I think—why, I let it spill!)

"'You're a menace to traffic,' I says, like that.
'You were turning that corner in forty-five flat.
And you've crumpled my fender and knocked off a cap
And you're stewed and you know it, you great big sap!'

"He started to argue, the pot-bellied pup,
But I crawled from the flivver and shut him right up.
'You're a hole in a doughnut, Brown!' says I;
'You're a chunk of Limburger cheese!' says I;
'Just open your trap once again,' says I,
'And I'll give you a crack in the jaw,' says I
And the poor boob weakened and started to cry!"

Where would we be, and what would we do,
If we hadn't our wives to tell it to!

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Some Florida Statistics

IF ALL the Florida men who habitually wear golf suits were laid down, head to feet, the line would reach from Miami to Wapwallopen, Pennsylvania, and halfway back; of this number one and three-eighths per cent actually play golf.

If all the horseshoes cast in St. Petersburg during the previous winter were gathered up and thrown off Key West, there would be a tidal wave in Havana.

If all the energy used to cast these horseshoes could be harnessed together, the combined power would be sufficient to raise the Woolworth Building seven feet from the ground.

If all the Florida real-estate agents were lined together, their faces to the north, and allowed to lift their voices in unison, a desiccating wind would be felt as far north as the interior of Alaska.

If all the good whisky brought into Florida during any given month were poured into a single measure the amount would be almost sufficient to flavor a pre-prohibition mince pie; if all the poor stuff shipped in during said period were dumped into the Atlantic, fish would be caught thereafter off the coast of Novia Scotia suffering from blind staggers.

If everyone who knocked Florida had as good a climate in his own home town the United States would be Paradise.

—Isabelle Stewart Way.

Dumb-Belles Lettres

I

MIN says to me—Min, she's my lady friend—
"Say, Gert," she says, "why don't you write a book?"
You see, once I wrote something that was took
And printed in the paper where folks send
Receets for baking—not that I depend
On litterchure, or that I have to cook;
I'm in the sales department at McGook
& Simmons, dry goods, aisle one, near the end.

When I'm with Min—well, I just think out loud.
She says I'm deep. I'll tell the world I am,
Though here they say I'm dumber than a clam
Because I don't throw pearls before no crowd.
So I told Min I'd think it over twice.
I—sort of feel like taking her advice.

II

I got a pencil and a writing pad
Tucked down beneath my sales-book sheets in back.
Whenever business gets a little slack
And them what's seen the bargains in our ad
Ain't horning in and driving me near mad,
Or else if Snoops, the floorman's, off my track—
Why, then I grab the pad and take a crack
At writing down the different thoughts I've had.

And then again I write what happens, see?
There's such a lot that goes on all around,
That nearly any subjict can be found,
Pervided that you've got the gift, like me.
The world's a open page, I take a look ——
Good night! Snoops passed and almost seen this book!

III

I can't remember just where I was at
When I was interrupted yesterday,
Because the floorman's eye was peeled this way.
My gosh! he had me nervous as a cat.
"No loafing here!"—he come at me like that.
"You ain't exactly drawing down your pay
To imitate no modest vi'let." Say,
I ask you, would that leave your tires flat?

I guess it ain't no cinch, this writing game;
Us arthers has a uphill path to climb,
And someone rolling rocks down all the time.
There ain't no asphalt road that leads to Fame.
Take this Miss Ellen Glib what wrote Two Weaks—
It must have been some pull to reach them peaks.

IV

I'd say my strong point's calling people's bluff.
Min says she wisht she had my eagle eye.
There's no one needn't think they can get by.
These one-tube folks—with three or four tube stuff—

(Continued on Page 74)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Beans, Dear, I Do Wish I Had a Sable Coat Like Mrs. Collie's"

"But, Old Girl, We Rarely Have Our Cake and Eat it Too. If You Were to Wear a Sable Coat it Would Conceal Your Dear Little Screw Tail, and There You Are"

"Oh Dear! She is So Distingué. Now Isn't She?"

Vegetable

Soup

Good vegetable soup. The capable housewife knows what that means. Delicious vegetables—and plenty of them. Fine rich beef broth to give its stimulating flavor and invigoration. Substantial cereals with all their splendid nutriment. Savory herbs that make this filling soup so tempting to the appetite.

One of the heartiest and most satisfying of soups to eat. One of the most troublesome of soups to make.

But since the housewife gets in Campbell's Vegetable a soup with fifteen different vegetables—thirty-two ingredients in all—blended by the most skilful chefs, she knows she can always have the best with the least of trouble.

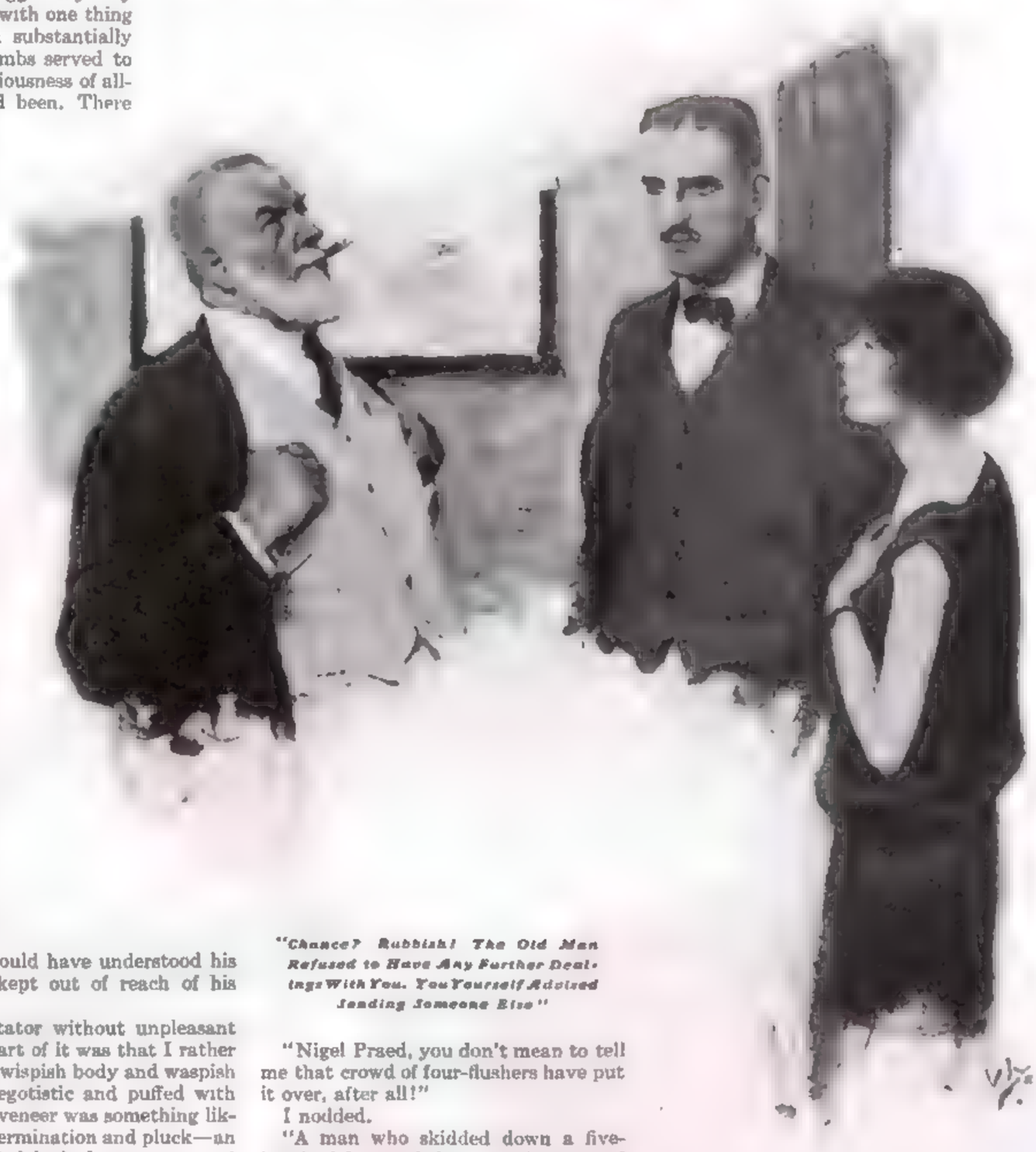
21 kinds **12 cents a can**

My life's a song. I'm going strong.
I'm happy, blithe and dashing.
Good soup within will help you win
The form I'm always flashing!

RIVERS TO CROSS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



"Chance? Rubbish! The Old Man Refused to Have Any Further Dealings With You. You Yourself Advised Sending Someone Else"

XXXII

IN THE gathering dusk I dragged my way wearily to the hotel. What with one thing and another, it had been a substantially trying day. The ache in my limbs served to dull my brain against the consciousness of all-round failure. A failure I had been. There could be no question about that. Until an hour ago I had flattered myself that I held the best cards in the pack; but what use were they, since I was not to be allowed to play them? I had overreached myself, stood too prominently, talked too big, accepted too many challenges, made too many enemies; and as a result I had been outclassed and was going to be chucked out like a drunk.

What was it the governor had said?—that he had already advised the home government to sanction an estate-development scheme. Something to that effect. The actual words escaped me; but they sounded the knell of the British United Transcontinental Airways, Ltd. Somehow I could not help feeling that my presence had been an incentive rather than a deterrent to the dispatch of that letter. Sir Francis might have shied at taking the line of least resistance if I had not been there to oppose him. That was his characteristic—to advance into the face of opposition. Not for nothing had he been named The Mule. I had shown a woeful lack of imagination at our first interview in making a stand against him; a deplorable lack of imagination. I should have understood his mulish disposition better and kept out of reach of his heels.

One cannot dictate to a dictator without unpleasant consequences. And the queer part of it was that I rather liked the dry little man with his wispish body and waspish speech. He was shortsighted, egotistic and puffed with pride of office; but beneath the veneer was something likable and attractive. He had determination and pluck—an insolent kind of pluck that defied logical argument and stampeded him into all manner of impossible places. I think in a way he belonged to the V. C. class; which is to say, he had any amount of courage, but precious little consciousness of personal danger. For the preservation of his comforts and the elegancies and advantages of his position he might tremble, but for himself not at all.

That kind of man is the most difficult adversary, inasmuch as he makes an enemy with the same enthusiasm as another man makes a friend, and having made the enemy, he looks to it that no effort is spared to bring about his enemy's defeat. Having formed the opinion that I was a blackguard, no amount of argument would convince him to the contrary. I should remain a blackguard eternally unless a miracle happened or he voluntarily changed his mind.

This depressing realization pulsed through my throbbing head as I trudged along the road.

I had reached the outskirts of the town, when I heard my name. The lighted windows of the Esterella were above me. Looking up, I saw Nancy seated on the stone baluster of the hotel terrace.

"Nigel Praed," she called down, "are you not saying au revoir to a friend?"

"Hullo!" I answered.

"I hoped maybe you'd have come round, though I expect you've had plenty else to think of. I go aboard the Mariana at midnight."

"Then there'll be no need for farewells, Nancy, for by the look of things, so shall I."

"You? You're not serious! Come up a minute."

She met me at the top of a flight of steps and we made our way to a seat in a small stone summerhouse.

"Yes," I said, "they're slinging me out—deporting me as an undesirable alien."

"Undesirable!"

"I think I'm supposed to be a German spy—or something very bad. Anyway, I'm to go. If you see someone coming aboard under escort you'll know who it is."

"Nigel Praed, you don't mean to tell me that crowd of four-flushers have put it over, after all!"

I nodded.

"A man who skidded down a five-hundred-foot rock face out of a sense of politeness isn't going to give in to a bunch like that!" she cried.

I said, "I'm too tired today, Nancy, to make promises—but I hope they're not."

"And Philida?"

"Stays here, of course."

Nancy snorted.

"I wouldn't! Where my man went, I'd go!"

"She offered," I said.

"And then withdrew?"

"No—emphatically, no. We're playing high, Nancy, with each other as the stake. I'm not dragging anyone along when the game goes against me."

"Oh, blah!" said she. "Love doesn't want to wait on success or failure. If it's worth taking it's good any time. That inhibitive stuff is too civilized. Yet," she added, "there's a queer beauty in it. What's holding her back?"

"We are, Nancy. We made a standard of success—terms of victory."

"I know," she nodded. "She told me one night. Rivers to cross, mountains and dangers to overcome—and you two waiting for each other at the end of it." She stopped and put a hand over mine. "I haven't thanked you yet, Nigel."

"Thanked me for what?"

"For what some girls might think the poorest compliment ever paid to them."

"I don't follow."

She gave a little laugh.

"Jumping down a precipice rather than being found in my company."

"What else could I do?" I answered, frowning helplessly.

"Oh, there! I've nothing in me but admiration for it." She stopped abruptly and exclaimed, "I think I won't go back to England this trip."

"Why not?"

"Philida may be very firm on ideals, but it might help her to sustain them if she had a friend around."

"You'd stop here and be with her?" I cried enthusiastically. "Nancy, that'd be splendid! D'you mean it?"

"If you think it'd ease the situation I'll cancel my passage right now."

I seized her hands and wrung them.

"I'd be happy with the knowledge that you were here."

"It's a bet then. Though," she added, "the enthusiasm you show to escape my company strikes me as kind of strange." Suddenly she dropped banter and returned my pressure on her hands with the grip of perfect health and comradeship. "Good luck, old man. Never fear! I'll keep your light shining." And stooping forward, she gave me a great hearty kiss on the cheek. "Say, though, what did you mean by kissing me up at the Rest House this morning?"

"I thought you were asleep."

"I was, but not that much."

"I don't know; but when in a few minutes a man expects to find himself in eternity, it's good to show up with something clean on his mouth."

She laughed.

"I suppose that answer is as good as another," she said. "God bless."

"God bless," I repeated.

XXXIII

A CABLE was delivered to me at the hotel bureau. I signed a form showing the time it was received:

"Negotiations broken off. Previous instructions canceled. Return by first available steamer. "RIBAULT, ZEALER & PALATINE."

The peremptory tone of the orders and the signature in the full title of the firm grated horribly on my nerves. I had not imagined they would accept defeat so conclusively. At least I had expected Ribault to put up a fight. Yet my orders were precise.

Cramming the cable into my pocket, I went to my rooms. Kenedy was laying out dress clothes upon the bed.

"Pack," I said. "We're leaving here tonight."

"We, sir?"

"Unless you're so fond of the place that you'd like to stay." The expression on his face was sufficient answer. "All right then, but don't talk. Pack up and get the stuff down to the ship."

Kenedy looked at me curiously.

"'Ave you 'ad a fight, sir?"

"Yes, several."

"Some gets all the luck," he murmured, and hauled the Gladstone bag from beneath the bed.

"Give me a cigar first, and fill the case."

I threw it over to him. I had forgotten the roll of film I had put into it during my day in the cellars of the old Palazzo. Kenedy shook it out.

"Pictures, that is," he said. "Pictures—d'you want 'em, sir?"

"Stick 'em in the Gladstone."

The cigars brought Chalice to my mind. They were the sort he had liked. Beside the broken box was another, unopened.

"Leave those out," I said, and crossing to the writing table scribbled a line on one of the hotel cards:

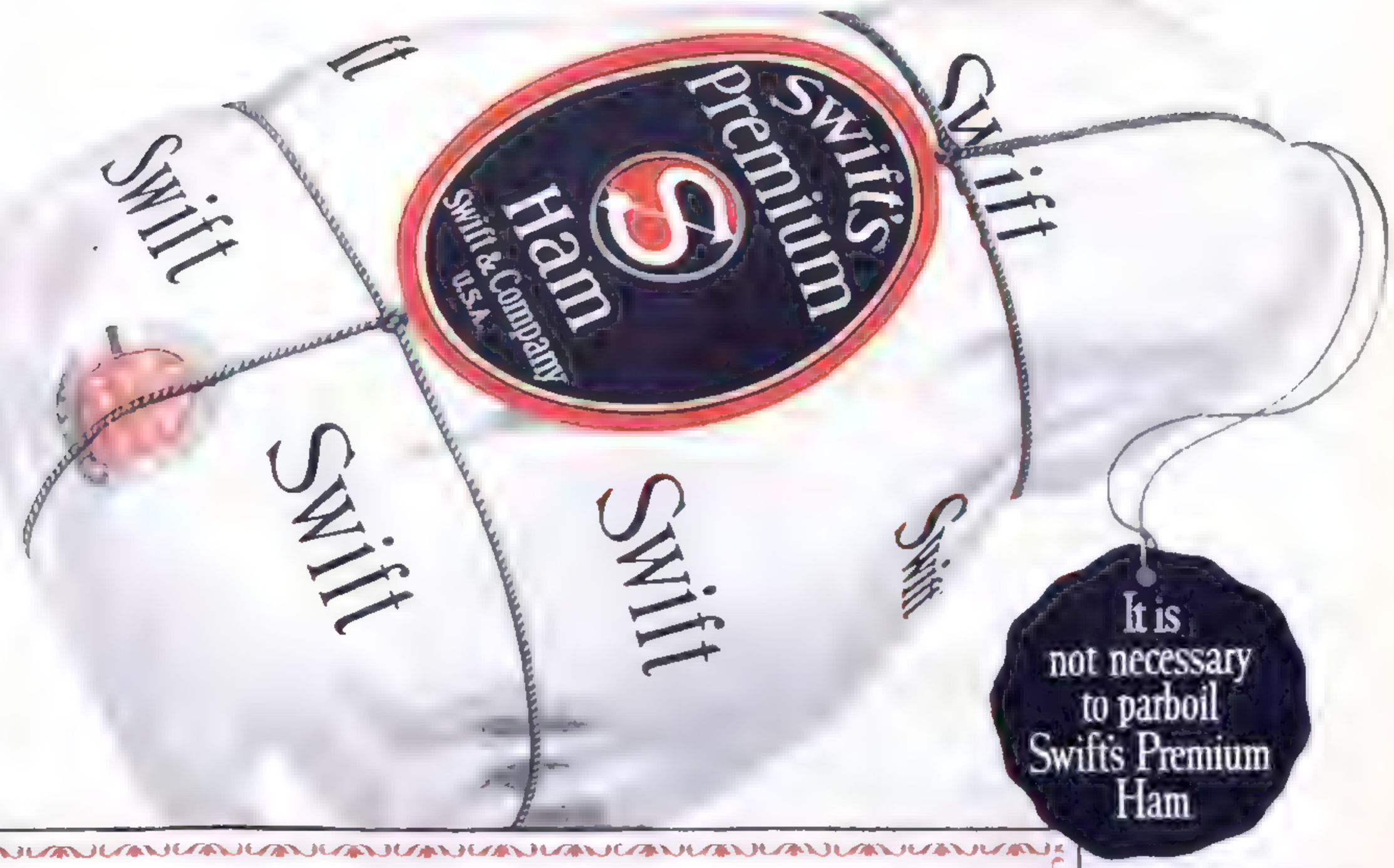
"*Dear Chalice:* Thanks for your many kindnesses. Please, as an act of friendship, smoke these for me. If ever you come to town, don't forget.

"Yours gratefully,

"NIGEL PRAED."

The box with card on top was wrapped up and I rang for a page.

(Continued on Page 34)



Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Baked Premium butt

Boiled Premium shank

Premium center slice, broiled

WHAT enjoyment there is in the juicy tenderness, the mild distinctive flavor of Premium Ham! And what satisfaction in this, too: that it may be served in such an interesting variety of tempting ways.

The butt may be baked and served by itself, all brown and fragrant, oozing rich juices. Or it may be served with an appetizing fruit sauce. For a later meal, the ham may be sliced cold, and served with a fruit or vegetable salad; or made up into satisfying sandwiches.

The shank end of the Premium Ham, boiled with fresh vegetables, gives them a fine savory flavor, an added richness. And every remaining morsel of the meat may be used to make delicious soufflés and omelets or to stuff vegetables such as peppers and tomatoes.

The juicy center slices of Premium Ham bring a new enjoyment to the time-honored dish of ham and eggs. These slices may be planked, too; or baked in milk—though some say that broiling them is the best way to enjoy the full Premium flavor.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 32)

"Have these sent up to Government House by a messenger," I ordered him. "The package is for Mr. Hugh Chalice."

"Very good, sir. There's two gentlemen below asking for you, sir "

"Who are they?"

"Mr. Boas, sir, and Mr. Levis."

"Tell 'em to go to hell."

The page grinned and retired with the parcel.

I went into the sitting room, picked up the telephone and asked for Government House.

"Hullo!" said the voice of the exchange clerk.

"Miss Prothero, please."

"What name, sir?"

"Oh, Huntington Smith."

It was likely to serve better than my own.

I heard the buzz and snap as the connections were plugged in, then Philida's voice

"Yes, Nigel?"

"You guessed?"

"Of course. I was waiting; you were bound to ring me. Is there anything to tell?"

"I've been recalled by my firm."

"You expected that?"

"Yes, I suppose. Still it hurt a bit."

"Poor Nigel! This isn't our day, is it?"

"Not altogether."

"Captain Craven has been telling father he believes there's a mistake about you."

"Yes?"

"You know what father is."

"No remission of the sentence."

"He's got his teeth in."

"Philida!" I said. "Philida, that I love so and am just beginning to understand!"

"Well?"

"How fond of him are you?"

"Of father?"

"Yes."

"I know what you mean, but it doesn't turn on that, Nigel. You're bound to fight each other; it's inevitable and it's bound to hurt me. But I wouldn't have you not fight for fear of hurting me. In love one expects to be hurt; only—only don't crow if you win, dear, and don't be savage if you lose. That's a hard thing to ask—terribly hard; but you do see that in spite of anything I say I can't help being a referee."

"Philida," I said gloomily, "I've never entered the lists with less confidence."

"I like you for that most awfully, just as I'd hate it if you were vindictive or too chivalrous. You're too young for the one and he's too old to accept the other. Poor Nigel, it's a horrible tangle!"

"How's it to be done then—how's it to be fought?"

"I think on merits," she said. "I see no other way; just cold merits."

"One forgets merits when one's hit below the belt. Already you're asking yourself if I shall be equal to the task."

"That isn't fair, Nigel. But when a woman's fond she sees her man so very clearly."

"Sees through him and beyond, to where disappointment is found."

"No. No, you translated that look of mine all wrong." She meant the look she had given me when I faced her father with promise of battle. "There was no disappointment—a little shock, perhaps, that two men who at least are part of me should be feeling round for each other's throats. I didn't mind the threats and vauntings; they had to be."

"What then?"

"I minded a little when you said 'I'll be perfectly candid with you, Sir Francis' as though you were strong enough—certain enough of success to show your hand. It was that—that gesture made me shiver. Do you understand?"

"In a way."

"Are you angry?"

"I'm not angry."

"It was stupid of me to tell you, perhaps; but it's our way to tell, Nigel. The latest edition of each other's mind for each other to read. That was mine. If yours is full of angry headlines, I shan't complain."

"Mine has only the questions I've asked you."

"And no others?"

"One more."

"But you know the answer to that."

"It may be a long while before I shall hear it again."

"Of course I do, Nigel, with all my heart, with all of me."

"I Know," She Nodded. "She Told Me One Night. Rivers to Cross, Mountains and Dangers to Overcome—and You Two Waiting for Each Other at the End of It"

It was agony to hear the deep sincerity of her voice in that empty room with nothing but the ugly black mouth of a telephone before me

"A letter care of Marshall would find me, Philida."

"I'll remember."

"I've my arms round you, my dear," I said "I'm holding you tightly for fear you might slip away."

In the silence that followed I could almost imagine it was true. The wire whispered catchily, and unevenly as a lover's breath. Then thin as a sigh came her voice—"Never fear—soon dear—soon."

"Philida!" I called; and again, "Philida!"

There was no answer. The wire changed its tune, clicking and popping with the business of an exchange. Someone said, "Have you finished?"

I hung up the receiver, and as I did so the door was opened and Leland Boas and Levis came into the room. They were in evening dress and their right hands were buried significantly in jacket pockets.

"We may come in, Praed?" said Boas. "You don't mind? We waited until you had finished telephoning."

I made no reply.

"You are alone?"

"My servant is in the next room packing."

"Packing? Oh, yes! I don't suppose we need trouble him. You'll have guessed what we are here for?"

"Souvenir hunting."

"What imagination! Are you going to oblige us? I hardly think you'll refuse. Though in this affair we may have been in opposite camps, in the greater affairs of six years ago our sympathies were united."

It was a tacit admission of his German nationality.

"Ah," said I, "so you've heard about my shocking record!"

He nodded

"Queer, isn't it, that after our continued efforts to trip you up you should be knocked off your perch by a clumsy ass like Craven? Fate's very queer. When they told me I was sorry for you."

"Thanks," I said; "it was bad luck, wasn't it?"

"Very bad, for you'd been astonishingly thorough."

"Yes, almost as thorough as you were, Boas, when you made a thousand-mile trek through the African jungle for the purpose of breaking up your own headstone."

His mouth twitched uneasily, then steadied itself.

"I don't understand that," said he. "However, it doesn't matter. The point is we've won and you've lost. I hope there's no ill feeling on your side, for there is none on ours."

"Then why not take your hand out of your pocket in case I want to shake it?" I suggested. "Your little friend there can keep me covered during the civilities."

Boas laughed.

"That is funny," he said, "and perhaps we are being a little too cautious. But sometimes when a man's been worsted he loses his head."

"Just so," I answered; "but to prove that I haven't lost mine, here's a present for you."

And drawing from my waistcoat pocket the receipt for the registered letter I had dispatched that morning, I tossed it across to him. Leland Boas caught the flimsy wisp of paper and ran his eye over it.

"'The Manager, Barke's Bank, Haymarket.' This doesn't tell me much."

"Those letters, of course," said I. "You didn't think I'd be so foolish as to cart 'em round with me?"

Boas made no attempt to conceal his disappointment.

"Yes," he said; "that complicates matters." Then suddenly he rounded on Levis. "You blasted fool, why didn't you tell me at once about the tobacco pouch?"

"How was I to know, Mr. Boas? I thought he was talking rubbish."

"Then again," I interpolated, "he had a fair amount of washing to do. Perhaps that drove it out of his mind."

Levis snarled at me.

"Those letters are no use to you," said Boas.

"Agreed! The only person they are any use to is His Excellency."

"Just so. They were to have been returned to him tomorrow morning—by a repentant lady."

"I'm afraid that'll be quite out of the question. She might try her luck with the envelopes."

(Continued on Page 36)

THE OVER-VALUE OF THE NEW CADILLAC

Possibly only ten or twelve miles to the gallon of gas in the new Cadillac—but what easeful, golden miles they are, and how the mind of the motorist rests and revels in them!

The *kind* of miles the new Cadillac alone can give—a life-time of them if you like—aren't these, after all, the one and only worthwhile thing to be considered?

That which is best in its field is always most thrifty, and every Cadillac owner knows how much he profits in economies by the fineness and the honesty that go into Cadillac.

But he values most, as Cadillac values most, that other saving, which is measured in restful, zestful miles and freedom from vexations of the spirit.

Never did Cadillac in the long line that has known none but honest and distinguished cars, so evidence this over-value as in the case of the new Cadillac now winning America all over again.

The other day we said that Cadillac kept young and vigorous and virile because it is continuously refreshed and inspired by the sympathetic interest of a million friends.

Look at this new Cadillac and see how this spirit of youth and vigor and virility is expressed in its every line—and then test the dash and fire and responsiveness that characterize every phase of its performance.

Plenty of lesser cars perhaps to give you more than ten or twelve miles of travel to a gallon of gasoline—but no car in all the world to give you the golden miles that roll beneath the wheels of this new Cadillac.

CADILLAC

Cadillac Motor Car Company of Canada, Ltd. Oshawa, Ontario
General Motors Export Company New York

(Continued from Page 34)

"I suppose you know he has already written to the home government stating his acceptance of my company's proposals."

"Suggesting the acceptance," I amended.

"It amounts to the same thing."

"Not at all. I foresee a time when he may write again suggesting the rejection of those proposals."

"You're quite incorrect in imagining the letters influenced his decision. I doubt if they have influenced it at all."

"Just so," I replied; "which explains your apathy in the matter of whether I can be persuaded to give them up."

"Very clearly reasoned," said Boas. "Perhaps I understated their importance. You read them, of course?"

"Who wouldn't?" I replied noncommittally. "Other people's letters are always more interesting than one's own."

"I was almost hoping you were that kind of ass who'd think it unsporting."

"One can be too squeamish," I returned.

"H'm! Number Five startled you, I expect!"

I shook my head.

"What's the good of being startled?"

"Levis," said Boas, "wait in the passage." Then when Levis had gone: "How about a check for five thousand for Number Five? The rest you can do what you like with. After all, an attack on moral character has killed very few soldiers. But Number Five is different."

"Very different."

"Few men survive being accused of murder."

With difficulty, I mastered my surprise and said, "Murder? Rubbish! Manslaughter."

It was a lucky shot. Boas raised his shoulders.

"My dear fellow, could he prove the dividing line, with India in the state it is today, when placation is the keynote of rule? The incident having happened fifteen years ago won't help him. Suppose he said 'The fellow struck me first and I shot him in self-defense.' A living white man's word against a dead brown man who can't speak for himself. Not too good, eh? And look at the circumstances of the case! Two men, a brown and a white, together on survey—a row—no witnesses—then the white man returns to camp with a tale of how the crocodiles had got his subordinate. In the old days, yes; but nowadays, no. You remember the trouble there was over that Amritsar affair? Let this story leak out and His Excellency is done."

"His Excellency himself is responsible for the leakage," I said. "He should not have written the letter."

Boas made a gesture of despair.

"I agree; it is unbelievable. Can you credit it? To destroy all evidence against himself and re-create it in a letter to a woman! It baffles me. What's the explanation? Conscience? When will men realize, if they wish to succeed, conscience is the first thing to jettison?"

For my own part I said nothing. I was thinking of a tortured man who by accident had brought about a tragedy, who through fear and luck had been able to conceal it; then to ease the torment in his mind had confessed the whole truth to an utterly worthless confidante. Small wonder Francis Prothero went through the world with a garment of anger to hide an ever-present fear. His position hung on a thread which at any moment might snap and drop him out of the region of crowns and batons into depths obscured by bars. If ever I was sorry for a man it was the governor of Ponta Rico.

"Boas," I said, "besides you and me and the woman, how many know the actual contents of that letter?"

"No one else."

I drew a breath of relief.

"Good!"

"Why so? What are you thinking?"

"I was thinking," I said, "if that lily pond below the window were full of crocodiles, I could hardly serve humanity a better turn than by dropping you and the Nunez-Hunter woman into the middle of it."

"And I was hoping," he answered slowly, "you were going to be sensible."

"That's sense, Boas—bald sense, with a bit of justice thrown in."

He came a step nearer.

"Take care, Praed! Those letters'll do you more harm than good. A word from me that they're in your possession and that you mean to use them, and you'll find yourself in jail as a blackmailer."

"Shall I?" I retorted. "Did you? Was that your experience? Were you jugged? Was she? If Prothero funked it then, why shouldn't he funk it now?"

"Praed," he warned me—"Praed, you're walking near the edge." And his hand dropped back into his jacket pocket. "I give you fair warning. I've too much at stake to take chances now. Either those letters are returned to me, or you'll never live to use them."

"Get on with it then!" I cried, and suddenly broke into German. "Shoot away, Boas! You've enough influence out here to make it all right with the authorities. 'I shot this man for the good of the state, My Lord. He was a danger to humanity and I shot him.' And when the pressmen ask where you learned your British patriotism you'll be able to answer, 'In the Vaterland—in Germany—in the rape of Louvain over the bodies of dead women—in the time before I borrowed the name of an English corpse and buried my own in an African jungle.'"

I spoke madly, at the end of my tether, careless of consequence; and as I spoke the hand in Boas' jacket pocket rose inch by inch until it was pointing at my head; and as the hand rose so, his brows fell and his lids half closed over his eyes that focused on an exact spot between my own. I heard the hiss of an intaken breath—drawn and held—marked the sudden rigidity that comes over a man before a shot is fired—and saw the double doors behind him flung open and a corporal and two ordinary rank and file standing in the aperture.

"Orders to see you safely aboard, sir," said the N. C. O. I threw up my head and laughed.

"Safely aboard? Ha, that's good! You've come in the nick of time, corporal."

Leland Boas stepped back, glowering and impotent.

"We don't want to make any trouble, sir. If you care to walk ahead we could follow casual-like."

I picked up my hat.

"No fear, corporal; the closer you stick the better I'll be pleased. One can't be too careful in a place like this. I've been promised safe escort and I mean to have it."

An order rang out crisply as on parade. The two gunners formed up on either side of me. One of them was grinning.

"Put your face straight," said the corporal. "Think you're at the pictures, or what is it? Ready, sir?"

I nodded.

"Party, 'shun! By your left, quick march!"

Thus, with military honors, I left the island of Ponta Rico.

XXXIV

ANY fears I may have entertained in regard to being confined to my cabin were swiftly removed. The captain of the Mariana turned out to be an officer whom I had met professionally during the war, when he was commanding one of those mystery ships about which there was so much speculation. He had issued orders that I should present myself directly I came aboard. To that interview I went with my chin out—and found myself in the presence of a friend.

"You bore a different name in those days, Praed, and it wasn't in the contract to ask for the real one," said he; "but I'd recognize your shop front in a thousand. What's all this nonsense about 'suspicious alien'? Been photographing the stone cannon balls outside Government House, or looking over the half door into a quartermaster's stores?"

I shook my head and laughed, although actually I was roiled to the marrow at the way I'd been treated.

"I've a deuce of a screed here about you," he went on, "and was expecting a very dangerous merchant. What's the story?"

"A queer one, but it isn't ripe for telling yet a while."

"How'd it be if I slipped up to Government House and put you straight? There's time to do it before we sail."

I shook my head.

"I won't bother you. It's rather an intricate affair, Marriot, and best left alone."

"Still, a word in season ——"

"This isn't the season," I cut in. "Just now the governor's broadcaster is working strong, but his receivers are out of order."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean he can only hear his own voice."

"Have it your own way," said Marriot; "but one thing's certain—I'm not risking my position by keeping you shut up. You've a free run as far as I'm concerned. It was like his impudence to give me orders. He may command that lump of unhealthy rock over there, but he doesn't command this ship. Some of these chaps with legislative and executive powers are too big for their jack boots. . . . Whisky?"

We had a couple of drinks and the talk drifted back six or seven years, concerning itself with the names of men, with a foggy night at the mouth of the Schelde and those little bits of personal reminiscence which in the aggregate are the foundations of history.

Before turning in, Marriot showed me the governor's letter. It was certainly most libelous: and for the second time that night it struck me that if ever a man was addicted to committing hara-kiri with his own fountain pen that man was Francis Prothero. Without definitely accusing me of being a spy, he implied as much by stating that I had held a commission in the British Army in '14 and '15—relinquished it on February 22, 1915—*vide* Part II orders under a quoted serial number and the London Gazette, February 27, 1915—and was seen six months later in Düsseldorf jeering at a party of British prisoners. From this but one conclusion could be drawn: It was clear evidence of the governor's inability to realize any point of view other than the one convenient to his argument.

He disliked me because I had interfered with him and because I aspired to marry his daughter. Therefore I was a blackguard and should be put under restraint.

"I have taken it upon myself," he wrote, "to sign an order of deportation and it will rest with you what restrictions you place upon his freedom. I would advise ——"

There was a great deal of advice. I handed the letter back.

"You'll keep that, I suppose."

"Obviously."

I thought for a moment. It was evident no single charge against me could be substantiated, and that by the very act of making them Sir Francis had put himself into a position that I might easily turn to good account. This pleasant realization was swiftly followed by a sense of doubt. This was the first round in our fight and he had overreached himself. The chance was open to knock him out in the counter. An easy chance—too easy.

"Why keep it," I replied quickly, "if you don't mean to take his advice? After all, it's a stupid letter. Why not destroy it?"

Marriot shook his head.

"I can't do that. The circumstances of your coming aboard will have to be represented to my directors."

"Oh!" said I, and remembered the particular pains they had been to, to prevent my booking a passage a few weeks earlier. "I dare say the old man's reputation will be safe enough in their hands."

"It was of yours I was thinking," he replied. "If there's a row, you can be sure the company'll protect your interest."

I grinned.

"Perhaps. Though sometimes outside considerations influence even the righteous."

"What are you driving at?"

"Well, it wouldn't surprise me if that letter found its way into the board-room fire and my reputation with it."

Marriot's forehead rucked into lines.

"There's something queer about all this."

"You're right," I agreed; "there is. There's a very complicated situation, old fellar."

"But what I can't fathom is this: Here's a letter which contains a pretty heavy attack on you as a person. I'm prepared to believe there's been a huge mistake somewhere that you could prove if you wished."

"Well?"

"Then what the devil do you want to destroy the letter for?"

"I don't want to destroy it; in fact, I could make very good use of that letter."

"Then why ——"

"It's hard to define, but I'm in a strange dilemma. I can't afford to be a brigand and I shrink from appearing before a startled world in the character of Don Quixote."

"H'm!" he grumbled. "That may mean something to you."

"Something?" I repeated. "It means everything, Marriot."

"But you're not the kind of man to offer your enemy the other cheek."

"Not altogether, but I'm working on a system by which if I don't actually love my enemies, I am trying to persuade them to love me."

"Oh, bunk!" said Marriot shortly. "If that's the talk you treated 'em to ashore, no wonder they kicked you out."

We had bad weather on the homeward voyage—encountered head seas and arrived at Southampton twenty-four hours late.

As I stepped ashore an obvious Scotland Yard detective came forward and addressed me.

"Name of Nigel Praed?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I hold a warrant for your arrest, sir, on a charge of attempted bribery and corruption of a public servant. I have to warn you anything you say will be taken down in writing and may be used as evidence against you."

In blank amazement I asked, "Is this a joke?"

A yard away a newspaper reporter was scribbling notes. To left and right I heard the click of press cameras. The detective produced his warrant. It seemed to be in order. I motioned to Kenedy.

"Take the luggage to the Savoy Hotel. Wire Mr. Rihault that I've been arrested." Then to the detective: "Where am I to be charged?"

"Bow Street. Tomorrow morning."

"And in the meantime?"

"There's a private compartment in the train, sir."

A cinema operator, collecting items of pictorial news, turned the handle of his machine cheerfully as with the detective at my side I walked through an avenue of astonished onlookers.

XXXV

A MAN needs a substantial sense of humor to be able to laugh at himself behind prison bars. My own, I regret to say, failed completely as the door of my cell in Bow Street Police Station closed behind me. In a fury of anger I strode up and down the narrow slip of floor between the plank bed and the table. The rank injustice of my detention robbed me of the power to consider details of my defense. When the charge was read over by the inspector on duty I had laughed at the absurdity of it, but there had

(Continued on Page 76)

New Chrysler Six Emphasizes Chrysler's Quality Standards

Measure the world of difference between Chrysler Six quality and ordinary standards, by the astonishment which featured the announcement of the new and greater Chrysler Six.

Only Walter P. Chrysler could conceive of adding new quality to a car so outstanding that it could not be judged by any standards established by others.

Automobile men knew the Chrysler's already wide margin of superiority in performance, materials and craftsmanship. Naturally, any attempt at increasing that margin was unlooked for because it seemed entirely uncalled for.

Overwhelming public approval—sales success surpassing anything in the industry—the complete and deep-seated satisfaction of 61,000 owners—such has been the sensational success of the Chrysler Six.

But this success merely served to inspire Chrysler and his men to higher achievement.

The fact is, that from the day the first Chrysler Six appeared nearly two years ago, Walter P. Chrysler and his staff have been diligently and unremittingly laboring to improve upon its quality, its beauty and its unprecedented results.

It was only such consistent effort, such engineering genius, that could have produced the new and greater Chrysler Six—probably the most nearly perfect and generally recognized as the most efficient automotive mechanism ever given to America.

This new Chrysler Six strides forward just as Chrysler Six results of two years ago set new standards for all motor car quality and performance.

Many new developments make the Chrysler Six still more remarkable for prodigal power, for acceleration, for smoothness, for economy, for durability, for beauty, for delightful ease of driving. In every one of these features, it has been so notably improved that Chrysler again rises above comparison with any competition.

The new Chrysler Six has approximately 10 per cent more power torque. It accelerates from 5 to 25 miles in seven seconds. It gives 70 miles an hour and over with still greater ease and smoothness. It creeps along at slowest speeds. It operates with velvety smoothness under all conditions, without the slightest trace of vibration. Despite increased power and acceleration, it delivers 20 and more miles to the gallon of gasoline.

And you get this notably increased Chrysler quality at materially lower new prices.

Go to your Chrysler dealer and see the new Six. In the latest body colors, it is more attractive than ever. Your Chrysler dealer is ready and eager to have you drive and test the car as you please.

Chrysler Six

The Phaeton	$1395
The Coach	1445
The Roadster	1625
The Sedan	1695
The Royal Coupe	1795
The Brougham	1865
The Imperial	1995
The Crown-Imperial	2095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Four

The Touring Car	$895
The Club Coupe	995
The Coach	1045
The Sedan	1095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER SIX

OUT-OF-DOORS

Why Do Amateurs' Gardens Fail?

BELONGING to an optimistic group in gardening, I feel that amateurs' gardens seldom really fail; but when they do, this may be accounted for by any or all of the following reasons:

The garden has not been started at the right time; it is not in very good soil, has no proper drainage; has not sufficient sun, has tree roots near; low or careless setting of the plants; insufficient cultivating; no watchfulness with regard to insect pests, worms, and so on.

The season may have been too cold, too hot, too wet or too dry. Under such conditions all gardens fail alike, except where there is labor and money to keep a garden well soaked during a drought. The gardener has not prepared his mind as well as his soil, by looking critically at other people's gardens and by reading on gardening

These may be some of the general reasons for occasional failures. They are practical ones, and should now be considered in detail.

In the spring all thoughts turn to gardening. As April unfolds the earliest leaves, as one sees the crocus show its color, the desire to dig, to plant, seizes the most callous man or woman, and a garden is decided upon. Plants and seeds are bought and set out; but all this, to my way of thinking, is too late—six months too late, to be accurate. For I believe, in our cooler climates, that September is really the time in which to start a garden; that fall digging and planting are always better than such work in spring; that little beds and borders may be enormously improved if allowed partly to lie fallow over the first winter; and that even roses do better now if planted in the fall. Besides all this, autumn is the time of more leisure for gardening.

Good soil is really essential to a good garden—that is, to a small garden which has any variety in its plants and shrubs. True, a garden of many varieties of sage could be successful in a very sandy spot, and annual poppies could be intermingled with these with hope of a pretty final picture. But the garden of roses, lilies, hollyhocks, phloxes, hardy asters—such a garden calls for good food for its inhabitants. The best seed lists give capital instructions as to mixing soils, introducing natural and artificial fertilizers.

Perhaps the garden, like Bre'r Rabbit, lies low, too low, so that water is around the roots of plants that should be dry. The yellow or pallid looks of those plants will betray the trouble; and they will have the same sickly look if trees shade them too heavily. Tree roots are terrible enemies, especially those of Carolina or Lombardy poplars. Never make a garden near these trees; if you do, know that your garden is already doomed.

An ignorant or careless setting of the plants, annual or perennial, often results in the death of the garden. If plants are set too deep or if they are not put down far enough into the earth, they cannot thrive. But with some practice and care anyone can learn how to set seedlings or roots properly. A garden that is not often cultivated—that is, stirred in all its parts with a fork or small hoe—will not prosper. Especially after rain is such loosening of the soil valuable, for this conserves moisture at the plant roots.

Small enemies there are in every garden, and watch must be kept for cutworms that love the roots of Canterbury bells, slugs which prefer delphiniums, and many leaf-eating insects which will ruin the garden unless sprays of the right kind are used.

The question of exceptional heat, cold, wet or drought brings us into a region where man can do little. We can modify the heat or drought a little by watering. We can do nothing with cold or wet. Perhaps these are occasionally sent us to remind us that there are great elements against which man is powerless; but if shrubs, trees and plants are well set, if drainage of the garden has been well arranged, if soil is rather good, we can pull a weak young garden through its first season or two, as we do a baby, feeling very sure that eventually it will burst into magnificent bloom to reward the gardener

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, so valuable in the way of preparing to garden oneself as to visit the gardens of others. Visitors in search of help or advice are more than welcome in most gardens; a feeling of wonderful friendliness is always present between amateurs, a great desire to help one another. The seeing of well-planned and beautifully kept little gardens, the talk that naturally goes on in these of experiences, methods, and so on, are the best means of education.

MRS. FRANCIS KING.

The Seeing of Well-Planned, Beautifully Kept Little Gardens Is the Best Means of Education

A Chinaman's Chance for the Elk

THE Jackson Hole elk situation, which has been of utmost concern to the sportsmen of America for a quarter of a century, seems in a fair way to be settled at last.

The chief points of the problem and its solution can be defined in a brief outline. The depletion of the Jackson Hole elk from fifty thousand head to ten thousand in a few years was due in a greater measure to starvation on the winter range than to excessive shooting, as settlers took up ranches in the bottoms and grazed their stock in the hills.

Now the settlers of the Hole realize that it is not a stock country. They have come to see that its potentialities as a tourist and recreational area are vastly greater than its possibilities as a stock-raising and farming community. The elk and other game of the region are among its chief assets.

The stock raisers are ready to sell their ranches at an extremely reasonable figure. Options have been obtained on the holdings that are most vitally necessary to the immediate preservation of the elk. It is the intention eventually to buy all the privately owned land in the Jackson Hole now used for stock-raising purposes and to set aside that whole region as a recreational area for the American public, a monument to the American pioneer, preserving its peerless scenic attractions, lakes, streams and mountain ranges in their primeval magnificence, a natural hunting ground second to none in America, stocked with thousands of elk, moose, deer, black, brown and grizzly bears, grouse of several varieties and waterfowl that nest there in thousands, fur bearers of a dozen species, and affording a wide variety of trout fishing unexcelled on this continent. It will constitute an outdoor paradise such as every hunter, fisherman and nature lover has seen in his dreams.

All interested parties are agreed on the solution, all prior obstacles eliminated, varying differences of opinion fused. The plan has the indorsement of every conservation society in America. The committee that handles the fund is composed of the best financial minds in America. Not one cent of that fund is to be devoted to any purpose save that of purchasing the necessary lands. There is no promotion in it. Even the personal expenses of investigation are defrayed by the league or by the men themselves, as are the costs of administration. Every man connected with the venture has donated his services and defrayed his own expenses, serving without remuneration. The area will become the heritage of the American public as a whole, and will be administered by the Federal Government, so the first donation will also be the last cost to the donor.

HAL G. EVARTS.

So You're Going Camping

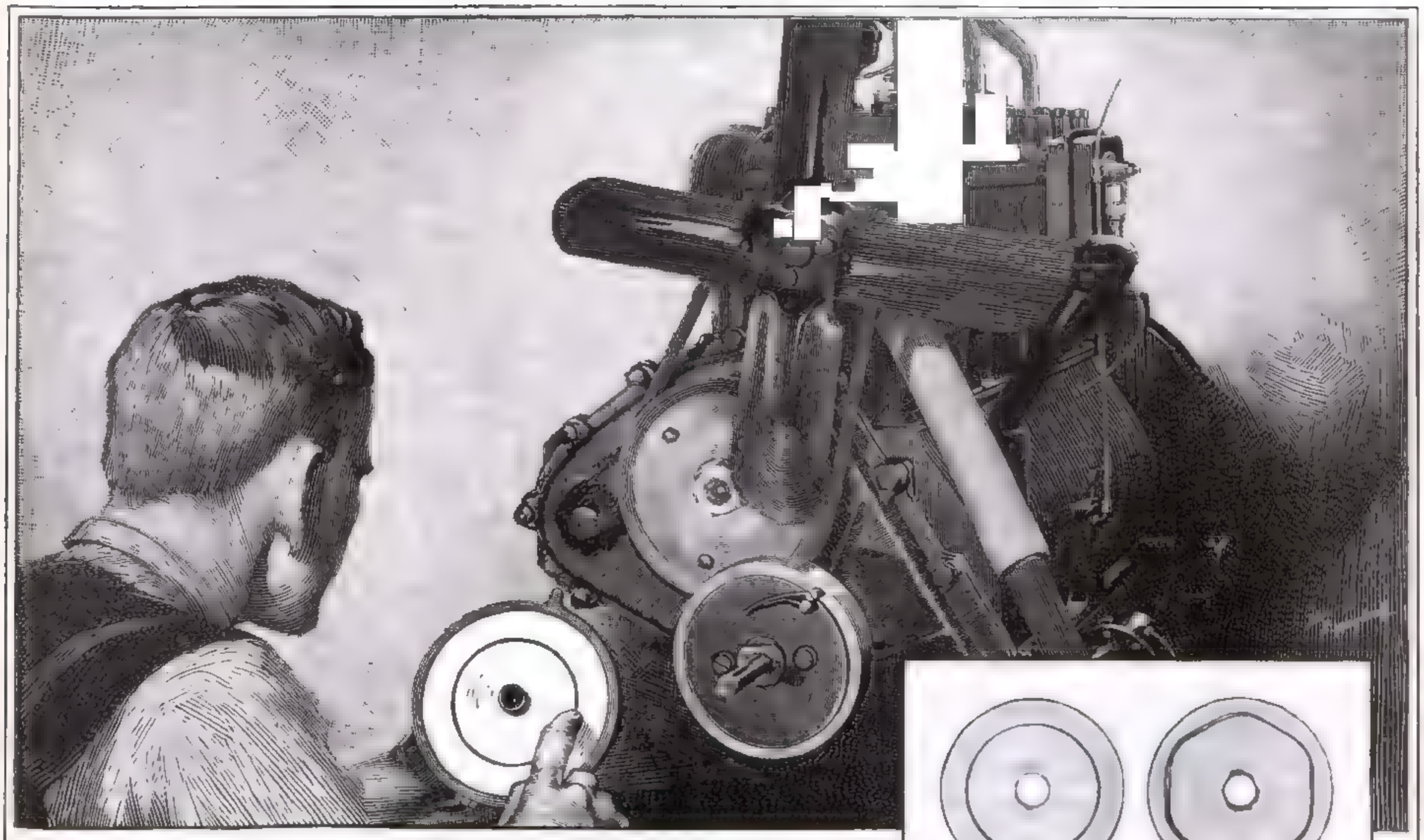
WITHOUT a doubt automobile camping is the fastest growing outdoor sport. The new blood added each season is amazing and the saturation point is nowhere in sight.

Of the vast army of 12,000,000 or more vacation campers, who last year marched their auto tents up and down the land or wended their merry way across the continent, trekking their nomadic *lares et penates* along every automobile highway that held out a promise of adventure, fully 4,000,000 were tyros. Certainly no other form of recreation out-of-doors can boast of so many recruits.

It may appear rather surprising that so large a number as one-third of the 1924 automobile Argonauts were beginners, but it is a fact. The figures that established this were carefully gathered from three reliable sources; a first-hand investigation conducted while living through two months of last year with my family in the principal motor caravansaries of the Middle West along the main transcontinental routes; a perusal of over six thousand personal letters received from campers in every part of the United States as well as several foreign countries, seeking help with their outfitting problems; as well as replies from several thousand questionnaires mailed to known motor campers last fall.

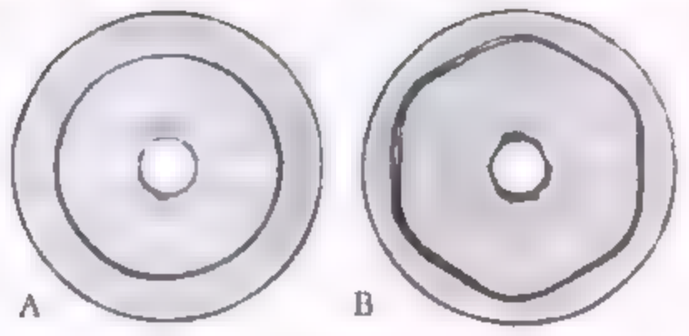
In spite of the mushroom growth of the motorized vacation, really comfortable camping equipment has grown apace, so that not only in the magnitude of participants, but also in the volume of outfits turned out by

(Continued on Page 100)



The Oakland Harmonic Balancer

This new and exclusive feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer—built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal force in the opposite direction which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, less wear, longer car life



A B

Readings taken with the Crankshaft Indicator a device for measuring torsional vibration

A. *Power-flow of New Oakland Six engine with the Harmonic Balancer—uniformly smooth at all speed.*

B *Power flow of the same engine without Harmonic Balancer and uneven, rough and having vibration periods*

Oakland has pioneered another brilliant engineering development, The Harmonic Balancer. This remarkable device refines Oakland's tremendous power to silken smoothness and renders the Oakland six-cylinder L-head engine unmatched in freedom from vibration at all speeds. Exclusive to Oakland, The Harmonic Balancer is one of many outstanding features which, with the much lower prices, place the new Oakland motor cars even further ahead of the field.

Touring	*Coach*	*Landau Coupe*	*Sedan*	*Landau Sedan*
$1025	$1095	$1125	$1195	$1295
(Old Price $1095)	*(Old Price $1215)*	*(Old Price $1295)*	*(Old Price $1545)*	*(Old Price $1645)*

All Prices at Factory ~ ~ General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest in the industry, have now been made still lower

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

CONQUERED

(Continued from Page 5)

There was blood on his boot, she also noticed, as he moved slowly across the dirty floor and as slowly lowered himself on the disordered bed, where his repeated small moans brought her to his side. He told her, in an oddly thinned voice, to bring him a drink of water; and when she began to cry at the discovery that one side of his coat was all wet and sodden and dull red he fiercely proclaimed that he'd kill her if she didn't keep quiet. When she got up enough courage, an hour later, to ask if she couldn't go out and get help for him, he huskily forbade her to leave the flat. When, still later, she tried to do so by stealth, he intercepted her and quaveringly proclaimed that he would wring her neck if she made another sound in that room.

So Tiny was compelled to remain a silent witness of something which she could not quite understand. She knew that her father was wounded, that he was suffering and needed help; but for some reason he refused to have that help summoned. All one had to do, she knew, was to tell a cop, and a cop would phone a message and a clanging white ambulance would come with a white-clad doctor and you would be patched up as promptly as a plumber fixes a leak in a water pipe. But Mickey McCann, for certain dark reasons of his own, wanted no cops and doctors about that flat at that particular time. So all Tiny could do was to sit and wait.

She had no knowledge of how long she waited, whether it was minutes and hours, or days and weeks, for her only means of marking time was an accumulating ache in her turbulent young soul, an ache to succor the afflicted. And when the suffering man finally fell asleep, she was relieved at the look of peace that had come into his face after pain; but she still stood too much in dread of his anger to attempt to escape. She grew tired and hungry and fell asleep herself, and awakened in the darkness, and, being afraid, whimpered herself to sleep again. She was weak and dizzy when she wakened again, and she was so hungry that her cramped little body burned with a second ache that was too acute to be endured.

An ever-benignant Nature accordingly prompted her to make her woe known to the world, as is the way with suffering youth; and that continuous sound of wailing finally resulted in perplexed conferences without the locked door, and much argument as to this and that, and the ultimate search for a red-faced patrolman, who quickly shouldered in the door and found a dead man on the bed and a half-starved child huddled back in a dusky corner of the room.

And being a father himself, the red-faced patrolman promptly sent for a hospital ambulance and Tiny departed in state for the imposing entrance through which big sufferers and little sufferers were carried to the house of mercy where you're given the black bottle and promptly disposed of if you make faces or argue about taking your medicine or talk back to the doctors who walk the corridors, sharpening their knives as they go.

But Tiny's bony little body, strange to relate, wasn't slit and quartered and committed at midnight to the waters of the East River. Instead, she was given an admitting bath and put to bed in a little white iron bed with spotless white sheets, and fed on bouillon and jellies and custards, and twice a day was given a round and slender piece of glass to suck; which last, as far as she could ever determine, had no material influence on either her condition or her appetite. Her appetite in fact became a matter of marvel in the ward and gave every sign of remaining unappeasable. But as her old-time spirits came back with her old-time strength, the supposed busy men and women in white visited her bedside more often than strict professional requirements demanded and watched the play of her features as she talked and the light in her eyes when she laughed. For Tiny, when washed and cleaned, was good to look at. And Tiny, when well fed and committed to the effort of pleasing her associates, was an engaging young person to talk to and the fountainhead of many naïve mots that went the rounds of the ward and eventually seeped up into the superintendent's office.

But being in the hospital, to Tiny herself, seemed a good deal like dying and going to heaven. She found herself enfolded in a soft arm of service and held close to some warm yet wordless bosom of comfort. Everything was done for her. She had nothing to fight for and nothing to worry over. And when she became an up patient, and could wander about the wards and corridors in her little gray hospital gown, she made friends with the internes and proffered assistance to the nurses and was joked with by the orderlies and knew wonderful sunny afternoons up in the children's roof garden, where she could hear a compressed-air riveter going like a woodpecker and the solemn whistles of the steamboats passing back and forth along the East River and the eternal hum of the city she had left so far behind her. She even had a peek into operating rooms and supply closets and was shown a room in the maternity ward where some fifty babies, fifty blessed little newborn babies, each in its white crib tied with pink or blue ribbon, lay in a row as straight as the pushcart row along a Hester Street curb.

There they slept and gurgled and announced the approach of feeding time by a quavering chorus of hunger that sounded for all the world like an overturned and angry beehive. And Tiny, all eyes, watched as the little bodies were placed side by side in a long four-wheeled wagon, in batches of ten, and pushed into the big ward, where they were distributed to their respective mothers and the reprimanding beehive sounds died down to a series of contented gasps and sighs.

It was too wonderful for words, that subdued and ordered world in which Tiny found herself; and she decided, in her secret soul, that she would stay there for the rest of her natural life. She would stay there and wear white and feed her bedridden kingdom on the most regal of wine jelly. But powers of which the little slum girl had no comprehension were working against her, and when she was saved from being passed on to the Children's Society by the timely intervention of Amanda Rapp, her erstwhile neighbor and the proprietor of a hand laundry in her old home block, her heart sank with the news that the day of her discharge had arrived. Simultaneously arrived the Widow Rapp herself, with sufficient apparel surreptitiously and temporarily abstracted from family washings awaiting the tub.

Tiny's wails, as her precious hospital garments were taken away from her and she was arrayed in the habiliments of an everyday world, would have done full justice to a Piute chieftain on the warpath. When it came home to her that she could no longer stay between those sheltering walls, and when the storm had passed, she imposed a smile on her tear-washed face and promised each and all of her new-found friends that she would come back to them, solemnly explaining that she had decided to be a hospital nurse and that as soon as she was big enough she would return to the ranks and would be obliged if she could be put in charge of the babies' ward. But she would come back, she repeated, as she swallowed the lump in her throat and passed out through the solemn gateway with her hand in Mrs. Rapp's; she would come back some day and finish her story for Doctor Toomey and carry trays for Miss DeLong and knit sweaters for the Japanese twins who were so small they had to be kept warm in incubators, the same as a wienie is kept warm in a Vienna roll.

Tiny did not return quite so soon as she intended, for we are not, in this life, as free agents as we sometimes imagine. But that brief sojourn at the hospital left its indelible mark on her character. She was no longer afraid of the grim old gateway through which so many sufferers had passed, and she was no longer intimidated by the equally grim cluster of buildings which occasionally swallowed up a neighbor who was never again seen by the world. But there, she now knew, limbs were not airily amputated at the whim of an ambulance surgeon and undesired bodies were not nocturnally committed to the East River. Instead, you slept in a snow-white bed and dined on junket and broth and jelly and looked out on a world that was quiet and ordered yet always colored with interest.

So Tiny, when she went back to her old world under the wing of the Widow Rapp, went back with somewhat of an air, as was natural with a person who had seen deeper into life than she was willing to proclaim. And since her days were ultimately to be given to the profession of nursing, it was only natural that early in her career she should turn to those alleviative processes with which street life confronted her. When she found a broken doll, she patiently and laboriously proceeded to mend it. When she found a playmate with a neck boil, she showed how easily it could be opened with the point of a brass pin and the possibility of its return removed by the application of pork fat. When Jimmy Logan lightheartedly kicked a terrier pup into the street and broke its foreleg, Tiny made splints out of an old cigar box and bound up the fractured limb. When Sergeant McConnell's baby swallowed a police button and the tenement women wrung their hands in despair because the ambulance doctor wasn't arriving in time to save the strangling infant, the practical-minded Tiny took the baby up by the heels, jerked it a couple of times as it hung head down, and out rolled the troublesome button. Tiny, oddly enough, not only loved babies but she understood them and liked taking care of them.

So the Widow Rapp, it must be explained, was not without her personal and ponderable reasons for rescuing from the abyss of institutional life this orphaned child who could make herself of value to a hard-working laundress. For there was always Buddy to be reckoned with—Buddy, with his lame leg and his tendency to play with matches when locked up for the day while his mother fared abroad.

But Tiny, of course, changed all that. She promptly became Buddy's bodyguard and food provider, his cicerone of the streets and his private court jester, his medical attendant and dietitian. And her intentions were good even though her technic might be classed as questionable. Her activities in fact extended far beyond Buddy and his perambulating four-wheeled throne. For it's as easy, in a way, to take care of four or five children as of one. Tiny, accordingly, was glad to gather other diminutive derelicts into the fold. She seemed to gather up babies as a magnet gathers up steel filings, welcoming each new addition to the circle as a fresh subject on whom to center her ever-accumulating medical knowledge. If she washed their faces with spit, she nevertheless washed them tenderly. If, after her efforts to stop their tears with large and acidulous tomatoes, they suffered from a perplexing attack of colic, she could usually make them laugh with her wry antics and her funny faces. If the unweaned infant betrayed unnatural distress after the consumption of its second overripe banana, she could usually divert its mind by the prompt manufacture of rabbits out of a handkerchief which showed scant evidence of recent contact with the washtub, or she could charm away its discomfort by a cart race over the cobblestones.

But no one, in view of her triumphant survival of the black bottle, stopped to question her therapeutic knowledge. She not only knew how to cure warts by certain mystic rites and incantations, but also how to treat a teething baby by rubbing its swollen gums with an ancient and asperous brass thimble. She could show you how rheumatism was infallibly cured by the carrying of a potato in the pocket and how immunity from many infections could be obtained by wearing a bag of asafetida about the neck, a precautionary measure, by the way, which did not add to your popularity in crowded places. When little Hinkie Heinz, assisting Tiny in the manufacture of a miniature ambulance out of a soap box, cut a gash in his shin with his father's meat ax, she triumphantly stanched the flow of blood by the time-honored method of applying cobwebs to the wound—cobwebs gathered from the dustiest and dingiest corners of a near-by plumber's cellar. When the district nurse finally arrived to treat the afflicted Hinkie, and Tiny proudly pointed out her first-aid handiwork, the lady in uniform looked at the clotted cobwebs with something akin to horror and proclaimed that it would be a miracle if Hinkie didn't die of tetanus.

Now Mrs. Rapp, who had come from Blackpool in her youth and still had trouble with her aspirates, entertained her own dolorous ideas as to Buddy's affliction.

"'Is bones is rotten, ma'am," she was in the habit of explaining to the inquiring visitor. "'Is leg is withered, ma'am," she would repeat as she leaned over her reeking tub, "and there ain't 'ope nor 'elp for 'im. Show the lady, Buddy, as 'ow your 'ip is wasted away."

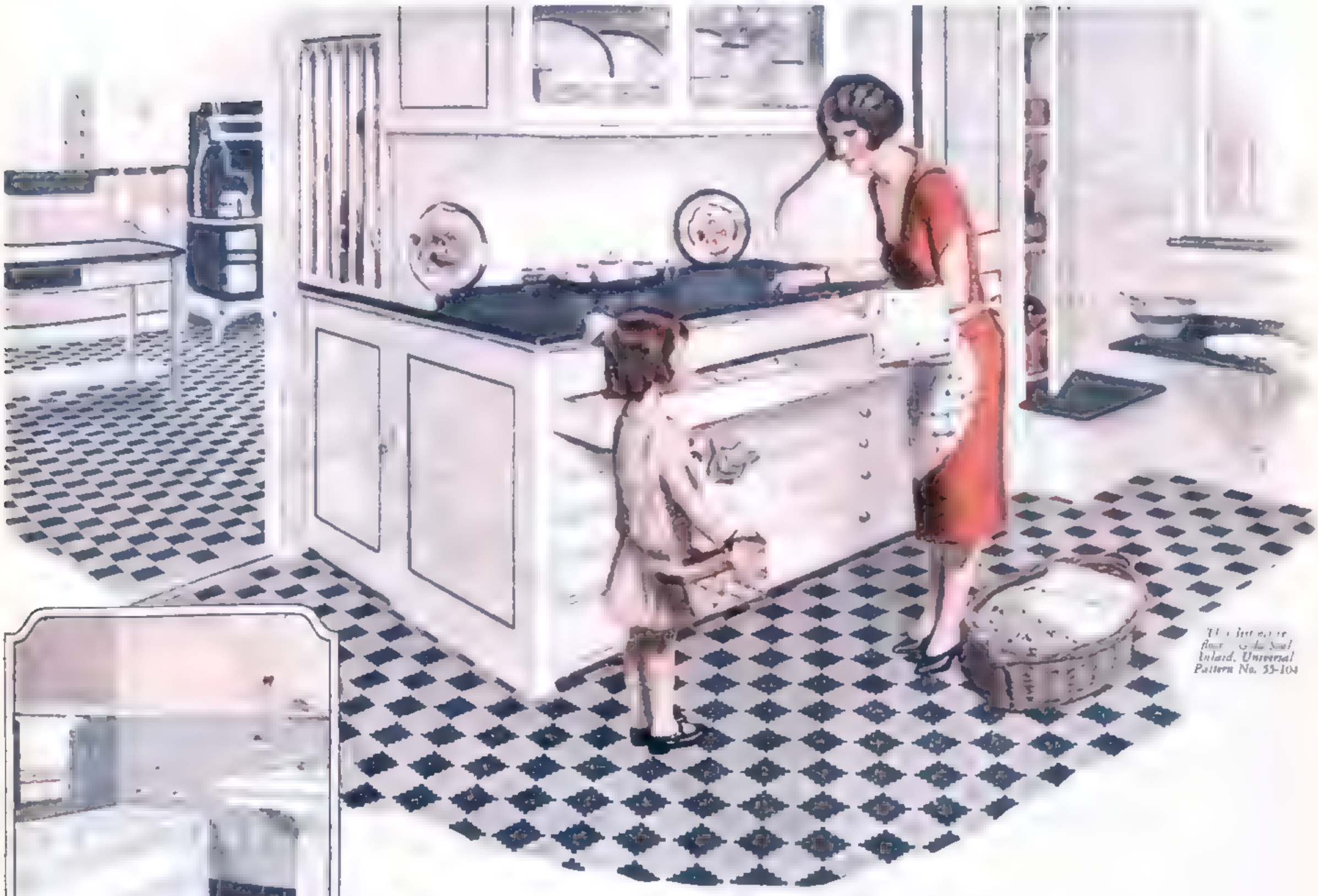
Yet notwithstanding this gloomy attitude toward the one surviving member of her family—her longshoreman husband having come to an untimely end through the fall of a slingful of structural iron on a wharf end—Mrs. Rapp was of an inourably romantic disposition. She talked vaguely and repeatedly of an inheritance from the old country, frequented the East Side fortune tellers who were canny enough to exploit her weakness, and neutralized a singular adeptness at all manner of laundry work by a periodic indulgence in Holland gin. The result was that the so-called hand laundry over which she presided was conducted in a dank and none-too-well-lighted basement, where the smell of soapy steam mixed companionably with the aroma of boiling cabbage; and Tiny's sleeping cot was under the shadow of two metal tubs with an oblong top of wood, which, when in place, served both as a worktable and a refectory board.

But Tiny, be it noted, was stubbornly and ingeniously loyal to cellar life. A cellar was always easy to get into. Bundles of wash clothes could be rolled down its broken steps and pillaged fuel and provender could be easily carried down into its welcoming depths. You didn't have to jump from windows if the house caught fire. And there was nobody under you to keep you awake at night, and there was no hot sun to come glaring in your window every morning, and no drunken men tumbling about your hall doors. There was, in fact, a sense of completeness and coziness about a cellar, where you stood solidly on Mother Earth and could always see legs going past outside the rusty iron railing—legs that walked and legs that ran and legs that gave a pleasant sense of stir and movement to the shadowy cave which came to be known to Tiny as home.

II

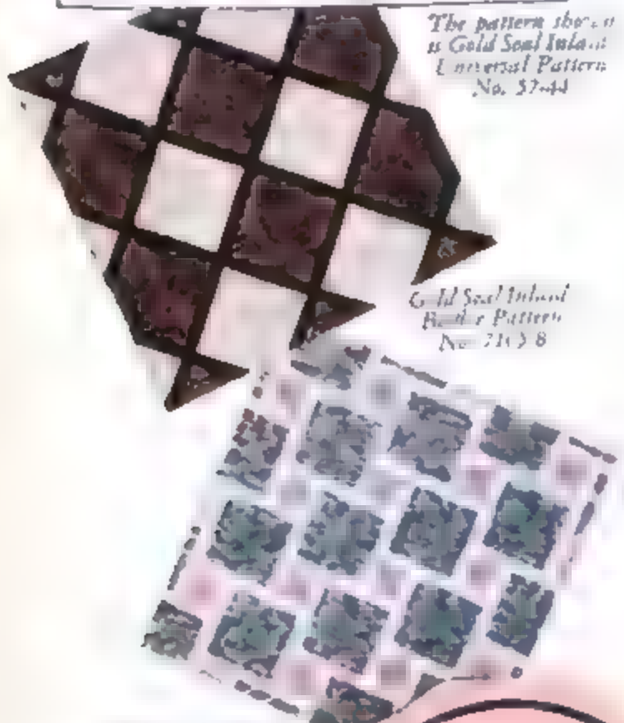
MISS TINY McCANN was not unhappy, on the whole, during those easy-going days of her youth. But time was secretly conspiring to rob her opening mind of its contentment. She began to think of more than the passing hour, of getting tired

(Continued on Page 43)



The pattern shown is Gold Seal Inlaid Universal Pattern No. 55-104

The pattern shown is Gold Seal Inlaid Universal Pattern No. 57-44



Gold Seal Inlaid Border Pattern No. 7163-8

Gold Seal Inlaid, Belfior Pattern No. 7146-1

Economical Gold Seal Inlaids bring beauty into the kitchen

WHO wouldn't be proud of this kitchen and pantry? How cheerful, how spick and span they are! The clear blue, gray, and ivory design of the *Gold Seal Inlaid* floor—sanitary and easily kept so spells "good housekeeping" to every eye

This type of inlaid flooring comes in many other designs—every one distinctive And their colors are the fresh, sparkling tones that are so appropriate for service rooms. These patterns are made especially for kitchen, pantry, and bathroom

Then, for living-room, dining-room, sun porch, and hall, there are the *Belfior* designs soft prismatic effects whose artistic irregularity sets off furnishings to perfection

The cheerful beauty, the colorful dignity of these *Gold Seal Inlaids* are well within the reach of a moderate purse. And all are high quality genuine inlaid linoleum; the colors go through to the sturdy back

Every *Gold Seal Inlaid* floor, laid according to our directions, carries a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. When buying Inlaids look for the *Gold Seal* on the face of the goods or the Nairn name stamped on the back

Write for the folders showing the varied and beautiful patterns in colors. They will suggest new color schemes for your kitchen and pantry as well as for other rooms.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia · New York · Boston · Chicago
Kansas City · San Francisco · Atlanta · Minneapolis
Cleveland · Dallas · Pittsburgh · New Orleans

NAIRN
Gold Seal
INLAID
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK IF LAID ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS ON BACK OF THE GOODS
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

NAIRN
GOLD SEAL
INLAIDS
TRADE MARK

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn (4-Cyl. Mod.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other mod's)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers			A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet 2 B & T							A	Arc
" (other mod's)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	A	A	A	A				
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Davis	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dorris 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Duesenberg	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" 6	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc						
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Federal Knight	B	Arc	B	Arc				
" X-3	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other mod's)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Flint	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford 4	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Graham Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes 6			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc						
Kissel 6	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lexington Concord	Arc	Arc						
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Cont'l							Arc	Arc
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Adv. Quad							A	A
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Page Cont'l Eng	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Cont'l					A	A	A	A
" (other mod's)							A	Arc
Peerless 6	A	A	A	A				
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic (4 ton)					A	Arc	A	Arc
" (1½ ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (2 to 3½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (other mod's)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Stearns Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vent. Cont. Eng.			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Hercules Eng. (2 ton)								
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
White (5 & 20)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Overland	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	A	B	A
" 6	A	Arc						

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only shown separately for convenience

Continental Motors								
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc						
" (other mod's)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lycoming Cont'l	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (other mod's)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

for velvet-smooth running

How your oil becomes contaminated by dust, water, gasoline, and carbon. The remedy:

SUPPOSE your engine were made entirely of glass and you could watch it running.

You would never again question the economy of regularly draining off all old oil from your crankcase and refilling with fresh Mobiloil.

Even with Mobiloil protection, contaminating influences are at work. In your glass engine you would *see* dust entering at all times through the carburetor. You would *see* raw gasoline seeping past the rings when you use the choke in starting. You would *see* carbon forming in minute quantities. You would even see water vapor produced from each explosion of the fuel charge within the combustion chamber.

Mobiloil is unexcelled in retaining rich lubricating value under extreme heat and the contamination of service. But if you wish the best results play fair with your engine and drain off all old oil regularly, replacing it with fresh.

When the season's temperature is regularly above the freezing point of 32° F., Mobiloil can be used for a full 1,000 miles before replacement. When the temperature is regularly *below* 32° F., no oil should be used more than 500 miles. Here is the reason: The more frequent use of the choke adds to the dilution of oil with gasoline—thus robbing the oil of its lubricating value.

An interesting demonstration

If you have driven 500 miles or more since the crank case was drained and refilled try this interesting experiment: See the nearest Mobiloil dealer. Have him tell you from the Mobiloil Chart the correct oil for your car at this time of the year. See that the old oil is drawn off (either by the dealer or by yourself in your own garage at home). Refill to the correct level with Mobiloil.

Then notice the difference—in velvet-smooth running, in greater response to acceleration, in added power, in quieter running.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

The sign to prolonged, quiet mileage

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 40

and going to bed, of being hungry and finding food to appease that hunger. She began to question and wonder, to make comparisons, to sense vague deficiencies in her environment. Her shrewd young mind, it is true, had acquired a singular store of information. But she had never been to school and she was unable to read.

The Widow Rapp toiled over her tub, but her rent was usually in arrears and the outlook for the future was always precarious.

Buddy grew too big for his pram, but he failed to grow stronger and his shrunken leg still trailed helpless from his bony little hip. And the thought that Buddy was to be a cripple all his life swept Tiny's small bosom with big waves of resentment. With the help of Buttsy Generoso, whose father did carpenter work and often left his tool box unlocked, she converted two old mop handles into a passably efficient pair of crutches and taught Buddy to navigate by himself, crooning encouragingly as she rescued him from his tumbles and smiling triumphantly when he was able to stump from one end of the block to the other.

This meant a new independence for Buddy and left Tiny more able to move about the city at her own free will. Much of her journeying, it is true, was devoted to the gathering and returning of washings and to the commandeering of unconsidered loot for the home commissariat, but she was still left with ample time for adventuring beyond the confines of her kind and investigating the modes and manners of the remoter colonies and the *terra incognita* that lay west of the Second Avenue Elevated. That world, she began to realize, was not her world; and the finally discerned difference between the two was not entirely flattering to her own.

But Tiny, for all the anchoring chains of habit, was determined to see still more of this ever-changing world that lay about her. She had always been wordlessly afraid of the East River bridges, the bridges that looked like great cobwebs and led off into the misty unknown of Long Island. A day came, however, when she found courage enough to cross the concourse of the Queensboro Bridge and wander out on the mounting footpath and stare down at the crawling boats so far beneath her. It made her a trifle dizzy to lean over the iron railing and look at what seemed another world below her feet; and it made her feel like a seraph halfway up to heaven, to stand on that aerial eminence and gaze dreamily back at the huddled sky line of the diminished city where she lived and roved and had her being.

Once, too, she was taken under the wing of Mrs. Mandelbaum, and along with Izzie and Becky and Hessie and the twins invaded the Bronx Park Zoo, where she fed peanuts to purple-faced monkeys and saw polar bears and tigers and leopards, and shuddered her way through the snake house and beheld storks walking solemnly through the grass, intently looking for babies, and found her wavering faith in a Santa Claus revived by a vision of antlered reindeers quietly eating hay, and was nearly bitten by a camel; and she rode on Alice the elephant along with eight other pop-eyed children, and went home so tired in mind and body that she dreamed a menagerie had been let loose in the cellar and an orang-utan was tearing Buddy apart, limb from limb, while a friendly hippopotamus put one foot on her breastbone and dined off her hair.

On another occasion she explored Chinatown, and peeked into a black-and-gold joss house, and saw a Chinese funeral, where eight gray-robed figures bore a black casket along the street, followed by other figures carrying burning joss sticks, accompanied by the clash of gongs and cymbals and the thin squealing of pipes, and a band of mourners whose heads were bound with red and black silk streamers, to say nothing of six policemen in uniform who kept careful watch along the route of march for fear the minion of some rival tong might express his envy of such obituarial splendor by sending a quiet pistol shot or two into the procession, to the end that the honorable gods of the inner heaven might welcome yet another spirit unto that paradise of rest where dwelt one's honored ancestors.

Tiny's knowledge of the world was still further extended when, one Sunday, she was taken aboard a motorboat crowded with urban fishermen and carried down the bay. She saw the Statue of Liberty and Governor's Island and the Brooklyn water front with its crowding freighters, and decided that the world was a much bigger place that she had imagined. She also decided, before the pitching of the motorboat made her unexpectedly and unmistakably seasick, to devote the latter part of her life to foreign travel.

Yet a year passed before she again ventured on open water, the later occasion being a political clambake at Gulick's Point, where she ate until she had to undo her waistband and was kissed by Dinkie O'Connor, who was soundly boxed on the ears for that affront to her dignity. Eating, in fact, still seemed an important factor in her existence; for, disguising herself as one of the opposite sex, she even succeeded in winning admission to the newsboys' annual dinner and registered a second triumph by being a repeater at the polls, so to speak, and quietly making away with two dinners in the course of one evening. Disguise, indeed, always appealed to her, and on Halloween she was willing enough to exchange clothing with any small boy sufficiently deluded to adorn himself in the habiliments of the frailer sex.

On Thanksgiving Day, when the East Side so stubbornly clung to its custom of patrolling the streets in fantastic attire, she more than once temporarily abstracted certain garments from Mrs. Rapp's stores awaiting the washtub and in voluminous skirt and padded waist ventured westward to the more opulent avenues, where she begged for pennies, dodged the cops and experienced the theatrical delight of being released from her own cramping personality and translated to that of another. She reddened her cheeks with dye from a strip of turkey-red cotton moistened with spit, floured her nose and rubbed a liberal application of charcoal about her eyes, laughing at her own face as she saw it in mirroring shop windows.

But Tiny, for all the accumulating welter of knowledge that was being tossed into her storehouse of memory, was not at peace with her own soul. She was haunted by an odd feeling of being conquered by something, of being held down and hampered by invisible hands.

This feeling was strongest when a tattered comic strip or a dog-eared picture book fell into her hands and she found herself unable to decipher the mystic letters that held the key to the story. It came to her, too, whenever she stood and watched a public school vomiting its stream of shouting pupils and saw sedater older girls walking homeward arm in arm with strapped textbooks in their hands.

Tiny had no great faith in schools, having heard Mrs. Rapp repeatedly assert that education only taught children to read the improper words written on flagstones and fence boards. And Tiny probably would never have seen the inside of a temple of learning if it had not been for the unwelcome activities of a truant officer, who, after divers talks and threats, confronted the Widow Rapp with the option of interviewing a police magistrate or so ordering her dwindling laundry business that the sadly illiterate Tiny should be permitted to partake of the initial luxury of knowing her letters and the ultimate triumph of deciphering the subtitles of a Pearl White serial.

So Tiny, duly scrubbed and mended and patched, was sent to school; and, oddly enough, she learned to like it. She liked "s'looting" the flag and singing in her shrill alto My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty. She liked learning to march in line and weaving colored papers and being one of an organized army. A small thrill of rapture would course up and down her spine as she sang:

"Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King.
And heaven and nature sing."

She remained slightly perplexed as to the ultimate meaning of this exultant message, but it suggested a mystic pageantry which seemed to add depth to her meager life, just as her child's inalienable craving for beauty was in some way appeased by the blithe caroling of such lyrics as:

"Come, come, come,
The summer now is here.
Come out among the flowers
And make some pretty bowers!"

But most of all, after the wildness and tumult of street life, she found herself liking the order and control of the classroom, just as she liked, without being able to explain it, being attached to something with institutional dignity. It was the same attraction, in another form, that she had once found in hospital life—the instinct for the permanent. And it was the operation of that instinct which prompted her to keep the picture of a trained nurse, in cap and dress of spotless white, pasted above her bed cot, and led her solemnly to proclaim to her associates that when she grew up she intended to be a nurse and take care of badly wounded soldiers at the front. She wanted to serve. And these houses of service seemed the most ordered and reasoned of all the processes in an orderless world as she had encountered it. A hospital, to her, was romance made manifest. It stood the direct opposite of dirt and disease, of suffering and sickness and sudden calamity. Her instinct was a crusader instinct, a dumb passion to right what was so wrong all about her, a foolish and half-formulated desire to mother the wide, wide world. Yet mixed up with that impulse was a more personal passion for protection, a craving for security, a desire to align herself with the forces that could justify themselves by survival.

Tiny wanted to survive. Small as she was, she chilled wordlessly at the thought of being ground down, of being trampled underfoot by the teeming life she couldn't control. She felt, in the maelstrom that seethed about her, that she could not hope to survive by herself. She was too small, too trivial, too infinitesimal. All she could do would be to attach herself to something stronger and bigger than her own bony little body, something that had already survived the eroding tides of time. And there was a craving for peace. In her street life she saw only eternal warfare, the strong preying on the weak, the ruthless overrunning the timid, the lawless filching from the defenseless. And this seemed wrong; it seemed unjust; it left the world without any stability—and she had to believe in her world. If she couldn't do that, there wasn't much use in trying to live in it.

So, without quite knowing it, Tiny achieved a sort of philosophy of life. It was a somewhat twisted and self-confounding philosophy, and Tiny didn't always live up to it, since with the best of us theory is often sacrificed on the altar of expediency. And Tiny still had her battles to fight. Combat, in fact, figured pretty actively in her existence; and more than once she stood perplexed by the racial joy to be wrung out of warfare and the winy delight to be extracted from a clean-cut victory of force. So strong was this atavistic strain in her make-up that it frequently led her into gratuitous combats and involved her in encounters in which her interest might be termed merely academic. When, for example, the Gas House Gang came into collision with the Avenue B Blackbirds, an aggregation of barbarian youths from the upper ward, Tiny proved an unexpectedly valuable addition to the home ranks. The Gas House Gang, it seems, had laboriously collected a pile of barrels and packing cases for its customary election-night bonfire; and the wandering Blackbirds, invading the territory of its enemies, had attempted to appropriate that fuel for their own nocturnal celebrations.

The result was a gang fight, such as one sees often enough on the East Side. The tide of that battle wavered indeterminately back and forth, indeed, until our ragged little Joan of Arc, incensed at the peril threatening her local friends, joined issue with the Gas Housers and rallied their retreating lines. Tiny could throw a stone, half a brick or an empty bottle as well as any boy. She was a good dodger, as agile as a cat, and when need be as fleet as a hounded jack rabbit. So the Blackbirders, after first jeering at the petticoat in the ranks of their enemy, concentrated their fire on the new combatant and set about to eliminate a foe so unseemly. But Tiny possessed both courage and strategy. Using a bottomless ash can as a shield and buckler, she inclosed herself in the same and coolly defied the enemy's assaults. She converted herself, in fact, into a sort of walking tank, with the missiles of her foes rattling against her metal sides as she crouched low within her galvanized fortress and forged closer to the assailants, who were to learn the precision of her aim and the amplitude of her ammunition when once the time was ripe.

The result was not long in doubt. The Blackbirders were routed, the bonfire fuel was reclaimed, and Jimmy Logan, alias Spider, the leader of the Gas House gang, helped to lift Tiny out of her imprisoning ash can.

"You're all right, kid!" he announced in plain hearing of his followers. He was at least five years older than Tiny, a person of position, and widely renowned as an invulnerable consumer of snipes, which meant that he partook liberally and stoically of cigarette ends found along the curb. And such praise not only caused Tiny to turn pink but prompted her to inspect Spider with a more sympathetic eye. It would have been a violation of all the ethics of East Side generalship, of course, to admit a mere rib within the sacred circle of the gang; but the Joan of Arc of Jenkin's Keep was openly approved of by Spider's followers and secretly treated to a cone of vanilla ice cream by Spider himself. Tiny was permitted to occupy a place of honor during the burning of the ceremonial pyre, though the occasion was somewhat marred by the unexpected appearance of a patrolman who sent the fire worshipers scampering off to the four corners of the compass and with an awning stanchion scattered what was left of the burning embers.

But from that day forward Tiny and Spider Logan were known as friends. Spider offhandedly repaired her pull wagon when it lost a wheel, and bought her three rides on an itinerant carrousel that spun about to the sound of most delectable piano music, and later permitted her to accompany the foraging Gas Housers when they raided a Second Avenue pushcart line in the evening up of an old score regarding a police-court charge against one of their number. He condescendingly initiated her into the secret of "making bottles"; and from him, too, she learned the mystic rites of rolling the bones and matching pennies, though she was disbarred from joining him and his followers in their hot-weather swimming exploits between the East River piers.

Tiny was changing without quite knowing it. Her legs spindled out, with the passage of time, and she became less boisterous and more given to periods of brooding silence. But by the time she had learned to read, Mrs. Rapp decided she had had enough of school. So Tiny was kept at home to acquire the arts of the *blanchisseuse*. In the midst of those activities, however, she was once more interrupted by an ever-inquisitive truant officer; and although she promptly and dutifully lied about her age, she and her guardian were unceremoniously haled to court.

There the presiding judge looked down with not unkindly eyes at the small figure with the prominent Celtic cheek bones.

"Young lady, what school do you go to?" he casually inquired.

"Aw, I'm t'rough wit' school," proclaimed the mature-minded Tiny.

"Are you now?" remarked the man on the bench, as he turned to put the Widow Rapp through a cross-examination which left her indignant in mind and moist in body.

But there was no escaping the edict of the court, no matter what hardship it worked on an ailing woman working her fingers to the bone to provide board and keep for a child who wasn't her own. Tiny was ordered back to school and Mrs. Rapp was sternly warned that a second infraction of the law would result in either a fine or a few weeks in the workhouse. So humiliated was the lady of the tubs that she was driven to console herself with an inordinate amount of inferior gin, and for three days the harried Tiny had to replenish a depleted larder as best she could, look after Buddy in her spare time, and wash and iron her own patched raiment before starting off to the classroom.

Tiny, it is true, couldn't quite understand either the actions or the outlook of the truant officer in question, feeling, as she did, that her education had already been perfected in the broader school of street life, where she had learned swear words in five different tongues and had acquired a working knowledge of the dietary of seven different nations. She had already undergone the compulsory education of the slum, where disputing and bargaining and hating and loving and haranguing went on about her in a dozen different languages, and where the prolongation of life so often hinged on one's promptitude of judgment and quickness of movement. But she realized, as time went on, that this was not enough. There was something more than living to be demanded of life. And the promise of that undefined something seemed to lie in the schoolroom, the schoolroom which she learned to respect as her paganized young mind learned more of its power.

A new hunger for knowledge took possession of her; a new world opened up before her. She worked hard, shamed by the fact that she was the oldest, if not the biggest, girl in her class. When she could not master a subject, she carried her troubles to old Schultz, the cobbler, who stopped talking Karl Marx long enough to coach her and draw illustrative diagrams with chalk on a slab of cowhide and pat her on the head and tell her that some day she'd be coming and asking him about Kant and the categorical imperative. And Tiny, proud of her new knowledge, duly repeated the same to Buddy, who learned to write his own name and gallop glibly through the alphabet both frontward and backward, and enumerate the New England states and their capitals and do simple addition and subtraction without getting a headache. Tiny even advanced to the stage where she could teach English to Fortunato Costerella, the barber, who, in exchange for this private tuition, publicly seated Tiny in his big chair once a month and tucked an apron about her neck and not only trimmed her straw-colored tresses but anointed them with numerous pleasant-smelling oils and unguents, until Spider Logan protested she smelled like an all-night drug store and Buddy could find her in any corner of the cellar with his eyes shut.

But life wasn't exactly a bed of roses for Tiny; who, as Mrs. Rapp complained more and more of a milk leg, found her home duties become more and more onerous. When May Day came and the girls of her class marched to the park to dance in a body about the school Maypole, Tiny, because she had no white raiment in which to adorn her lengthening young body, found herself excluded from that magic circle. And rather than stand a tearful witness of joys in which she could not participate, she put Buddy in her pull wagon and traveled south, following the river front until she came to the Swamp and Battery Park, where she renewed her acquaintance with Xenophon Paulatos, the fruit man, who presented her with a tangerine and two apples that were more than half good, and three-quarters of a coconut that another warm day might have turned bad. Along Vesey Street, as she once more headed eastward toward City Hall Park, she picked up enough early strawberries from a broken crate to make the day's harvesting a satisfactory one, and reached home sufficiently tired to waste no further regrets on the park exercises from which she had been exiled.

But there were other things from which she was being exiled; and the longer she went to school, the more the deficiencies of life were brought home to her. A consolation for this, however, came with the discovery of an unexpected new world – the world of the imagination -for about this time the garden of literature opened suddenly and magically about her. She became able to lose herself in books. She began to see then that there was some method in this madness of school learning; that the power to read might be a golden key to unlock mysterious doors. And she read everything that fell into her hands, from the paper-covered volumes of Nick Carter to the more ponderous pages of the histories she could borrow from old Schultz, from the coverless magazines she found on the ash barrels to the Gideon Bible which a woman dressed like a deaconess had left with the totally unappreciative Hwoschinsky family.

Much of it, of course, she could not understand. But she plodded on, page by page, until the light waned and the street sounds grew phantasmal in her ears.

III

ADOLESCENCE, under the forcing influence of slum life, covers a shorter period of existence in East End Avenue than it does on West End Avenue. And Tiny, emerging rapidly from childhood into girlhood, soon regarded herself as a grown-up, and grew ashamed of her pull wagon and sprawled less about the flagstones and became conscious of her legs and more particular as to the covering of her bony young body. She moved up grade by grade in her school, helped the Widow Rapp in her free hours, and departed not a whit from her earlier decision to be a trained nurse when the chance came.

But that chance couldn't come, she found, until she had survived at least two years in a high school. That, to Tiny, seemed a ridiculous amount of scholarship for the mere giving of medicine and the stroking of fevered brows; and to have to wait until you were eighteen seemed almost like waiting until the best of your life was over. Rules were rules, however, and had to be respected. And you can't exactly pick and choose when the ball-and-chain of poverty is clamped to your ankle.

So Tiny, before she could shoulder into the higher realms of learning, had several defeats to endure and many digressions to face. The time came, in fact, when she had to seek outside work, her first experience as a laborer beyond the home circle being, not unnaturally, in acting as an assistant to a thin and hawk-eyed Mrs. Batrina, who operated a "baby farm" in Rivington Street.

But Tiny's days under the Batrina roof were not happy. She had tingled with the thought of caring for more than a baker's dozen of pink and pudgy infants, of being surrounded by a little congress of laughing and happy babies. The helpless mites who were farmed out to Mrs. Batrina, however, were not of the plump and jovial variety. They were, as a rule, peaked and plaintive-voiced little citizens, thinly protesting against the injustice of a world which fed them on attenuated cow's milk and kept their bodies none too clean and a little too early in life introduced them to pediculosis. They wailed by night with colic and discomfort, they cried by day with eczema and coryza and general neglect, or, what was even worse, lay big-eyed and blue-veined and lethargically silent on their soiled pallets—for Mrs. Batrina had the pleasant habit of solacing their wants with a timely sugar-teat well-saturated with Spanish "soothing sirup."

Tiny here found herself with all too wide a field for the exercise of her mothering instincts. Her brief sojourn in that little fold of life's unfortunates, indeed, tended first to sober her thoughts and then to break her heart. She washed and scrubbed and ironed; she boiled feed bottles and fought vermin. But the battle seemed a hopeless one. She cried silently over the steady decline of a child with an ulcer on its lung and was tempted to ignominious flight when another child, overtaken with convulsions, was unceremoniously thrust into a pail of hot water. For Tiny's first impression was that the harried Mrs. Batrina was cold-bloodedly drowning a patient so troublesome instead of doing her crude best to end the convulsion. Tiny lost weight, and in the end would have become a patient herself had not a municipal inspector descended unannounced on the Batrina establishment and found the hawk-eyed Spanish woman violating the law on five different counts. She was haled to court, her license was revoked and when freed on suspended sentence, she promptly bequeathed her charges *en bloc* to the Children's Society and migrated to another city, where municipal regulations were less tyrannical and long-nosed officials were less vindictive.

But that experience seemed to mark a great divide in Tiny's life. She not only became more attentive to Buddy, on her return to the Rapp household, but she developed a newborn passion for cleanness. She shyly waylaid and interviewed Miss Digby, a new visiting nurse from the Henry Street Settlement, and brought a reluctant smile to the face of that solemn-eyed young lady by the extent of her curiosity and the naïveté of her questions. For Tiny, who knew considerable about the processes of life, having conversed frequently with old midwives and actively assisted at the birth of the Esposito twins, harbored undeniably archaic ideas as to bacteriology and immunology. She found out, for the first time, the true medicinal value of soap and water. She got an inkling of what germs were and how a nurse's life was a struggle to combat these wriggly little things that so insidiously get into your cuts and give you festers or so mysteriously get into your stomach and give you fever.

So Tiny, who never did things by halves, decided to reform. She put Buddy in a washtub and scrubbed him until he complained that his whole outer skin was gone. She scrubbed the Rapp cellar until the floor was almost worn away. She cleaned the windows and mopped the steps and dug out long-overlooked corners and became such a strenuous advocate of the soap bar that when she once more started back to school she went with a shiny face and a skirt crinkling with fresh-cooked starch.

Before another spring came, however, Tiny was again taken out of school, a bad milk leg and even worse gin having combined to render Mrs. Rapp less efficient as a laundry worker and an overtried landlord having threatened to dispossess his cellar tenants if certain arrears of rent remained too long overlooked. So Tiny went to work in a box factory, where for ten hours a day she pasted the gayest of brocaded wall paper on pasteboard boxes for holding ladies' hats. Her movements were quick and her work was neat, and she might have continued happily at this labor for the rest of her natural life, had not an older girl in the establishment openly accosted her as "an East Side mick." And Tiny, being Irish, saw red at that insult, and the result was a sudden and spectacular fight which did serious damage to several gross of gayly-flowered hatboxes. Tiny in fact went berserk, and had her opponent on the floor and a handful of hair in her hand when an astounded foreman entered the workroom and removed Tiny first from the prostrate form of her traducer and later from the ranks of his paste-spattered toilers.

Tiny, on losing her job, had hoped to go back to school; but unlooked-for changes in the Rapp régime made this impossible, for the time at least. Mrs. Rapp abandoned her cellar—though there was less of her own volition involved in the movement than she pretended to her neighbors—and moved to a cramped three-room flat in Stanton Street. As the smallness of these quarters practically precluded the taking in of washing, Mrs. Rapp finally joined the pay roll of a four-story home laundry run by steam, where she sat comfortably on a stool and fed white wear into a mangle and was the butt of much jocularity on the part of the younger working girls around her.

Neither Tiny nor Buddy was greatly taken with the new neighborhood. But the former's regrets vanished when she became a "pearl diver" otherwise a dishwasher – in a Græco-Hungarian restaurant and found that by doing part-time work and leaving Buddy largely to his own devices she could resume her studies. School was still a sort of madness with her. There was a touch of desperation in her frantic efforts to make up for the ground she had lost. She even went back to old Schultz with her troubles and made that peg-pounding philosopher help her over the rougher paths of learning. For her belief in the power of books was still a romantic one. To be able to enter a high school still seemed very much like being able to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Yet she found, when she finally achieved that goal, that it held disappointments and problems as perplexing as those of her older world. She was ashamed of her clothes, and of her accent, and even of her origin.

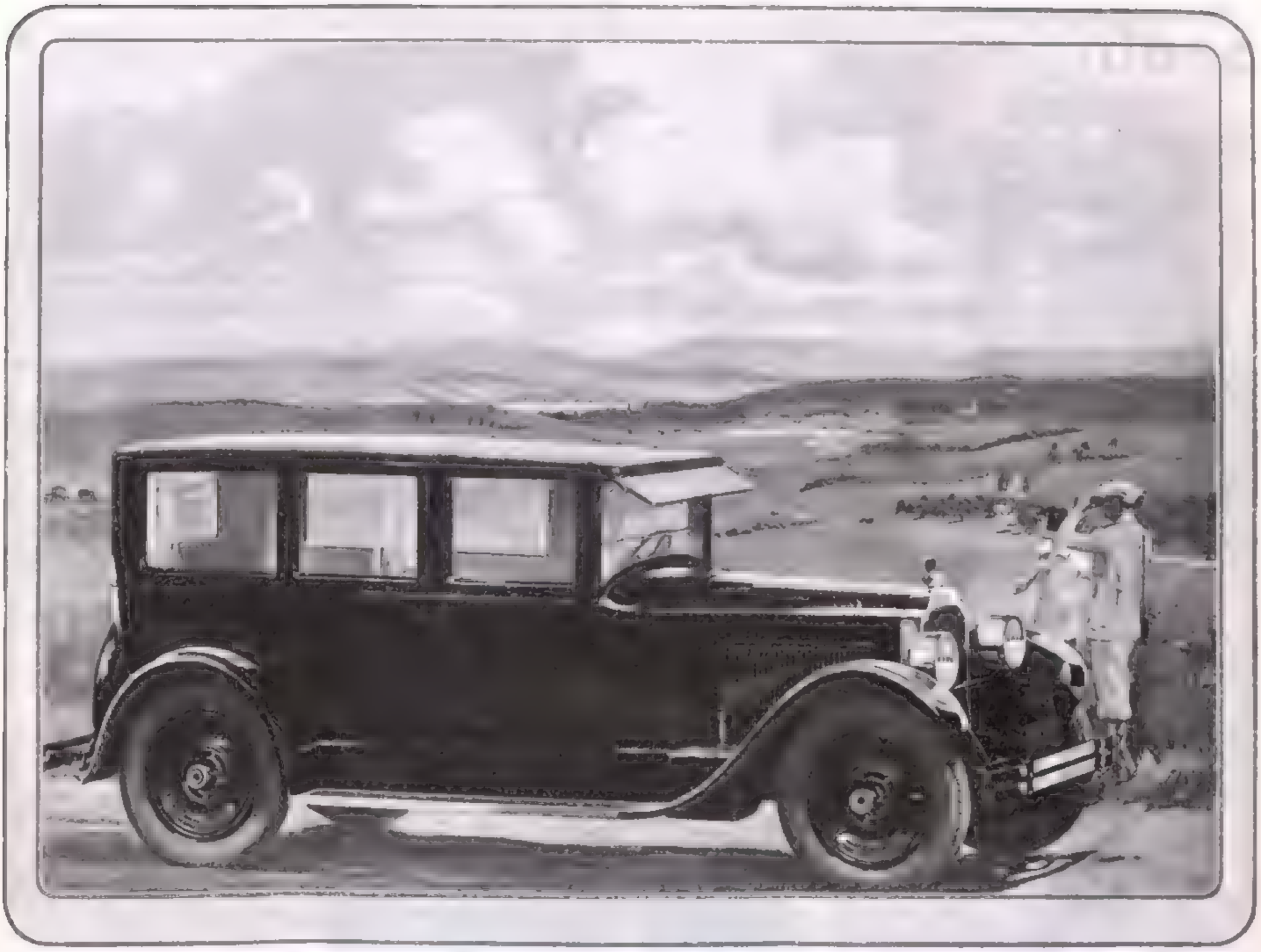
"I come from the Far East," she once explained to an overinterrogative classmate. "From the far East Side," she amended, under her breath. There was, she began to see, a stigma in all such origins, and she yielded to an instinctive impulse to make herself like those less humbly born. She fought against a tendency to speak of "goils" and "woik" and "doity," and long and bitterly combated a fixed habit of eliding the final *g* from those words that ended in "ing."

But the first year of Tiny's high-school work was scarcely over before the sordid need for earning money again interfered with the pursuit of scholarship. The most that Tiny could manage, after that, was a night class and private tutoring at the hands of old Schultz. For Mrs. Rapp, finding her own limited pay envelope insufficient to keep the home circle intact, made arrangements with her laundry foreman to have Tiny included in his list of workers. So Tiny, surrounded by the rattle of machinery and the smell of borax, began her duties as a sorter and checker, and renewed her promise that by Christmastime Buddy was to have a nickel-plated pair of crutches with padded leather tops and a wind-up fire engine painted red. She was not in love with this laundry work, and the rough jokes and raillery of her fellow workers did not add to her happiness. But street life had sharpened both her tongue and her wits, and in those wordy battles of youth she was well able to hold her own. It was worth something, too, to see the grin of joy on Buddy's face when her meager pay envelope permitted her to come home with some trifling luxury, even though it stood nothing more than a nickel chocolate bar or a Chinese snake of jointed wood that wriggled when you put it on the floor.

But Tiny, like other wage earners, found that life couldn't be all work and no play. She knew her human craving for amusement, her natural hunger for some touch of color in the drabness of toil. So it seemed only fit and proper that her earlier friendship for Spider Logan should renew itself with the renewing year, when she came to regard herself as old enough to have a steady, as did the rest of the girls around her. She was proud of Spider's attention and not unmoved by his admiration, but of certain things about Spider she could not entirely approve. He was still the leader of the Gas House Gang and, as such, a person of standing in the district.

But the Gas House Gang had defied all efforts on the part of thinly disguised missionary workers to convert itself into a settlement club and to enlist itself in the ranks

(Continued on Page 46)



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(Continued from Page 44)

of social service. Its maturing members were not openly outlaws, though Tiny had substantial enough reasons to suspect that many of them lived by outlawry. These young worthies, she began to realize, were more given to street-corner idling and pool-hole loafing than to the pursuit of steady toil.

They needed money to live, and money they seemed to possess. The source of it, however, was usually a matter of mystery, though it took considerable will power on Tiny's part to decline the temptation to link up certain periods of affluence with certain midnight occurrences duly reported in the annals of the police.

But she accepted Spider. She needed him. She nursed the fragile hope that eventually she would be able to reform him, for she knew well enough that gang life led to crime and crime led to disaster. There was Dago Mike, who drifted about with the flamboyant Mamie Marnelle and decked her out with reset diamonds of very dubious origin. Dago Mike, it is true, had political pull enough to secure his release when he was framed and sent up the river. But Dago Mike was a gunman and everybody east of Essex Street knew it. And a gunman may be a power in the underworld, but he never gets out of it. He may have his momentary triumphs, but he is pounded and hounded by the police, and at some time or other his foot slips and he learns that the arm of the law is stronger than the arm that swings a blackjack.

"Gee, kid, you talk like a sky pilot," laughed Spider, when Tiny first attempted to formulate her theory as to the way of the transgressor being hard. "And a mouth like what you've got wasn't made for preachin' wit'."

But Tiny established a dead line about her small person which even the debonair Spider was eventually taught to respect. She declined to be manhandled. She had no wish to be identified with the Mamie Marnelle type, even though the young laundry sorter's entire jewel outfit consisted of a near moonstone set in a silver ring and a pair of lacquered jade earrings that came from a Fourteenth Street department store. Yet Spider wasn't ashamed to have Tiny McCann known as his rib. She was in some way different from the others. And when it came to a dance out at the Steeplechase or a *soirée* in McCaffrey's Hall or an evening at the Élite Social Club, Tiny, in her freshly ironed pink skirt and her green pendant earrings and her slightly overrun high heels and her tawny bobbed hair under its saucily tilted turban, was somebody you needn't be ashamed of.

Her little cheek bones were splashed with rouge and she carried a lip stick and powdered her nose the same as did all the girls about her. But a glow came into her flat and boylike breast when she danced. A luminous light crept into her shadowy eyes when good jazz assailed her ears and she stepped out with Spider's arm about her thin-ribbed waist. For Tiny had always loved dancing.

She danced well. She danced like a wave of the sea, like leaves in the wind, like elves on the hills of Erin. She danced for the sheer love of dancing.

She forgot herself on a well-waxed floor, forgot the runover heels and her tired arches; forgot the dingy little room in Stanton Street and the six-o'clock shrill of her alarm bell and the roar of machinery and the ever-mingling smell of steam and soiled clothing and bleaching fluids. She forgot that she was merely a laundry worker and the steady of an East Side idler who was drifting into more and more dubious habits of life, an idler who wore striped shirts and lavender bat-wing ties and a pineapple haircut. She became as regal as the flounced and furbelowed ladies who trailed their silken trains across the six-acre drawing-rooms of the costume movies for which she had a stubborn but shamefaced love. The heavy-browed young gang leader at her side became a cavalier in ruffles, a romantic and princely figure out of another age, attending her at the peril of his life and bowing over her hand with courtly grace.

There were times, of course, when it was no easy matter to give these dreams the coloring of truth, for Spider had the habit of too abruptly stepping out of the picture, of bringing the little card house of romance tumbling down to the dusty dance-hall floor.

"You sure shake a mean hoof, kid!" he would say at the end of a fox trot, puzzled by the stricken light that could so suddenly come into his partner's eyes, wondering why her brow clouded as she stared down at his Third Avenue tan shoes and why her smile faded as he suggested a mug of beer for the two of them before the music started up again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Being Your Own Boss

By J. R. Sprague

AS I CAME down Water Street on my way to the bank the other morning I noticed a new shop being opened up; there was no sign over the door, but it was evidently going to be an automobile-accessory place, for there were some tires and cans of lubricating oil in the show window, and inside, a young man in shirt sleeves was stacking on the shelves other automobile necessities. In a small town we bankers don't stand much on ceremony; a new business means a new account for some bank, and I thought I would extend a welcoming hand to the new merchant. I went in and when the man in shirt sleeves turned around I saw it was Harvey Jenkins, for the past five years branch manager in our town for the Coast-to-Coast Manufacturing Company. I asked Harvey what he was doing in the little automobile-accessory store.

"It's mine," he answered cheerfully. "I quit my job with the Coast-to-Coast organization last week."

I knew Harvey was a pretty good man, but it is natural for a person to speak well of himself, and I sort of wondered if he had really quit of his own accord. Certainly few people would voluntarily leave a position that paid five thousand dollars a year and commissions to open a two-by-four shop on a side street.

"I hope you'll do well, Harvey," I said, "but you know it's going to be different here from what you've been used to in that stylish suite of offices you had over on Market Street with a bunch of assistants to do the detail work and a rich corporation to back you up. A small merchant has his hands full all the time."

"I know all that," Harvey answered; "probably I'll have to work harder here, and I don't expect for a long time to make as much money as I was making with the company. But so far as the rest is concerned, I guess it will be only swapping one set of worries for another."

I have often wondered why men, and particularly young men, seem to think something else is always mysteriously better than the thing they are doing. Here was Harvey Jenkins, quitting a position as branch manager for a great corporation where apparently he had all the advantages of an independent business man without any of the independent business man's troubles, and going into a new field where he not only risked his capital but would probably make less money.

Harvey must have sensed what I was thinking, for he said suddenly, "Three months ago I wouldn't have thought of quitting my corporation job. It was something that happened at our last branch managers' convention that decided me."

I knew he went away every summer to a meeting in New York City, where all the corporation's branch managers got together with the head officers for a kind of combination jollification and business session.

According to the story Harvey told me, this year's meeting was more elaborate than usual. There were more than a hundred branch managers present from all over the country, one entire floor of a big hotel being reserved for their convenience, and the ballroom chartered for the banquets and business sessions. The convention lasted three days. On the first evening there was a session of song led by a professional singer, followed by an inspirational address by a nationally known orator who brought the message of service and loyalty to the branch managers.

The next day there were two short business sessions and an automobile trip to a near-by seashore resort, the day's activities culminating in a grand banquet and entertainment with the president of the corporation himself as toastmaster.

This entertainment, Harvey said, was an absolute scream. A vaudeville actor sang some humorous songs, and two of the branch managers from California, who had dramatic talent, staged a funny stunt showing how a go-getter salesman put over the sale of a bill of goods on an unwilling customer. The president of the corporation made a gracious little speech saying how pleasant it was to meet all the branch managers on so human a basis, and told them he regarded them not as employes, but as fellow members of a happy and united family.

"Never in my life," Harvey told me, "had I felt so loyal to the company as after the president's speech. If I had taken the train for home that night the chances are I would still be in my old job. But there was another business session next morning, at which time we branch managers were taken in hand by the general sales manager, a man of a different type from the president, and who has his own ideas about putting pep and ginger into his subordinates.

"'I notice some of you guys are falling down on your last year's quotas,' the sales manager rasped at us, 'and I'm here to tell you that you can't get away with that kind of stuff and stay with the company. You're hired for just one thing, and that is to produce business. You may be people to some folks, but to me you're just hired men and you all look alike!'

"It was a terrible shock," Harvey said, "to be talked to that way by the sales manager just a few hours after the president had told us we were valued members of a happy family. We sat there like a lot of little boys who had been caught at something, ashamed to look at each other, while the sales manager finished.

"'I know you guys are Johnny-on-the-spot with excuses when you fall down on sales, but no excuses go with me, see? Don't write me any letters to explain why you don't get the business, because I shan't answer them. Your only answer will be another man who will walk into your office and take over your job.'"

Harvey Jenkins' face wrinkled distastefully at the remembrance of the sales manager's forceful remarks.

"Now you know," he said, "why I've gone into business on my own. I won't have so stylish an office, and probably I won't make as much money; but anyhow I'll know where I stand. It's too much of a shock to be told one day I am a member of the family, and the next day be reduced to a hired man!"

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If the seats are deep enough and the proper distance from the floor; if the seat backs are correctly pitched for relaxation; if the upholstery is sufficiently stuffed and there is plenty of leg room; above all, if the springs are rightly designed and of proper length, you will have exceptional riding comfort. Otherwise, you will not.

Dodge Brothers, with characteristic thoroughness, studied and experimented with these details for years. Their findings were ultimately incorporated in the design of Dodge Brothers Motor Car—without question now a vehicle that ranks with the first in this vitally important feature.

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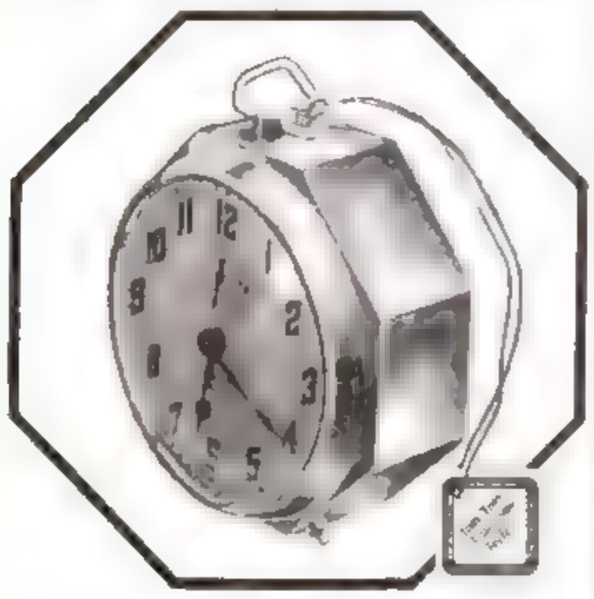

White dial, $3.25
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If you want to sleep, don't set Tom-Tom

NO escaping Tom-Tom's clamor if you set his alarm. He's as certain as the grim reaper, as faithful as old dog Tray. All night he'll stand sentinel on your dresser, whispering the minutes to himself. . . . But come morning, he'll shout his head off. "Stir your stumps," "Fire,""Murder,""Thieves!" Twelve summons; till out you come to quiet him.

Tom-Tom looks efficient. *Octagon* shaped with convex crystal that lets you read time at side angle. Cubist numerals; special top-ring. Daddy of the famous True Time Teller family. Accurate? He runs true for 40 hours.

Tip-Top the pocket watch is like Tom-Tom in accuracy and quiet tick. A wonder of a watch at the price! See both at your dealer's.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Tip-Top the octagon pocket watch
White dial, $1.75
Radium, $2.75

WILSON AND BRYAN

Continued from Page 7

sentiment, with all the ebb and flow of proposals and measures, there has been one man in our party who has consistently kept to a fixed stand. There has been one man whose broadened mind has been able to see what is the matter and to point it out to a public that became more and more convinced. William Jennings Bryan, by his character and his teachings, has constantly pointed to the trouble and told us what is the matter."

The path of politics is strewn with the records of men who were actuated by a resolve to get even with somebody who had wronged them or who were supposed to have given them a jolt. It was supposed by those who did not know Bryan's religion, which guided him in politics as well as in every other relation of life, that he would move heaven and earth to knock Wilson "into a cocked hat" and that he would not particularly care whether the way was dignified or not. That would have been natural and human, and was the course many men would have pursued. But Bryan's religion had no "eye for an eye" in it.

"What do you think of the resolution?"

That was the question Bryan asked me in his room in the Hotel Belvedere Wednesday night of the Baltimore convention in 1912. Mr. Bryan was referring to the resolution he later offered, a copy of which he had handed me. It read:

"Resolved, that in this crisis in our party's career and in our country's history, this convention sends greetings to the people of the United States and assures them that the party of Jefferson and of Jackson is still the champion of popular government and equality before the law. As proof of our fidelity to the people, we hereby declare ourselves opposed to the nomination of any candidate for President who is the representative of or under any obligation to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont or any other member of the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class.

"Be it further resolved, that we demand the withdrawal from this convention of any delegate or delegates constituting or representing the above-named interests."

"I think," was my reply on the spur of the moment, "that it is chock-full of dynamite."

With the glint of fight and fire, he asked, "Whom will it blow up?"

My diplomatic reply was, "That is in the lap of the gods. It may blow up the author and it may blow up those at whom it is aimed."

Pyrotechnics and Progressivism

It was the night when pyrotechnics flew in the Fifth Regiment Armory, where the Democrats were in a death grapple to name the man who was to live in the White House for the coming eight years. Bryan was the *x* in the Democratic mathematics of the Baltimore convention. He had been instructed by Nebraska to vote for Champ Clark and in the early ballots his vote was so cast. But before the assembling of the convention he made it clear that he would go to Baltimore with but one purpose—to wit, to nominate a real progressive on a real progressive platform. If Clark's managers should flirt with Ryan and Belmont, who in Bryan's opinion represented the special interests he had always opposed, he served notice that they could not count either upon his support of Clark or his silent acquiescence.

Long before the gavel called that historic convention to order, plans were being laid below the surface for its control. Not to mention the lesser candidates, the forces supporting Clark, Wilson, Harmon and Underwood were well organized. At heart, New York was for Harmon or Underwood, or rather the powers that be preferred Underwood then as they preferred him as second choice to Governor Al Smith at New York in 1924. But Underwood had developed practically no strength outside the South. Harmon was labeled "Conservative" and that ended his chances. New York did not wish to throw away its vote. It was playing "hands off" in the ultimate struggle, contenting itself for the nonce with the desire to control the organization of the convention. It had its heart set upon putting Alton B. Parker in the chair. Old-time politicians lost no tricks. A temporary chairman was often valuable in parliamentary tangles and sometimes his ruling was essential to victory. That victory won on the first move on the political chessboard, the New Yorkers were ready to make such other moves as would enable them to name the nominee.

Pre-Convention Skirmishing

Several days before the time for the Committee on Arrangements to meet formally, I received a telephone message from Hon. Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, asking me to come to Baltimore upon a matter of great importance demanding immediate attention. As I was a member of the executive committee, which would suggest the temporary organization, I asked why it was necessary to come so long in advance of the convention. He said other members of the committee had arrived, a preliminary conference was desired, and he would personally appreciate it if I would come at once. I took the first train. Upon arrival I found Ed Wood, of Michigan; Roger Sullivan, of Illinois; Tom Taggart, of Indiana; and one or two other committeemen on the ground.

The "important business" was to line up the members of the committee for Parker for temporary chairman. Charley Murphy and the New York delegation were bent upon procuring Parker's selection. They succeeded, as history shows; but it was a Pyrrhic victory. It defeated Champ Clark and made the big New York vote impotent in the deliberations of that convention. But I am getting ahead of my story.

New York leaders had put it up to Chairman Mack to land Parker as temporary chairman. He had appealed to his close friends, Taggart and Sullivan and Wood, veteran and influential members of the committee, to aid him. They had agreed to do so and were enthusiastically at work in that direction. Taggart was grooming Marshall and hoping to obtain his nomination as a harmony candidate. Sullivan was instructed for Clark, but was not enthusiastic for him. As a matter of fact, his son, to whom he was devoted, was an enthusiastic Wilson man and the father was proud of the young man's assertion of his preference. At a critical time Illinois swung to Wilson and Champ Clark's friends never forgave Sullivan for the change that spelled defeat for the Missourian. But at that period of the convention Roger was more interested in pleasing his friend Mack than in advancing any candidate. His position might have been expressed in the question: Is a presidential preference to be preferred to obliging a friend?

I had felt from the beginning in 1912 that Wilson could not be nominated without Bryan's support and I had known it could not be obtained unless way down in his heart Bryan was made to feel that Wilson in the White House would be the fighting foe of privilege. I had urged Wilson leaders to do nothing that could cause Bryan to oppose Wilson, even though he might never come to his support. At that time Bryan's influence, though not so commanding as in 1896 and on, was powerful enough to prevent the nomination or election of any Democrat he opposed.

So when my good friend Norman Mack urged me to support Judge Parker for temporary chairman, I turned to him and asked, "Have you spoken to Bryan about this?"

He had not. He had long been a friend of Bryan and had been made national chairman by Bryan in 1908. He did not think Bryan would take any interest in the selection, but if he did he could see no reason why he should oppose Parker.

"At any rate," he suggested, "if you would like to obtain Bryan's views, call him up by telephone. Do not wait. This matter of temporary chairman should be settled early."

"I do not care who is named as temporary chairman, just so he is a militant progressive," was Bryan's answer over the telephone from Chicago, where he had gone to report the Republican National Convention.

That was his response after I had told him why I was in Baltimore and desired his views as to the temporary chairmanship. Did he think Judge Parker a progressive? He did not.

"There is no hurry about this business," he said. "The temporary chairman should sound the keynote of the campaign. No man can sound a progressive keynote unless he is progressive to the core. Ollie James or Senator O'Gorman or Bob Henry or any other man with no strings tied to him would suit me. I do not care whether he supports Clark or Wilson or whether he has a favorite. Men's ambitions are secondary to the cause."

From Chicago, Bryan wired direct to Mack:

"I have no choice among progressives for temporary chairman, but it would be suicidal to have a reactionary for chairman when four-fifths of the whole country is radically progressive. I cannot believe such criminal folly is possible."

Our friend Mack was disappointed in Bryan's position, but not discouraged. When he has put his hand to the plow he does not turn back. He did not think, in spite of his telegram, that Bryan would fight Parker, and he believed when the time came he could persuade him to hold his fire for a real fight. Mack's zeal for Parker was due to his desire to procure the honor for the Empire State and to please the Democratic leaders in his state. Parker owed his selection as temporary chairman to Mack and to the bargain some of Clark's managers made—not Clark himself or his most astute leaders. I never believed Clark would have sanctioned what looked like a trade.

Roosevelt's Democratic Candidate

The fight for temporary chairman, usually so unimportant, loomed large on the sky as the hosts began to gather at Baltimore. The Republican convention had nominated Taft and it was clear that Roosevelt would not support him. It was just as plain that even if Roosevelt should sulk in his tent and not run, the progressive vote would go to the candidate named at Baltimore if his record was progressive—even radical. Taft's election was not a possibility in 1912, any more than Bryan's election had been possible in 1908. As the delegates gathered at Baltimore, Franklin D. Roosevelt, afterward Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the Wilson Administration, brought the news that Kermit Roosevelt had said, "Pop is praying for the nomination of Champ Clark." Champ was a regular and Roosevelt thought he could win if the Missourian was nominated.

The contest over the selection of a temporary chairman was the occasion for emphasizing the progressive issue, and Bryan raised it, pressed it and paramounted it. Mack had procured the support of many personal friends for Parker. That saved Parker and ruined Clark. The anti-Wilson forces controlled the national committee. When it came to recommending a temporary

(Continued on Page 50)

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CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

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(Continued from Page 48)

chairman, the debate was upon the progressive views of those suggested. Most of the Clark forces lined up for Parker. The Wilson forces suggested Ollie James, senator from Kentucky, a staunch supporter of Clark and a militant progressive. Or, if the Empire State wished the honor, they would support Senator James A. O'Gorman, a member of Tammany, who favored Wilson's nomination, or any other well-known progressive who had no reactionary tendencies or alliances. The issue was so clear-cut that Bryan had no trouble making the country see that the Clark forces supported Parker after the lines were drawn. The impressive ninety votes of New York were too valuable a prize not to be desired. It was believed by Clark managers that if they landed Parker, gratitude would cause the New York delegation to go to Clark if the contest, as they foresaw, should come between Clark and Wilson. It was Bryan who compelled all parties to show their hands. It was Bryan who made the selection of temporary chairman the turning point of the whole convention and the issue there raised resulted in Wilson's nomination. If there had been no focusing of public attention upon the issue thus raised, the country might not have been aroused.

The Test Telegram

Bryan was never so bold or daring as before and during the Baltimore convention. In three preceding conventions he had been the candidate and could not by custom take part in their deliberations. In the Baltimore convention he was free to speak and act, and he rejoiced in the opportunity to make the Democratic Party, by the action of that convention, the real progressive party of the republic. With a Bryan-like disregard of consequences when he was fully enlisted in a cause, Bryan demanded that the candidates declare themselves upon whether progressives should organize the convention. He addressed an identical telegram to Clark, Wilson, Underwood and Harmon, the leading candidates.

"Eight members of the subcommittee," he said, "have, over the protest of the remaining two, agreed upon not only a reactionary but upon the one Democrat who, among those not candidates for the presidential nomination, is, in the eyes of the public, most conspicuously identified with the reactionary element of the party." He was not opposed to Parker the man. "I have not the slightest objection to you personally," he said to Judge Parker, "but I do object to the faction which has chosen you to preside." He had wired the four presidential candidates:

"I shall be pleased to join you and your friends in opposing his selection, by the full committee or by the convention."

That challenge stirred the country. It went to the root of the foremost question: Which of the candidates will risk the loss of New York by adhering to the organization of the convention by progressives? It was clear to those who saw beneath the surface that Bryan was making that the test.

It threw a scare into all the campaign managers. They wanted to win the nomination. Wilson's manager, McCombs, was obsessed by the New Yorker's belief that "as goes New York, so goes the nation." He was angling in the Tammany stream for that ninety votes.

It was because Wilson had both vision and courage that he acted upon his own better judgment born of his own convictions. He was the only candidate who was willing to venture all for progressive action. The strong hold progressiveness had on the people at the time can be understood by present-day students only when they recall that it split the Republican Party in two and enabled Roosevelt to carry more states on a new party ticket than Taft carried with the old Republican Party prestige and power.

Wilson's response, "You are quite right, Mr. Bryan," convinced Bryan that Wilson's heart was in the right place, and it did more; it was received by the country as the first clarion call for progressive control that had emanated from any candidate since the question had been raised.

The real battle at Baltimore was not the balloting for President, but the fight over the organization and the declaration of hostility to "the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class." In the first battle the Wilson forces suffered defeat. Parker, favored by most of the Clark, Underwood and Harmon supporters, received thirty votes in the committee to twenty for James and two for O'Gorman. In the convention, Parker won over Bryan by a vote of 579 to 510.

"Just as we expected, tying up with Bryan spells defeat," was the state of mind of some visionless Wilson leaders, but those who had felt the pulse of the country sensed that the real goal had been achieved. That goal was to show the country that Wilson alone was willing to risk all upon thoroughgoing progressivism as it was well understood in 1912. That achieved, his supporters, who cared more for reform than office, were assured he would be nominated. At least they felt that unless he was the nominee, Roosevelt would win. Between Roosevelt and a reactionary, many preferred T. R.

The next step first to startle, then arouse and then influence the country was Bryan's dynamic resolution to which I have referred, declaring that the Democratic Party was "opposed to the nomination of any candidate for President who is the representative of or under obligations to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont or any other member of the privilege-hunting or favor-seeking class," concluding with "we demand the withdrawal from this convention of any delegate or delegates constituting or representing the above-named interests."

That resolution was charged with dynamite. It was as if a bomb had exploded. It shook the armory. I never saw such a scene in any gathering. There sat on the floor, as regularly elected delegates, with as much legal right there as Bryan, Mr. Belmont in the New York delegation, and Mr. Ryan in the Virginia delegation. Their faces were studies. Hot indignation followed the storm after the first surprise. Pandemonium broke loose. Bryan's life was in danger, so intense was the excitement among the thousands who felt that Bryan had been guilty of an act that threatened party harmony and success. Even Senator Ollie James, permanent chairman, devoted friend of Bryan, lost his poise.

Bryan's Dynamite

As I stood near Bryan on the platform while the tumult raged, James said, "My God, Daniels, what is the matter with Bryan? Is he bent on destroying the Democratic Party?"

"No," was the answer; "he is bent on rescuing it."

But it did not look so on the surface. While the angry partisans debated and yelled in the armory, millions of average citizens all over the country, particularly in the South and West, were rejoicing that the direct and important and unescapable issue had been raised. Could the Democratic Party live half progressive and half reactionary? Could Belmont and Bryan sleep in the same bed? Could Wilson and Ryan see eye to eye?

After the tumult had somewhat subsided, the bitter debate was almost entirely devoted to the second part of the Bryan resolution demanding the withdrawal of Belmont and Ryan. It was clear that the convention had no right to expel them and that a resolution demanding their withdrawal would be nothing more than *brutum fulmen*. With its withdrawal, the opponents were at sea. They saw that if they voted against a resolution opposing a candidate "representative of or owing obligation to the privilege-hunting or favor-seeking classes" they would ruin the chances of their candidate. It was a bitter pill, but in the panic there were enough cool heads to withdraw the sting by voting for it as if it was exactly what they wanted. New York cast its solid vote for the Bryan resolution. This piece of gossip ran through the hall: As he cast New York's vote, "Aye," Murphy turned to Belmont and said, "Now, Auggie, listen to yourself vote yourself out of the convention."

The saving grace of American national conventions is that when people are so mad they are at fever heat, they are capable of laughing at queer incidents or unconfirmed gossip.

I have often wondered, and intended often to ask Bryan, what was his purpose in the second section of his resolution. Did he introduce it, knowing it must be withdrawn, in order to focus the debate upon it and thus insure the passage of the declaration of principle the first section of the resolution embodied? Or, after the debate showed that insistence upon the demand for the withdrawal of Ryan and Belmont might jeopardize the whole matter, did he yield to the necessity of the situation? He was a past master in gauging the sentiment of assemblies and in parliamentary proceedings.

Now that he is dead, the answer as to his intention will never be given. But it would be interesting.

Master of the Convention

That victory made Bryan the master of the convention. It insured the nomination of Wilson, though such was not the immediate purpose of Bryan, and I do not believe he was then concerned with who should be nominated, except that no man procuring the support of what he called the "privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class" should win. But Belmont along with New York's delegation in the balloting was later to support Clark. As a delegate from Virginia, Ryan was supporting Underwood. Other big interests were supposed to be backing Harmon, while a large section of Ohio, led by Newton Baker, was supporting Wilson. That left Wilson as the only candidate who came up to Bryan's specifications. Bryan had eliminated the others, but it required days to show it had been done.

The Wilson leaders felt again that Wilson's chances had been jeopardized by tying up with Bryan. The ninety votes from New York, which they believed essential, were now gone forever. But they were loyal to Wilson. They set about in their own way to repair the damage they believed Bryan's resolution had wrought. They saw that, though he had alienated the Ryans and Belmonts, the trend from the West might overbalance the loss of what Wilson might have received from New York.

There were rumors that some of the Wilson leaders were promising offices to delegates in return for votes for Wilson. That report reached Wilson at Sea Girt, and he immediately made a public statement that no one was authorized by him to offer any position to anyone. McCombs thought this statement might be considered a reflection upon his management. He called Wilson on the telephone and told him that the feeling against Bryan was so intense among the delegates that the only hope of his nomination was for him to authorize McCombs to state that in the event of his election, Wilson would not appoint Bryan Secretary of State.

Wilson refused to obtain the nomination by such a course, and said to Joseph P. Tumulty, his private secretary, "I will not bargain for the office. It would be foolish for me at this time to decide upon a cabinet officer, and it would be outrageous to eliminate anybody from consideration now, particularly Mr. Bryan, who has rendered such fine service to the party in all seasons."

Bryan had championed the right of voters to instruct their delegates. Nebraska had instructed its delegates. His foes hurled it in his teeth that he was violating instructions. Could he justify doing what he had often condemned in others? In spite of the fact that Clark's managers had voted for Parker and against Bryan for temporary

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

chairman, Bryan cast his vote for Champ Clark for thirteen ballots. On the tenth ballot New York cast its ninety votes for Clark and Bryan was convinced this was the carrying out of the bargain made to prevent organizing the convention by progressives. Bryan had said, "No progressive Democrat can afford to accept the nomination if he is dependent on New York for the votes needed to win." It was not until after New York voted for Clark that Bryan carried out his frequently announced purpose to prevent any nomination dependent upon alliance with what he regarded as reactionaries. When he rose on the fourteenth ballot to change his vote to Wilson the scene in the Baltimore convention beggared description.

Bryan said, "As long as Mr. Ryan's agents ——"

Hisses.

"As long as New York's ninety votes are recorded for Mr. Clark, I withhold my vote for him and cast it ——"

Pandemonium.

It was only when Senator Stone of Missouri—a Clark leader—urged the convention to hear Bryan that any semblance of order was obtained. Bryan spoke for nearly an hour, "with a defiant glare in his eye."

Bryan's Victory for Progress

"When we were urged to vote for Mr. Clark," he said, "the Democratic voters who instructed us did so with the distinct understanding that Mr. Clark stood for progressive Democracy. Mr. Clark's representatives appealed for support on no other ground. They contended that Mr. Clark was more progressive than Mr. Wilson and indignantly denied that there was any cooperation between Mr. Clark and the reactionary element of the party. Upon no other conditions could Mr. Clark have received a plurality of the Democratic vote of Nebraska. The thirteen delegates for whom I speak stand ready to carry out the instructions in the spirit in which they were given and upon the conditions under which they were given, but some of these delegates will not participate in the nomination of any man whose nomination depends upon the vote of the New York delegation. Speaking for myself, and for any delegates who may decide to join me, I withhold my vote for Mr. Clark as long as New York's vote is recorded for him."

Later he said:

"The only criticism I have made against Mr. Clark is not that he has acted wrongfully, but that he has failed to act. I believe Mr. Clark is right at heart, but during the last few days he has been misled and has failed to take advantage of the opportunity presented to throw his influence entirely into the balance when questions of the greatest importance were at issue."

Bryan left Clark on the fourteenth ballot and voted for Wilson. On the next ballot Clark lost only one vote—Bryan's. The Clark adherents were confident then that the defection would be negligible and that the hostility of Bryan and his policy had so stiffened the backbone of their delegates that they would stand till victory. It looked that way—on the surface. But Bryan did not trust to the delegates. He believed influences had been set in motion that would sweep the wheat fields of the West and the cotton fields of the South and progressives everywhere and arouse a sentiment that would make itself felt in the convention.

"All that is required," he said, "is time for the folks back home to understand the full significance of the situation. They will then do the rest."

He was right. Though Clark's vote increased until he had a majority, but far from the required two-thirds, telegrams by the hundred thousand poured in upon Clark and Underwood delegates demanding that they support Wilson—"the only progressive candidate." The delegates were deluged with such telegrams. The telegraph companies did a rushing business from Saturday to Tuesday. The result at Baltimore was not achieved by the delegates on the floor, but by the aroused people back home. Bryan had not been mistaken in them. They rallied to his call and on the forty-sixth ballot Wilson was nominated. Bryan had won the most remarkable convention victory in the history of national conventions.

The last appearance of Bryan in that convention was when he declined the nomination for Vice President. To quote the Baltimore Sun:

"William Jennings Bryan furnished the first thrill of the Democratic convention when he arose to make the now famous speech against Ryan, Murphy and Belmont, and against the selection of Alton Brooks Parker as temporary chairman. He also furnished the last thrill in the dying hours when he mounted the platform last night"—July 2—"to decline the nomination for the Vice Presidency."

I quote the following paragraph from the Sun's glowing report of the speech because it shows Bryan as he was never anything but a lover of men—even the men he fought most stoutly:

"When, after declaring that he had never advocated a man except with gladness, and that he had never opposed a man except with sadness, he declared there was not a human being for whom he felt a hatred, the whole convention rose to cheer."

Head of the Wilson Cabinet

It was the natural thing for Wilson to invite Bryan to become Secretary of State. Wilson hoped to signalize his Administration by movements looking toward peace and progressive domestic policies. Bryan's devotion to peace was known of all men. Bryan had been a consistent fighter for genuine tariff reform from boyhood. Wilson had preached the sound doctrine to thousands of students and in public addresses. Bryan had a large following and his appointment would strengthen popular support of the Administration. Moreover, without Bryan's powerful aid Wilson would not have been nominated. That alone would not have caused Wilson to offer Bryan the State portfolio. If he had not known Bryan was sound and in sympathy with him on foreign policies looking toward world peace, on the tariff and for currency reform, he would not have made the tender. He had gratitude, no man more, but he did not show gratitude by bestowal of a public appointment upon a man he deemed not qualified for the place.

Wilson had to stem a strong current of opposition to Bryan. Between November and March the army of detractors hammered on Bryan. If all the protests that poured into Trenton could be printed they would make a volume.

There was one thing conspicuously true of Wilson: If he believed in a man and knew he was honest and capable, the more his enemies assailed him, the deeper became Mr. Wilson's attachment.

None of the opposition moved Wilson. Just as Bryan had nominated Wilson without desire to advance him, but to serve the cause nearest his heart, just so Wilson selected Bryan as Secretary of State—to advance the cause of equal and just government and world peace. Until the divergence upon the question of the tone of the demands on Germany, Wilson and Bryan were as good yoke fellows as ever pulled a load.

Colonel House's Mission

Why did Mr. Bryan resign as Secretary of State?

The resignation of Bryan on June 8, 1915, created a greater sensation than the resignation of Blaine from Harrison's cabinet upon the eve of the Republican National Convention. Blaine resigned to become a candidate against his chief. The same motive was attributed to Bryan. Nothing was farther from the truth. There was no political significance in Bryan's withdrawal—not the remotest.

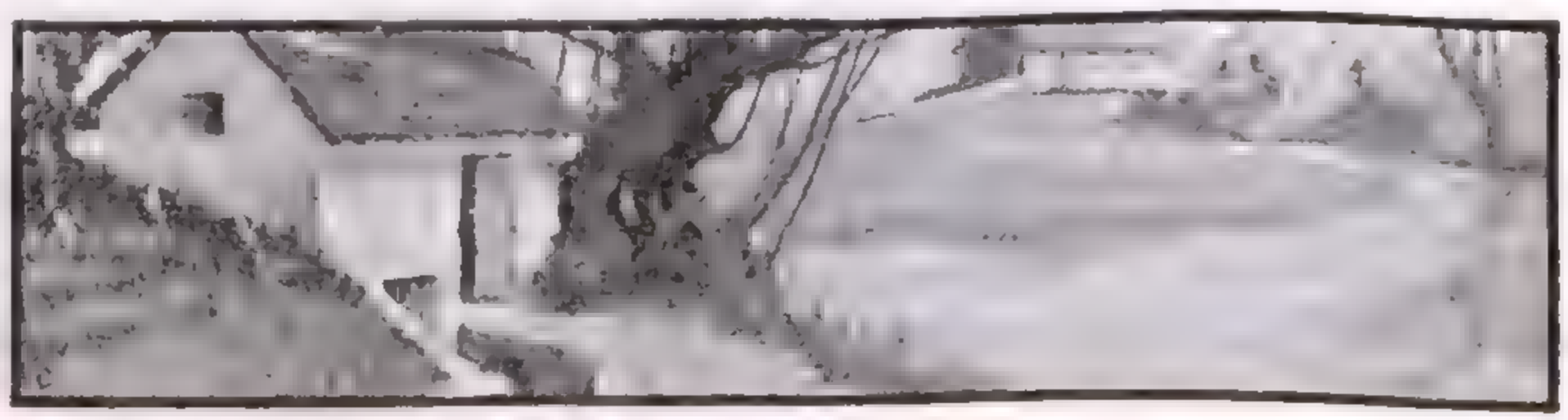
It had been a matter of gossip that Bryan did not like the idea of the President's sending Colonel House to Europe without official status to interview heads of foreign governments. If Bryan felt this was an infringement upon the prerogatives of the State Department, he kept the feeling to himself. It was well known that Colonel House had been one of Wilson's advisers who had strongly urged the appointment of Mr. Bryan to a cabinet portfolio.

The chief business that had carried Colonel House to Europe in 1914 was to try to effect an agreement with the rulers of Britain, Germany and France to prevent war. That consummation was the thing nearest to the heart of Mr. Bryan, as well as of Mr. Wilson. The dispatching of a private citizen with a roving unofficial commission to study affairs in Europe was not in accord with the traditions of the State Department.

If Mr. Bryan did not like the idea, he found no fault in the attitude of Colonel House, who was most considerate of Mr. Bryan and whose sole purpose was to aid the President and Secretary of State by putting them into possession of the inside information that came to him. If any ambassador objected, it is not recorded. It is of record that the relations between Page at the Court of St. James's and House were most cordial, and I think the same was true as to Sharp at Paris and Gerard at Berlin.

All the same, it was a mistake for a President to send a private citizen to do what officials of the State Department are supposed to do. I mean without a commission. If Colonel House had been named an assistant secretary or ambassador it would have been different; but he might not have been so valuable. Every President should have one or two members to his cabinet without portfolio to do the very things Colonel House did, and did so well, in his capacity as a close friend of the President. Other Presidents, as well as Mr. Wilson, have sent close personal friends abroad to

(Continued on Page 54)



KELLY HEAVY DUTY CORD

A rugged
big-mileage tire
for heavy,
fast-moving
motor vehicles

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

(Continued from Page 52)

make surveys, but most of them have denied that they had any diplomatic mission. Though Colonel House had no official status, there was no concealment of the purpose of his going abroad.

Mr. Bryan did not resign because of any lack of consideration shown him by President Wilson. If he felt aggrieved that Wilson himself selected most of the ambassadors, I never heard of it. The only thing I know as to the relationship between Wilson and Bryan as to appointments was this incident:

One day President Wilson said to me: "I am embarrassed about an appointment in the Department of State. Mr. Bryan wishes to appoint a certain man"—giving his name—"who is one of the finest men in the country. He is not a linguist and his experience is not such as seems to fit him for that kind of public service. He could not give Mr. Bryan the help which he needs. Would you try diplomatically to induce Mr. Bryan to consent to another appointee for that position and let me give to Mr." —naming him—"a better place in the Administration which he is well qualified to fill?" He added, "Of course, if Mr. Bryan insists, the appointment will be made; but I think it better for all concerned that Mr. X serve elsewhere."

The Letter of Resignation

That mission required diplomatic handling. I went to see Bryan, acquainted him with the situation, and was about to express a hope that it could be adjusted as desired by the President, when Bryan said, "It is too late now. I have tendered the position to Mr. X and he has accepted and will be here next week."

The sequel was that the gentleman filled the position to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan and the Government.

Attempts, many and repeated since Mr. Bryan's death, have been made to create mystery where there was no mystery. Bryan himself stated the reason for his resignation so plainly that there was no room for misunderstanding:

"Obedient to your sense of duty and actuated by the highest motives, you have prepared for transmission to the German Government a note in which I cannot join without violating what I deem to be an obligation to my country, and the issue involved is of such moment that to remain a member of the cabinet would be as unfair to you as it would be to the cause which is nearest my heart, namely, the prevention of war."

In a statement, given to the press the day after his resignation, Mr. Bryan said:

"My reason for resigning is clearly stated in my letter of resignation—namely, that I may employ as a private citizen the means which the President does not feel at liberty to employ. I honor him for doing what he believes to be right, and I am sure that he desires, as I do, to find a peaceful solution to the problem which has been created by the action of the submarines. Two of the points on which we differed, each conscientious in his conviction, are: First, as to the suggestion of an investigation by an international commission; and second, as to warning Americans against traveling on belligerent vessels or with cargoes of ammunition."

Bryan resigned with cordial good wishes, and sincerely believed as a private citizen he could make such appeals to the country as would solidify public sentiment against the threatened participation by our country in the World War. The issue was not either in Wilson's hands or in Bryan's. The first, as official, and the second, as private citizen by preference, strove each in his own way to avoid war; but it was made inevitable by the ruthlessness of U-boat warfare and the attempt by Germany to limit zones of the sea upon which American ships would be permitted to travel. In 1812 the United States had gone to war to insist upon the freedom of the seas, and in 1917 it was in no mood to permit that freedom to be limited by a nation that had disregarded its successive solemn pledges made to the United States Government.

Mr. Wilson's Reply to Mr. Bryan

There has been much gossip that President Wilson was glad, instead of sorry, to lose Mr. Bryan from the cabinet. Washington is, indeed, and was then, "a corridor of gossip"; but the attitude of both men gave no color to such whisperings. Mr. Wilson was as frank in his letter accepting Mr. Bryan's resignation as the Secretary of State had been in tendering it. He accepted "only because you insist upon its acceptance," and did so "with a feeling of personal sorrow." He said he more than regretted the separation—"I deplore it." He declared, "Our objects are the same and we ought to pursue them together," and he added what is one of the finest expressions of friendship on record:

"Our two years of close association have been very delightful to me. Our judgments have accorded in practically every matter of official duty and of public policy until now; your support of the work and purposes of the Administration has been generous and loyal beyond praise; your devotion to the duties of your great office and your eagerness to take advantage of every opportunity for service offered has been an example to the rest of us; you have earned our affectionate admiration and friendship. Even now we are not separated in the object we seek, but only in the method by which we seek it."

The statement by Bryan the day after his resignation would seem to answer the gossip of misunderstandings which have of late gained currency.

"No man with the President's convictions could have done other than he has done, nor could I have done otherwise. A man can only do what he believes to be right," said Bryan.

The statement which Mr. Bryan made on May 12, 1913, which he regarded as a pledge, doubtless strengthened his resolve to resign.

"I made up my mind before I accepted the offer of the Secretaryship of State," he said at a celebration of the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, "that I would not take office if I thought there was to be a war during my term."

The attitude of Bryan in 1916 is the best answer to those who saw in the resignation Bryan's desire to injure Wilson. He made more speeches for Wilson in the pivotal West in the 1916 campaign than he had ever made for himself. No two men ever lived who were more unlike in form, in temperament, in method, than Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan. Even when they worked together they were "alike in difference." But whatever their agreements and differences, I know that each entertained privately the same high respect for the other's honesty, sincerity and ability to which both gave public expression. Both were above dissembling. Each was the soul of sincerity.

THE ODYSSEY OF A COLUMNIST

(Continued from Page 11)

largest private collection of voluntary and gratuitous sneers in the world—are premised upon the perfectly true and unimpeachable statement that I am not funny. "Alleged funny man" is the favorite epithet of nine-tenths of those who write to deplore my lack of the gift of humor—or what seems to them to be the lack of it.

The voluntary and gratuitous critic is the least original person in the world. I have shouted myself hoarse in an effort to be heard in rejoinder. Again and again I have explained that I am not funny and have denied any intent to be funny. It does no good. Doubtless I shall find on my desk at the office tomorrow morning one or more letters from perfect strangers reproaching me in scathing terms for my failure to be humorous. And the authors will be unconscious of the fact that they have unintentionally qualified as practitioners of humor.

Equally amusing to me are the remarks of those who pretend to have laughed their heads off at something I have written. There are many of these—bless their good hearts. I have written columns from which a person with the keenest sense of risibility could not have exacted a laugh with the aid of a set of burglar's tools. And on the day of the appearance of such a column I have been told by dozens of persons that they laughed themselves sick reading it. When they tell me that, I know they haven't read the column at all and that they are just trying to be gracious and neighborly and cordial. The present-day columnist—and I assume to speak for all of them—knows a great deal more than his literary sire. He knows that humor is an incidental and spontaneous quality which cannot be cajoled into captivity or imprisoned by force. He doesn't reach for it; he lets it come to him.

I have spoken of the columnist as a simple human need. I had no recourse to fancy in that short flight. I meant exactly that. It is my observation that nothing so quickly palls upon the newspaper reader as a dead level of anonymity. For various reasons, he wants to know who "wrote that piece." He wants something to lay hold on or something to boot around. He likes to be in intimate mental touch with somebody on his favorite newspaper and he wants the individual identified. An "I" or "we" writer, properly identified, supplies the necessary individual touch and ties the reader to the newspaper with a silken bond. The "I" writer is a burnt offering. He gives the reader something to "norate" about—a garment to kiss or an individual to crucify.

The columnist sprang from that need. By 1900, the great club-swinging editors who lent to the always anonymous editorial page the color of individuality and the splendor of their names had passed, or were passing. The end of the parade was in sight. Only three or four survived an era. Editorial pages, better written and more brilliant than ever before, had no great names to keep them company. The school of humor at which the country had laughed for two generations—a school predicated on the familiar names of its professors—was decadent. A pall of anonymity was settling over American newspapers. Came the columnist marching singly and by twos and threes. In fewer than a dozen years, he was an army.

By 1918 there were enough of him to have overpowered Germany by sheer weight of numbers. No facility with the written word, no gift of wit or cleverness could account for that.

Eugene Field was the father of the modern column. He laid the pattern with his Sharps and Flats in the Chicago Daily News. His legatees shaped slowly into flight. Between Field's death and the real development and spread of the newspaper column more than a dozen years elapsed. But, in a general way, those who bade for his mantle followed the path he had broken. By his contemporaries who still survive, and by many of those who came upon the stage as he departed from it, Field is considered the colossus of the trade. The tradition that he was the old master still lives and has its being.

I cannot write authentically of the Field. I can only offer an opinion. He was before my day. I did not know him; I would not have known him in any event. I read his column not more than half a dozen times, and when I read it I knew as little of columns as I knew of the nebular hypothesis. His was an outstanding figure in the literary world of his time—a keen, whimsical, lovable individual who wrote much prose which survives, much verse which is deathless, and who left his impress upon human minds and human hearts.

But if he was the colossus of the trade, the work of the columnist is the most fleeting and ephemeral of all writing. I have so much of Sharps and Flats as was considered worthy of preservation between covers on the bookshelf at home. There is scarcely a gleam in it. Some years ago I had the impulse to reprint a column of Field's stuff. I was compelled to ravage the book from cover to cover to eke from it a thousand words which seemed to me to be worth the printing. Maybe I am no judge of that which is worthy of reproduction. But I doubt that Field wrote a column which would stand up in competition with a score of those turned out today.

I did not set out to be a columnist. It is my fate that I never arrived at a fixed destination. Invariably I am deflected from it by a smoother and more attractive road. I am satisfied my present and long standing ambition to spend my declining years editing a weekly newspaper in a one-street town will be frustrated in some delightful and unexpected manner. I was a farm boy in a rural backwater, with a pronounced white-collar complex. I loathed the farm and all its works; but for a boy of fifteen who had no money, no pull, no education and no training of any sort, the avenues of escape were exceedingly limited in number. Most farm boys of that day who sought to raise themselves above the level of their lot began their upward climb by teaching a country school. But school was out for me for two very good and sufficient reasons. One was that I was too young. The other was that I could not reach the scholastic eminence required for a third-grade certificate. I could have learned the barber's trade and the county paper could nearly always find an opening for a stout, handy young chap who wanted to be a printer.

I never seriously considered teaching or barbering. A newspaper office thrilled me then and does yet. I still exact a tremendous wallop from my connection with newspaper work. By the time I was fifteen I had a definite objective. I would learn the printer's trade and qualify myself for the foremanship of some good country shop. It seemed to me a laudable and reasonably far-reaching ambition. The foreman of the back shop of a country newspaper was something of a personage. The two or three I happened to know were leading citizens and prominent in the affairs of their community. They had easy, inside jobs, worked only ten hours a day and were off Saturday afternoons. And they made good money. Twelve dollars a week was the standard wage for a good foreman. Here and there one particularly expert at his trade or of some special value to his employer drew as much as fifteen dollars. The idealistic side of me thrilled at the prospect of intimate personal contact with a newspaper. But I was not wholly without ulterior motive; the money appealed to me too. And so I went into the back shop of the Grigsby City Clarion to learn the trade.

As has since come to be my invariable experience, fate withheld the cup from my lips. I never did foremanize a good country newspaper, although I worked in the mechanical departments of divers and sundry establishments. My post-graduate course set me off on another tangent. In that day the young printer's post-graduate course consisted of an extended and varied

(Continued on Page 59)

A single serving of this delicious food contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal

GRAPE-NUTS was originated by a man whose own health had suffered from the over-refined foods of civilization. He knew that an almost incredible number of persons were suffering from malnutrition due to the same cause. He planned, deliberately, a food which would supply the alarming deficiencies of modern diet.

He planned a tempting food, first of all. Millions today consider Grape-Nuts the most delicious breakfast food that can be found. Its delicate, nut-like flavor comes from the blending of two golden grains —wheat and malted barley. A special baking process brings out their delicious taste to the utmost, and makes Grape-Nuts easily digestible.

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Grape-Nuts gives you five elements absolutely essential to health and growth: Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the necessary vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts supplies balanced and varied nourishment which is of inestimable value to your health. . . . And Grape-Nuts is so easily digestible that this nourishment is obtained with the least possible digestive effort.

The *crispness* of Grape-Nuts, also, was planned for your health. Have you ever realized that distressing modern diseases of teeth and gums are due to faulty diet? Nature intended man to chew! This exercise is vitally necessary. Yet food today is *soft*—practically all of it—and chewing is becoming a lost art. Dental authorities agree that crisp food, like Grape-Nuts, is what we all sadly need.

Don't miss the many benefits this famous food can give you and all your family, from the youngest to the oldest. Buy a package today from your grocer, or accept the following offer:

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"— and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will send you also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," which contains menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts. This book has been prepared by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, famous for his work in conditioning men and women. It will show you the way to better breakfasts and better health.

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Please send me, free, two individual packages of Grape-Nuts together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," which contains menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts, prepared by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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25 Years of FIRESTONE SERVICE to HIGHWAY TRANSPORTATION

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS! What they mean in the life of a man, a company or a people depends upon what has been put into them, and what has come out of them.

August 3, 1925, completes the first quarter-century of The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company accomplishment. It seems most fitting at this time, therefore, that the Company should present, a brief record of these years.

This record, shown on the opposite page, is an accounting to the automotive industry and to the motoring public, of the accomplishments of the Firestone organization under the able and courageous leadership of its Founder and President, Harvey S. Firestone.

In the part it has played in the most dramatic and important period in the development of modern transportation, this Company takes justifiable pride. For the history of the automobile is the history of the tire, and the story of tire building is the story of Firestone.

Let this record stand as an additional guarantee behind Firestone's pledge, made in the year of the Company's founding, and renewed today on the threshold of a new and greater era of service,

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

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Ship by Truck FOR SHORT HAULS

25 Years of FIRESTONE GROWTH in AMERICAN INDUSTRY

Year	Capital and Surplus	Floor Space Square Feet	Tires Produced	Sales	Profits
1900	$ 50,000	Office Only	Carriage Tires	- - - -	- - - -
1901	50,000	Office Only	Carriage Tires	$ 110,000	- - - -
1902	200,000	11,250	Carriage Tires	150,000	- - - -
1903	200,000	11,250	Carriage Tires	230,000	$ 8,503
1904	200,000	11,250	13,000	460,000	71,043
1905	313,758	13,100	22,000	770,000	122,361
1906	429,395	43,600	28,000	1,000,000	112,174
1907	532,510	82,800	44,000	1,600,000	214,287
1908	767,129	108,700	63,000	2,200,000	355,801
1909	1,117,620	139,400	105,000	3,000,000	538,177
1910	4,047,879	154,800	168,000	5,300,000	1,394,835
1911	4,478,841	554,700	203,211	7,500,000	616,912
1912	5,831,899	559,000	393,199	11,700,000	1,189,927
1913	7,089,959	610,600	516,820	15,600,000	1,628,060
1914	9,947,678	817,000	953,649	19,200,000	3,227,719
1915	13,974,972	924,500	1,342,225	25,300,000	4,517,272
1916	27,456,847	1,462,000	3,435,359	44,100,000	5,926,568
.1917	39,507,821	1,621,100	3,749,668	61,600,000	5,819,727
1918	43,712,999	2,051,100	3,036,199	75,800,000	8,356,230
1919	60,826,708	2,072,600	4,268,144	91,100,000	9,306,978
1920	58,469,387	2,081,200	5,037,791	115,000,000	9,396,912*
1921	39,374,928	2,399,400	3,849,528	66,300,000	949,354*
1922	44,784,034	2,399,400	5,388,384	64,500,000	7,348,421
1923	47,830,709	2,399,400	6,485,250	77,500,000	6,104,992
1924	53,587,430	2,399,400	6,627,973	85,600,000	8,116,689

*Before depreciating inventories

stone

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Firestone

"How I put beauty into my room —with Valspar" *by Joy Gann*

Five hundred dollars! That's the generous prize Miss Joy Gann won in the Room-Beautifying Contest held recently by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The contest was part of the splendid "Own Your Own Room" movement, sponsored by the Department of Agriculture to help improve living conditions in America. For some time the Department has been actively engaged in organizing Room-Improvement Clubs all over the country and in arranging Club Programs and practical demonstrations.

Miss Gann worked a veritable transformation in her room. Before she began, the walls had been whitewashed, the woodwork was green, the floor and furniture were shabby and worn.

She decided on Ivory and Mahogany as the color scheme she wanted. First she painted the walls a light orange. Then the ceiling was finished in cream, after which she was ready to tackle the floor and furniture.

"After washing the floor," writes Miss Gann, "I gave it a thick coat of Mahogany Valspar Varnish-Stain, and after I finished all the other work in the room, I gave it a final coat of Valspar.

"Although the room has been in almost constant use for two years and it has been necessary to wash the floor any number of times, it is still in splendid condition.

"The single bed and straight chair, upon which I also used Mahogany Valspar, have the same glossy, unscarred finish they had directly after I applied the varnish.

"I am glad to give this information to you and hope that because of my success some other girl may decide to use Valspar in her room"

Clear Valspar Varnish gives a rich, lustrous finish to woodwork, without changing its color. Valspar may be rubbed down to a dull satin finish if desired.

Valspar Varnish-Stain changes the color of the wood and at the same time brings out the full beauty of the grain, giving natural wood effects in Light or Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, and Moss Green. May also be rubbed to a satin finish.

Valspar-Enamels cover the surface with solid colors like paint but have a high lustre and gloss. They come in Red—*light and deep*, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Vermilion, Ivory, Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum, and Flat Black. Any desired shade may be obtained by mixing. Valspar-Enamels when rubbed down produce any desired degree of satin or semi-gloss finish.

Send the coupon for samples.

Miss Joy Gann of Crozet, Albemarle County, Va., winner of the five hundred dollar prize in the "Room-Beautifying" contest held by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Many women followed Miss Gann's example in beautifying their rooms and securing harmonious color schemes with Valspar and Valspar in Colors, for Valspar is so easy to apply that anyone can use it.

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This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps —20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Interior Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.

Print full mail address plainly.

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Address ..... City.....

- Valspar-Stain ☐ Choose 1 Color.....
- Clear Valspar ☐
- Valspar-Enamel ☐ Choose 1 Color.....
- *Valspar Book* ☐

(Continued from Page 54)

curriculum of road work. It was believed that his art needed and required the broadening influence of travel. Until he had learned to beat his way upon freight trains, to panhandle meals when broke, which was his chronic condition, and had absorbed the atmosphere and methods of the composing rooms of the city dailies, he was looked upon as a novice by the old heads. He had no background and didn't really belong to the craft.

A printer's fame largely was measured by the extent of his peregrinations. He got special marks for beating his way in winter storms, for riding the rods, for sleeping in sand piles and for going hungry. Drinking was a part of the curriculum, but it was an elective course. If one wished to arouse the contempt and brave the displeasure of other roadsters, he could stay sober. I took my post-graduate course as soon as I could qualify for it.

I found, when I hit the road and began to drift into the composing rooms of city newspapers, that I was a slow case hand—accurate and reliable and never drunk, but terribly slow in competition with the swifts, who were the aristocrats of the peripatetic division of the craft. As closing time approached and the composing room strained at the last hand-out of local and telegraph copy, foremen were disposed to grumble at me because I could not keep pace with the swifts. Too frequently I kept the forms waiting while I finished my take.

There was another and more fearful contingency. Calamity threatened. Typesetting machines were coming in and hand composition was believed to be doomed. In fact, a good many of the old-timers believed the craft had sunk with all on board. It was time to look for cover and I gravitated naturally into the ad alleys. I had been well grounded in advertising composition on the Clarion and speedily developed a flair for it. There probably was in me some repressed artistic strain which found a vent in typographical display. My fingers still itch to fool with type. Every time I go into the composing room of the newspaper on which I find a professional home, I have the instinct to take off my coat and go to work. And so I established a new objective. The foremanship of a good country paper no longer beckoned me. I was making four dollars a day, and twelve dollars a week seemed a paltry wage. I would be the creator of high-class advertising composition. And then I became a country editor and left the mechanical department, perhaps, forever.

Beating Muskogee Red's Boast

Muskogee Red used to boast that he could do anything on a newspaper except pay off the help. By the time I was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, I had matched Red's boast with actual performance and could spot him a stroke a hole. I had even paid off the help for considerable periods of time. I had been a country editor, a reporter, an editorial writer, an editorial paragrapher, and had held subordinate executive positions.

As a reporter, I had covered the news of pretty nearly every form of human endeavor. I write these trivial personal experiences into this confessional with a purpose. They are the background against which I subsequently reared a newspaper column. Deprived of the sifted wisdom they brought me, I fancy I should long ago have flunked the job.

The column I have so long sponsored stole upon me unaware. I had been discontinued as managing editor of a small city daily in the Corn Belt. I had not been fired; the term is too opprobrious to describe the process by which I was separated from the job. I was just discontinued. In describing myself as managing editor, I am restrained, almost reticent. I was also editor, city editor, business manager, and, upon occasion, the paper's star reporter. In other words, I was getting out an afternoon newspaper with such assistance as five reporters, an advertising solicitor and a bookkeeper could give me.

It was a work of rehabilitation. We were trying to erect a new edifice on the ruins of what had been a famous small-town newspaper, and it was a tremendous task. Competition was strong and the owner screamed in agony every time the process of rehabilitation failed to pay its own way. The dull season and lessening revenues moved him to sharp retrenchment. As he was a congenital horticulturist who pruned at the top, I was directly under his knife. The featured performer of the bill, I drew the largest salary—twenty-five dollars a week. He lopped me off. It is some satisfaction for me to remember that the paper was never the same thereafter and that it subsequently died on its feet.

Trying Some Sort of Column

Luck broke for me and three avenues of employment impinged sharply upon my brief liberty. And fate played me another curious and delightful trick. I could have gone to the Chronicle, then as now the most famous and important newspaper of the farther reaches of the Corn Belt. To work on the Chronicle was an accolade sought by every aspiring newspaperman in that section of the country. The publisher of an afternoon paper in the state capital offered me the post of state political reporter, an assignment then much to my fancy. The publisher of the newspaper the staff of which I joined merely called me up by telephone and said he'd like to have me come over and go to work. He did not reveal the nature of the proposed employment or mention figures. Why I declined the Chronicle's accolade and spurned a post which really appealed to me, to join on a newspaper that had merely offered me a job, I shall never know. All I know is that something shaped my course in the direction of what has come to be, in a manner of speaking, a career.

I reported for work in a day or two, and after climbing the flight of stairs that led to the publisher's private office, asked him what he wanted me to do.

"Well," he said, "I want you to liven up the paper. Maybe you'd better try some sort of column."

In the seventeen years that followed, my employer had many opportunities to advise and admonish me concerning the conduct of the column he had suggested. There were times when he would have been justified in passing adverse criticism upon my concept of it. But he did neither. That one brief conversation was the only serious discussion of it in which we ever engaged. I went across the hall into the city room, commandeered a desk, swiped a typewriter from one of the cub reporters and, moving the visible evidence of my employment to a spot in a back room midway between the desks of the telegraph and state news editors, there established a column. It was a dirty trick—swiping the cub reporter's typewriter—but need knows no law.

Just before dinnertime that evening I tossed three pages of typewritten manuscript copy on the managing editor's desk.

"What do you want to call it?" he asked.

"I don't think it makes any difference," I replied.

"All right," he said, "we'll call it ——" And he wrote the caption that has stood the storm and stress of twenty-four years on the margin of my copy. And then I made my first gesture to my new-found freedom. I ducked out of the office in the middle of a newspaper day with no further responsibility to what had happened, and no concern for or obligation to what might happen in the succeeding six or eight hours. It was what Briggs describes as "a grand and glorious feeling."

I think there is no manner of doubt that I furnished all the ingredients of the prescription written by the publisher. I certainly did liven up the paper. I had, in the beginning, only the haziest of notions as to what I was trying to do. The procedure had not been codified. There were no authorities to consult. I was compelled to chart my own course; I had also to create my own navigating instruments. The one thing I sensed was that I must somehow attract attention to the column. My first choice of method was the lethal weapon. A natural rebel against many of the fixed beliefs, customs and accepted doctrines, and with a large assortment of private prejudices against individuals and methods, I cracked the head or the dogma that offended me.

My column is no lilac garden now; it was as rough as pig iron then. Experience taught me the virtue of restraint, the illuminating quality of subdued effects. In time, I inclosed my lethal weapons in velvet and, in the light of a better perspective, mellowed my prejudices in good humor. I learned, too, that I need not dash head first against any battle front. I found I could back into it more gracefully, much more effectively, and with the chances that I should become a casualty reduced to negligibility. I don't know who invented the inverted method of taking a wallop, but he was a genius.

Anyhow, from its inception, the column got read. As I recall it, I passed through three stages on the old home lot. In the beginning and among the fundamentalists—and I am not using the word in its religious significance—I was little better than a byword and a hissing. Later I became and for a long time continued to be the town bad man. In the end I was institutional. There is no spot on earth for which I have a kindlier feeling, nor one, I suppose, in which I have so many friends.

I do not know anything about my ranking as a columnist. Nobody qualified to speak has publicly given me a rating. But my distinction, if I have one, is that of having been abused by more strangers than any other insignificant citizen of this fat country. Most of my column contacts are cordial and pleasant. Most of the cherished friendships of my later years had their inception in my relation to the public as a writing man. They grew out of the column. But I have a faculty akin to genius for infuriating certain types and kinds of my fellow citizens.

A Target to be Written At

I have spoken of my collection of sneers. I could have distilled enough venom from letters I have first printed and then thrown on the floor to put all the venders of toxic poisons out of business. Invariably these letters come from strangers—from people of whom I had never even heard. I do not recall receiving an unpleasant epistle from anybody I had met. I print most of the abusive missives, usually with good-humored comment touching the subject of the communication. Many persons have expressed doubt as to the authenticity of these communications. I rarely make a new acquaintance who doesn't express such doubt if he chances to discuss them at all. I have answered such questions many times and my invariable reply is that nobody could invent the sort of letters I get.

It seems a part of this confessional to say that I take no exception to the vitriolic correspondence of which I am the objective and that I am not disturbed by it. As a matter of fact, I get a tremendous amount of amusement from it. A letter from a stranger telling me I am not funny, that I am imitating some famous writer, or that I am hopelessly inferior to other columnists is always worth a gentle giggle to me. To have my mental faculties deprecated, or to be abused in unspeakable terms by an unknown and usually anonymous contributor who is so lacking in clarity of expression and continuity of thought that he can't get his invectives straight, is unconscious humor which appeals deeply to me.

Those who seek my *Capra hircus* may be broadly divided into two classes. One tries to humiliate me by direct expression of his loathing and disgust. The other goes to my employer in an effort to have me fired. The object of his concern is the newspaper itself. He is invariably surprised that a newspaper

BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

Radio Engineer
Extraordinary!

Old folks can take a tip from the family radio expert, for he and his gang constitute the last word in the choice of receiving set parts.

And when boys get together and talk Radio "A," "B" and "C" batteries there's one brand that they're strong for—Burgess—because Burgess Batteries are *quiet*, serve *longer*, and they do everything a battery *should* do—better.

"Ask YOUR Boy"

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
Engineers DRY BATTERIES *Manufacturers*
Flashlight - Radio - Ignition - Telephone
General Sales Office: Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago
Laboratories and Works: Madison, Wisc.

In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

THE
Right Place
TO GET YOUR SCHOOL WRITING SUPPLIES

School's opened! Magic words for Young America—words that start the purchase of tablets, pens, pencils and the many other supplies needed for the new term.

The window display illustrated above identifies the headquarters for school supplies in your town. You or your children can depend upon anything you buy at the store where you see that display.

It's especially important that your children should select the right tablets for their penmanship practice. Palmer Method No. 1 Tablets are endorsed by the Palmer Method—the official system of handwriting in over 90% of the schools of the United States.

Each Tablet contains 40 sheets of Palmer Method water-marked paper. The finish of this paper is perfectly adapted for penmanship practice. Both the finish and the ruling were determined after scientific tests and experiments by skilled penmanship supervisors. Every sheet in every Tablet is of a uniform quality that never varies.

The name on the cover and the watermark (reproduced below) on each sheet identify the genuine Palmer Method Tablets. No other tablets have the approval of Palmer Method. In addition to the Tablets, there is a complete line of Palmer Method accessories for penmanship practice.

Special introductory offer

Every stationery and school supply store showing the above window display carries Palmer Method No. 1 Tablets. If no dealer near you has them, send us one dollar and we will mail you ten Tablets postpaid. Or, if you prefer, just write us to send you the ten Tablets and you can pay the postman one dollar plus postage

THE A. N. PALMER COMPANY
Dept. E1, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York
2128 Calumet Ave., Chicago
Pittock Bldg., Portland, Oregon

Palmer Method TABLETS
TRADE MARK
THE PALMER METHOD FOR BETTER WRITING

of standing, prominence and irreproachable ethics—most of the language is mine—should have a man of my character in its employ. He is disturbed by the fear that I may do it some irreparable injury and hopes I will be detached from the pay roll before it is too late. Letters from remote gentlemen who worry over the effect my employment may have on a newspaper in which they have no financial or other interest have given me many's the dry eye.

Psychologically it is all simple enough. The average citizen wants something or somebody to pick at. To pick at somebody else relieves him, in greater or lesser degree, of the sense of his own limitations. And there I stand, gay, cocky, irreverent, insouciant—a shining mark. Anyway, it's a part of the game and I should be desolated without it.

There is no longer anything haphazard about my column. I know exactly what I am trying to do. I am contributing what I may to a better sense of proportion. In this country we are always in a terrible state of mental and emotional flux. When we are not condemning an outrage, we are exalting a hero. When we are not exalting a hero, we are moaning over somebody's sorrow. It usually develops that the outrage never happened, that the hero is fictitious and that the sorrow never existed. It is all so confusing to the average man and woman. And the newspapers, or most of them, do nothing to clarify events, characteristics and emotions. They only contribute to the confusion. For most of them are trying to build situations where no situation exists, or to fool their readers about those already existent. And so I guess at the truth. I have no special license as a guesser. All I have is more time than is given to the average man to look out of the window. Very often I am wrong. But I'm not trying to fool anybody.

As a columnist, I have learned a lot, and some of it is true. I think the most impressive thing I have learned is the casual, not to say indifferent, attitude of the run of readers toward what are regarded as vital and significant matters. Newspapers devote much news space and much editorial fulminating to the important, and not more than one reader in a hundred cares a hoot about it. It is the unimportant and the trivial that really interests the average reader, and I, long ago, dedicated my column to it. As I have indicated, I belong to the old ego school. I joined it because I learned the average reader wants to see himself reflected in the experiences and observations which I jot down.

Curiosity About the Little Boat

And so I write a great deal about myself—about my marital, domestic, social and personal adventures and of my own reactions to the simple, trivial facts of life. I used to blush for shame every time I did it. It is worse, more ignominious, than that. I have perspired blood through many a night because of some silly, banal thing I had written about myself, only to find, the next day, that it was the one thing in the day's work that had achieved felicitous contact with the minds of such of my readers as I happened to meet. I have stopped perspiring blood because of my follies. I still blush for them occasionally. One incident will illuminate the idea I am trying to make clear.

Three or four years ago, my wife spent a summer in Michigan. She had previously spent a summer or two at the same resort, but some years had elapsed since her last previous visit. She wrote me frequently, telling me the gossip of the hotel and of the changes that had occurred in her considerable absence. One item of news was that the little boat had been taken off the lake. Now my wife, like all women, most laymen and some writing men, continually repeats the news. In each of her first three or four letters she referred to the fact that the little boat had been taken off.

I framed a hypothetical letter from her and printed it in the column. In it, in somewhat twisted and exaggerated form, I recited the news she had written me. And I bore down on the little boat. I mentioned the fact that it had been withdrawn, in every paragraph. I had letters about it from twenty-nine states. I do not exaggerate when I say hundreds of persons wrote to ask me why the little boat had been taken off. Occasionally I still get a letter in which reference is made to it. I think I have never since been in a crowd in which my identity was known that somebody hasn't asked me why they took the little boat off.

Having dealt with the reading public for many years, and having often tried it sorely, I do not understand why most newspapers are scared stiff all the time. The fear that something which is perfectly true and no longer a secret will, if printed, mortally offend somebody and do the paper great harm obsesses, I think, a majority of newspaper offices. A lot of good news and editorial copy is emasculated in pandering to this fear. Or else it isn't written at all. What I have found is that newspapers and individuals, so long as it is done fairly, decently and in good humor, can say anything they like to an American audience and it will come back for more. I know. I have written freely, frankly and with great candor on almost every topic under the shining sun. I have goaded every sacred ox in the corral. I have scared editors half to death. But I doubt that I ever cost a newspaper a friend or a subscriber.

Landing on the Big Time

From the first, I have nagged the women. I did it in the beginning partly because I wanted to attract attention and partly because the much coddled idea that women are sacrosanct was repugnant to me. I had respect and great admiration for the women, but I didn't believe they were. Even then I was unconsciously trying for a better sense of proportion. I don't suppose I had anything to do with it, but in the twenty-five years last past the country has come to a better sense of proportion concerning women. That's why I started nagging them. I keep it up because they like it. I count women readers the strongest prop under my column.

I have no idea of the relative numbers of readers as between the sexes. But professionally speaking, women are my most enthusiastic admirers and severest critics. And that is easy enough to understand. Men read more than women, but they are more casual about it. Women remember better what they read, are more likely to be stirred by it, one way or another, and they talk more about it afterward. If, in any given community, I can set a couple of women to protesting the shameful and outrageous manner in which I abuse the sex, I can have pretty nearly every woman in the community reading the column within a month, and most of them will be my staunch friends.

Were it not for the fact that I wish to confute a theory, I don't suppose the story of my delayed jump from the small time to the two-a-day would have any place in this narrative. The theory I wish to confute is that one of the late Mr. Emerson's about the mousetrap. I made a pretty good mousetrap for more than seventeen years, and in all that time no metropolitan editor beat a pathway to my door. That is to say, for the purpose of purchasing a mousetrap. Every once in a while some metropolitan editor wrote or spoke to me favorably touching the matter of attaching me to his pay roll. But nobody said anything to me about writing a column. Although I had been at it for years and had been widely quoted, I don't believe there were three metropolitan editors in the country who knew I wrote a column. Probably there are not more than half a dozen such now.

And I didn't care. The big time wasn't much of anything to me. I was leading an easy, carefree existence with just enough trouble in it to give it zest. I was having a grand time. I knew everybody in my town, everybody worth while in my state, and I was institutional. I had even become a prominent citizen. And then one day the urge to go elsewhere struck me and sank in. I sat down and wrote to twelve editors stating my desire for a job and my general qualifications for newspaper work. I didn't preen myself much about my column. I merely told them I had been writing one. I thought they ought to know it. I had seven favorable replies, each editor expressing a desire to know more. From the lot I picked the newspaper on which I wanted to work and had some correspondence with its editor. We got nowhere much in the correspondence, although he told me he would give me a job. Comparing notes afterwards, we discovered the obstacle we were unable to surmount through correspondence had been the fact that I was afraid to ask him for what I thought I ought to have and he was afraid to offer me what he felt the paper should pay.

One morning in April I put on a new blue spring suit made by the best tailor in Kansas City, with shirt, hose and cravat to match, picked up a pair of gray gloves and the Malacca stick my wife had once given me for a Christmas present, and went down to the Atlantic Seaboard to call on the editor for whom I had planned to work. It was an impressive front I followed into his office, and I was nonchalant—very nonchalant. I sat down beside his desk.

"I want you to do a column," he said. "When can you go to work?"

I know I violated tradition and I suspect ripped the cardinal rule of the Go-Getter's Union to tatters. I didn't tell him "right now" or "as soon as I can take off my coat."

Instead I said, "I'm going back home to rest for a month. I'm not going to write a line for anybody's paper or unnecessarily move a muscle. I'm not even going to shuffle the cards; I'm going to pass the deal. I'll be back here May twentieth."

And I almost made it. I reported for work May twenty-sixth. I got a job writing a column on the big time because I projected an impressive front and was nonchalant. That was six years and more ago and the old caption still waves.

When the Column is Written

Broadly speaking, on every workday morning for twenty-four years I have faced the prospect of creating a thousand or twelve hundred words of merchantable copy before the dead line closed down on me for the night. Or I should face such prospect if I thought of it at all. But I never do. I write the column when I get around to it and then forget it until it is time to write another. I don't take it home with me and I never make notes against future contingencies. Neither do I lie awake nights thinking up jokes for it. To me it is always a new day and a new job. If I am interested in anything, I do it gayly and happily in two or two and one-half hours. If I'm not interested in anything, I do it less gayly, less happily and less effectively in two or two and one-half hours. I have driven a motor car across country long days for weeks at a time without missing an issue. I have written the column in great conventions and beside prize rings, which is nothing, because every newspaperman does that sort of thing. I have written it with my trigger arm broken and in a cast. I have got it out on antique typewriters on which half the vowels and a third of the consonants were extinct.

There are those who strive to compliment me by saying they don't see how I stand up under the strain. There isn't any strain. I can't stand more than three weeks loafing to save my life. Usually, by the end of the third day of leisure I am wanting to write. I'm afraid something will happen and I won't have a chance to say anything about it. It's an awful feeling, and the symptoms become more pronounced as time passes.

Writing a column is a grand job. Don't let anybody tell you different.

MONARCH

For the
MONARCH
PANTRY

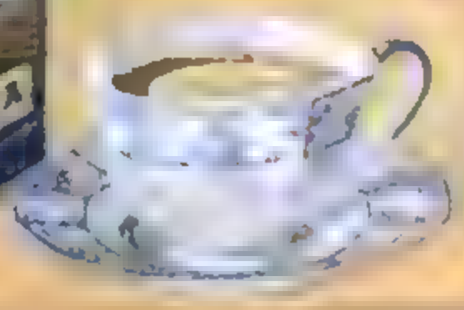
Coffee
Tea
Cocoa
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Sweet Gherkins
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Chow
Sweet Onions
Mayonnaise Dressing
Thousand Island Dressing
Salad Mustard
Peanut Butter
Preserves
Jelly
Apple Butter
Pork and Beans
Yankee Beans
Green Olives
Ripe Olives
Olive Oil
Corn
Early June Peas
Sweet Peas
Tomatoes
Spinach
Asparagus
Red Kidney Beans
Green Beans
Wax Beans
Lima Beans
Hominy
Beets
Okra
Sweet Potatoes
Tomato Puree
Evaporated Milk
Pears
Apricots
Apple Sauce
Egg Plums

For the
MONARCH
PANTRY

Green Gage Plums
Fruit Salad
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Yellow Cling Peaches
Loganberries
Blueberries
Red Raspberries
Blackberries
Black Raspberries
Red Pitted Cherries
Royal Anne Cherries
Salmon
Lobster
Shrimps
Sardines
Tuna Fish
Cod Fish
Clams
Crab Meat
Sliced Beef
Boned Chicken
Spices
Tomato Soup
Vegetable Soup
Corn Chowder
Spaghetti
Pimentos
Prepared Mustard
Grape Juice
Maple Syrup
Jelly Powder
Cocoanut
Preserved Figs
Evaporated Fruits
Seedless Raisins
Currants
Food of Wheat
Cake Flour
Rolled Oats
Corn Flakes
Corn Meal

"A LESSON IN QUALITY"

QUALITY
for 70 years



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General Offices, Chicago, U. S. A.
Branches: Boston · New York · Pittsburgh

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CARTOON AND COMEDY

Timmie and Tatters

"So Your Friend Says He's Lonesome, Does He, Tatters?"

"He Wants Entertainment, Does He? Well, I've Found the Best Way to Entertain Folks—

"Is to Let Them Think They're Doin' It Theirselves"

Serving the Soup at the Gasoline Venders' Banquet

Newcomer: "Who's the Fellow Being Boiled in Oil?"
His Majesty: "That's the Man Who Always Referred to Boys and Girls as 'The Kiddies'"

THE ANGEL CHILD—"Kin I Look Through Your Curtains? Mom Says You Can See More That's Goin' on Through These Curtains Than Anybody Else on the Block

"Some Folks is Queer!"

Visitors to rough country often leave with whole sets of new tires—bought on local advice.

Where to Learn Tire Values

WHERE nature conspires to give tires their severest test, year-'round residents gain acute knowledge of tire values.

Vacation visitors frequently leave such sections with whole sets of new and different tires—bought on local advice.

And they learn to their pleasure that tires which have double the life in rough country, make like or better comparative records on boulevards and good roads.

It was the lower distributing cost effected by the country's great Hardware Wholesalers that made possible the dependable super-quality of Mansfield Tires.

Rough country is peculiarly Hardware country and there Mansfield Tires first won the enviable reputation now spreading so rapidly.

The cost of rubber recently doubled and redoubled. All tire prices are unavoidably higher.

To reduce the cost per *mile* in spite of the higher cost per *wheel*, people are buying Mansfields in more than double the quantity that they ever bought them before in a like period.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords *Truck Cords* *Heavy Duty Cords* *Regular Cords* *Fabric Tires*

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Hardware Stores Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers

When Minutes Count

And Energy Food, needed—

QUICK QUAKER—Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

—that's quicker than toast!

BECAUSE of lack of time, you needn't deny a nourishing breakfast to the family. . . "Hot oats and milk"—that's the world's premier start for an active day.

Quick Quaker, the new Quaker Oats, was perfected to meet the time limit for cooking set by busy wives and mothers.

You cook them in less time than coffee. They make oats the quickest breakfast—hot, savory and enticing, they're as easy now as plain toast!

All the richness and rare flavor that won the world to Quaker, you'll find here. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Try Quick Quaker—you'll like it.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds; *Large:* 3 pounds, 7 oz.

"I GOT HONOLULU!"

(Continued from Page 19)

"And I bet you I get Honolulu, Punk!" he told the dog for the twentieth time.

The mongrel thumped his long bony tail upon the hearth in perfect accord. Punkinseed did not know what Honolulu was, and his master knew but vaguely. But Honolulu was Billy Cricket's obsession. To his simple, childish mind all the glamour of the world crystallized about Honolulu. Once he had listened while a graphophone ground forth the strains of Aloha Oe and ever since that time Honolulu and Hawaii had seemed to him just that—a heartbreaking melody sung to the tinkling of a steel guitar.

Midnight came, and at last the long wisp of whisker began to sink upon his breast. The wayfarer slept in the only bed, so Billy Cricket snored on in his chair.

III

IT WAS now three days and Billy Cricket was bitterly disappointed. He had rigged his radio according to directions, sticking meticulously to every precept and taking extra pains, even where it did not seem necessary.

By rights he should now be listening to noises from the ends of the earth—music and song, caught out of the air. But all that he could get was a cacophony of screeches and squawks, mingled with just enough intelligible bits to tantalize him, and a nasty, insistent little "squee-ee-ee-oo-oo-oo" that drove him nearly crazy.

He leaned back and swore fervently, then remembered.

"I got to apologize again, reverend," he said with contrition. "But that blamed squee-oo thing shorely does stir up a mess of hell in me every time I hear it. And I hear it every time I turn a knob. What you reckon she is?"

The visitor regarded the old man, indifference and casual contempt carefully veiled behind the mask of his face.

"What makes people like you so wrapped up in that radio contraption?" he asked. "It worries you to distraction and ruins your nerves. I can't see what you get out of it."

Billy Cricket was crestfallen and his face showed it.

"I reckon it does seem foolish to you, reverend," he said. "But—well, other people—like you, for instance—can travel and see things. But a feller like me can't do that. No, sir, the old pick and shovel all summer and a string of traps all winter—we got to stick close to them things or we'll starve to death."

"But"—the canting note was in the thin voice and the contempt carefully veiled—"you have the great hills and the stars at night and the whisper of wind in the pines! Be content, brother, be content!"

"I try to be," said Uncle Billy with humility. "But you got to remember, reverend, that even an old jackass tramp's got yearnin's. He can't help it; them yearnin's was planted in him when he was born. He may be so poor that he's tied by the leg to a pick and shovel and goes hungry half the time. He may seem contented just to stay in one spot and dig in the earth like a ground squir'l; but he ain't. No, sir, deep down inside of him his fool soul is forever standin' on its hind laigs and beggin' for a chance to bust loose—just once. Travel, you know, and wear a white collar and new pants. I know it sounds foolish, but if I could only see Honolulu once ——"

He broke off, smiling sheepishly, and twisted a knob.

"A-a-a-rch!" squawked the thing, and then, "Squee-ee-oo-oo!"

Billy Cricket sighed and shut it off. He got up and toddled across to a place on the wall where a loose bit of chinking lay between the logs. He pulled out the chinking and took from behind it a little bottle, half full of gold dust. He carefully emptied into it the pitiful result of his day's work and replaced the bottle behind the chinking.

"That there's my bank," he grinned. "I got three of 'em—this one and one under the middle stone of the hearth and a third one hid in my sack of beans. Makes it safer thataway. If some son of a gun should happen along and steal one bottle, why he'd maybe think that was all, and I'd still have two left."

He set wearily about the task of getting supper; and after the meal was over and he had washed the dishes, he sat down again to tinker with his radio. The stranger sat smoking comfortably at one end of the hearth. Presently there came a slight noise from the rude attic overhead and the Reverend Josiah stiffened, listening.

"What's that?" he whispered. One hand was hovering close to his coat pocket, the long, white index finger twitching nervously.

Uncle Billy listened.

"That?" he said. "Oh, only an old pack rat. I been threatening him for six years now, but I always let him live, for after all he's company, sort of."

"What's a pack rat?"

"Big gray rat that steals anything he ain't got any use for."

"Oh!" The stranger relaxed.

Billy Cricket fussed with his radio a while.

"Funny thing about pack rats," he said. "They steal sumpin of yours, but they always leave sumpin in the place of it. Chip, maybe, or an old bone or a rusty nail—anything. Some folks call 'em trade rats." He turned a knob and the loud speaker gave forth a raucous bark. Billy Cricket jumped nervously and shut it off.

"Sounds like one was in this damn radio!" he said. "Excuse me, reverend."

The Reverend Josiah leaned back again and rolled a cigarette from Billy Cricket's meager supply of tobacco. He was very comfortable and the peace of the place wrapped him about. He had been at the old prospector's cabin for three days and was vastly improved. He could use his injured arm and shoulder, and his appetite was excellent. He lit the cigarette and exhaled with a long contented sigh. Billy Cricket was also moved to smoke, and reached for his pipe, but it was missing. He slapped his pockets, but to no avail.

"I rickollect," he said. "I put her in the pocket of my coat. Must have left my coat down at the sluice box. I reckon I better go get that coat or the deer mice'll have it cut to pieces before mornin'."

He left the cabin and trudged off down the trail toward the sluice box, a quarter of a mile away. However, he found the coat before going a hundred yards, where it had dropped from his arm. He picked it up and turned back, but after a few steps stopped and regarded his cabin curiously. His little window had no shade and always sent forth a cheery light at night. Now it was dark.

Something—perhaps an instinct bred of long years living in the wilderness—moved him to caution. He approached the cabin noiselessly and observed the phenomenon of the blanketed window more closely. Still treading with the soundless feet of a wild thing, he crept close to the side of the cabin and peeped in through a crack with which he was familiar. And what he saw made his mystification yet deeper.

Stripped to the waist, the man Smith stood before the fireplace anointing his shoulder with the horse liniment. The light from the fire beat strongly upon the shoulder, revealing a round ugly wound, apparently nearly healed. How, Billy Cricket wondered, had he received a wound like that in a fall? And why was the man so jealous of it? More mystery!

The shoulder dressed, Smith was about to resume his shirt, when he hesitated, then opened the pocket of a money belt that he wore and took from it a string of polish-white beads. He held the silly things up to

(Continued on Page 66)

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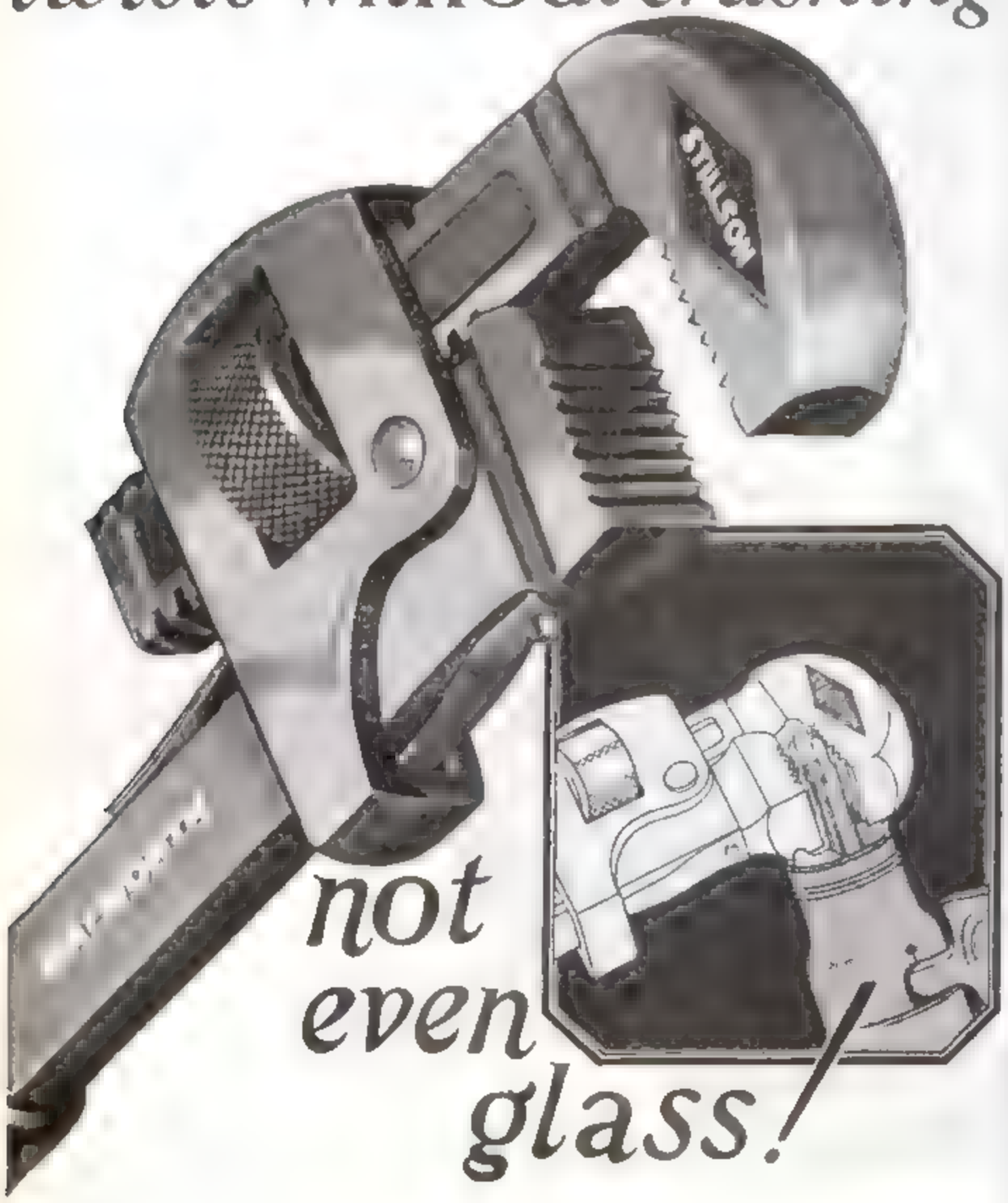

ADJUST the jaws of a **STILLSON** on anything you want to loosen or tighten or pull out. Turn slowly and you will feel the top teeth settle their hold with a wedging bite that nothing can slip out of.

There's power enough in a **STILLSON** to bend a steel bar, but with a little knack you can use its grip so gently as not to break the glass stub of an electric light bulb that is stuck in its socket.

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WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass. ~ *Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World.* ~ Plants at Boston, Kewanee, Ill., and Attalla, Ala.

(Continued from Page 64)

the light, regarding them, trickling them through his long pallid fingers and at last returning them to the money belt. He drew on his shirt and turned toward the window. Punkinseed lay in his way, asleep, and he did not trouble to go round the old dog, but kicked him malevolently aside. Punkinseed uttered a succession of anguished yelps and crawled, limping and whimpering, beneath the bed.

Something fierce and terrible awoke in the childish soul of poor old Billy Cricket and a red mist danced before his eyes. What he had seen was incredible. And the man was a preacher! There were tears in his eyes, tears of pity for poor Punkinseed mingling with tears of resentment. Why—why —— And the man was a preacher! He had said so!

He slipped away from the cabin and waited until the blanket came down and the cheery light from the cabin shone forth again.

Then, scuffling noisily along and even making a weird attempt to whistle, he came up to the door and entered.

"Didn't have to go clear to the diggin's, after all," he announced. "Found her down the trail a ways."

Billy Cricket sat down at the opposite end of the hearth and lit his pipe. Punkinseed came from beneath the bed and crept to his master's side, seeking sympathy. The old man's skinny hand closed about the bony head and held it tightly against his knee. Punkinseed gave a happy sigh.

"Think a lot of your dog, don't you?" observed Smith.

It was hard to keep the tremor of rage out of his voice as Billy Cricket answered.

"Yes, sir," he said. "A man's got God, but a dog's got only a man. Maybe the dog's ornery and no-'count; but at that, sometimes his master's a damn sight worse. But the dog don't know that. I don't amount to much, reverend—but Punkinseed don't know it. He depends on me, ole Punk does—and trusts me. And by gosh, I'd hate to have even a dog know I wasn't worth it!"

"Continue to be kind, brother," droned the thin, sanctimonious voice.

Billy Cricket gathered his long slender tuft of whiskers into his hand and spat over them accurately into the fire.

And from this hour Uncle Billy hated the Reverend Josiah Montgomery Smith with a fierce, vindictive hatred. It troubled his simple soul to realize that he cherished such sentiments toward a minister of the gospel, but the fact remained and he could not change the structure of his being. Hating a preacher! Why, he admitted fearfully, it was almost as bad as cursing the lightning! The old fellow spoke of this to his dog next day while he rested for a moment, leaning on the long handle of his shovel. Punkinseed no longer limped from the savage kick, but he still hopped on three legs occasionally from force of habit.

"I reckon preachers is human, same as the rest of us, Punk," said Uncle Billy. "We got to remember they got temptations. But if that jay bird wasn't a preacher for just one holy minute, I'd give myself a treat and knock the other side of his face cockeyed!"

He was still worried that evening when he went in and forced himself to give the preacher a civil greeting. He went over and pulled out the bit of chinking, but there was nothing behind it; nothing but the dried heart of an old pine cone. For a long time he could not believe his eyes. He turned and met the gaze of the Reverend Josiah, watching him with inscrutable eyes.

"It's gone!" he said. "My bottle of dust!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the preacher. "Have you looked carefully?"

"There was nothing there but this!" Uncle Billy held up the pine cone. For a moment there was silence. Then, "Ah," said the missionary, "I now perceive why they are called trade rats."

Again the silence. Uncle Billy looked at Smith again, then away, and a hot flush of shame ran over him, searing him with self-abasement, for he realized that deep in his heart a black suspicion had sprung up like a mushroom, and that his hatred had grown along with it. He put his hand upon the unworthy thought and strangled it—or thought he strangled it.

"Yes," he said slowly, and put the chinking back in place. "I reckon." And then, his hatred bounding to the surface again—"Some day," he spat viciously, "I'll make that hellish ole trade rat curse the day he ever come into my home!"

The sinuous pale fingers, straying among the stubble on the pointed chin, caught a grin and smoothed it away. Billy Cricket took up his regular evening task of preparing supper, still silent and ashamed, for he had not killed the black suspicion, nor even crippled it. The thing grew and grew and yelled its hate to the universe.

All through the evening meal old Billy was silent and preoccupied. Across the table the Reverend Josiah was silent also, but his hard eyes covertly watched his simple-minded host, a gleam of sardonic amusement and casual contempt back of their masklike regard. Supper over, the man yawned and went to bed. He was asleep, apparently, when, after washing the dishes, Billy Cricket came back.

Smith lay on his back, his face to the light, and Billy Cricket eyed him with aversion. But in spite of his mental disturbance, the old prospector could not keep away from his radio. For an hour he sat there, patiently turning knobs and torturing himself with the squawking of static and the fragmentary bits of connected speech that merely teased him without satisfying. The loud speaker filled the room with the sounds, but he had found that his guest did not hear these discords, sleeping through them all. The Reverend Josiah evidently was a heavy sleeper.

He was about to give it up for the night when he was attracted by a spot of rust on his rifle. He got out the oiled rag and began polishing the weapon, meanwhile pausing at intervals to twist a knob or to curse the tantalizing little "Squee-oo." And then, when he least expected it, a mere touch on a knob and suddenly the little cabin was filled with the plaintive, sweet tinkling of a steel guitar. While he sat and stared with protruding eyes, listening to the miracle, a rich voice took up the opening bars of Imi Au Ia Oe and Billy Cricket began to tremble violently.

"I got Honolulu!"

It started as a triumphant yell, but excitement caught it in his throat, a choked gasp. The song broke off suddenly and the familiar squawking succeeded. Billy Cricket touched the knob with shaking fingers, hoping and praying that he had not lost it utterly. And instantly a man's voice was speaking, clearly and distinctly, as though the speaker stood just across the table:

"—— and all law-abiding people are urged to watch for this man Eddie Wickham, alias the Snowbird. He is wanted for the murder of Terence Hickey, house detective at the Hotel Aladdin; also for the theft of the famous Sinclair pearls.

"You will know him by the following description: A pallid face; a cast in the left eye; a scar that runs from the corner of his mouth almost to his chin; he says little and sometimes passes himself off as a preacher; he has long white fingers which have a nervous habit of playing about his chin; he is thought to be wounded —— Arrch! Arrch! Squee ——"

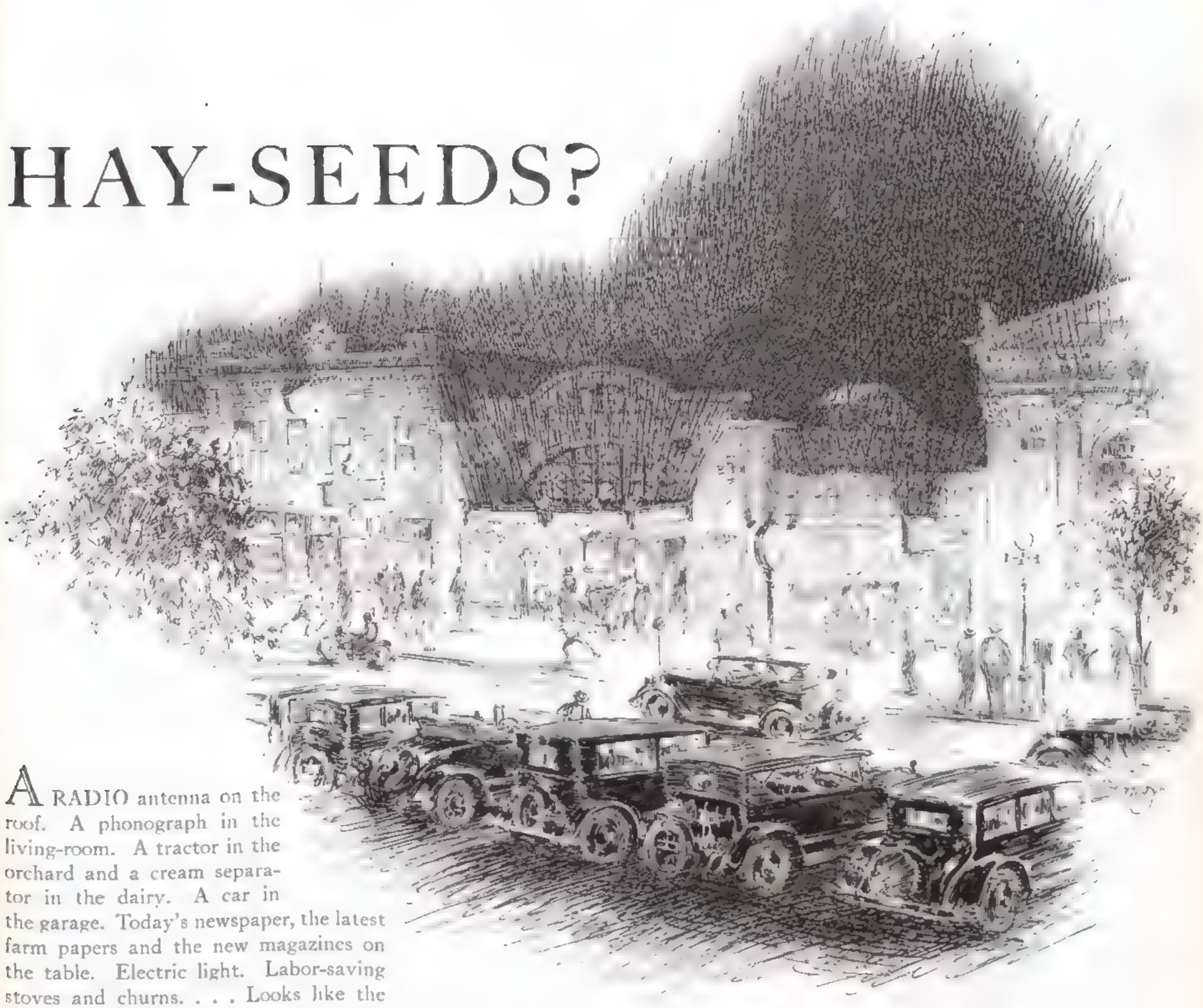
Deadly fear gripped old Billy by the throat and he silenced the machine with panic-stricken fingers. The breath was near bursting his lungs and the blood pounded in his stringy throat. Was it possible that Smith had not heard?

But the man's face had not changed. Still full in the light, it continued to wear the blank, expressionless look of a slumbering face. While the old man watched, the sleeper began to snore gently.

"Reverend! Oh, Reverend!" called Billy Cricket tentatively.

(Continued on Page 68)

HAY-SEEDS?



A RADIO antenna on the roof. A phonograph in the living-room. A tractor in the orchard and a cream separator in the dairy. A car in the garage. Today's newspaper, the latest farm papers and the new magazines on the table. Electric light. Labor-saving stoves and churns. . . . Looks like the farmer has been to town, doesn't it?

But that is only half the truth, for the town has gone half-way to meet the farmer. The small towns along his roads are growing steadily, under his patronage. The main roads into cities are becoming cities themselves. He is no longer isolated. Paved highways link him to his neighbors, to modern schools and first-class stores. Hundreds of thousands of farmers now drive to the movies in less time than it takes a New Yorker to get from the Bronx to Wall Street.

Channels of trade distribution that once ended in the larger towns, are now extending in every direction. The farmer is now a prospect for practically every product common to the metropolitan market. His purchases are high in quality and modern in style. His credit is good. His business is valuable.

There are six million farmers. There is more money invested in farming than all other industries combined. Advertising that carefully considers the preferences and limitations of this market has proved extremely profitable. And its value as a base for future selling is incalculable. For the farmer has only begun to break free from his environment. Secure his confidence today and you will fortify your trade-mark with a protective circle of conviction that will resist tomorrow's competition. A protection that will stand, to use the farmer's own expression—"horse-high, hog-tight, bull-strong."

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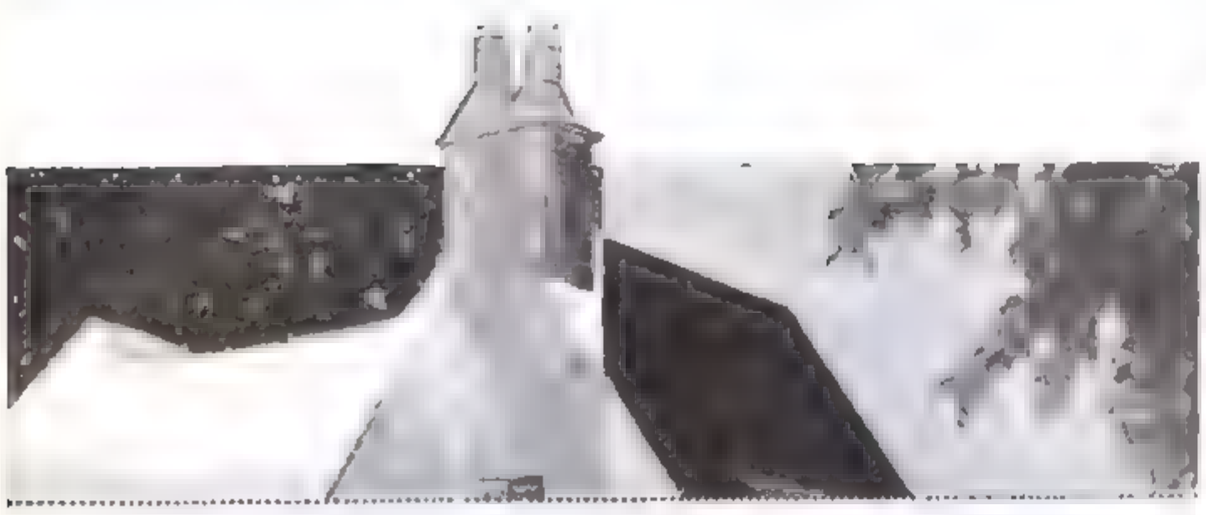

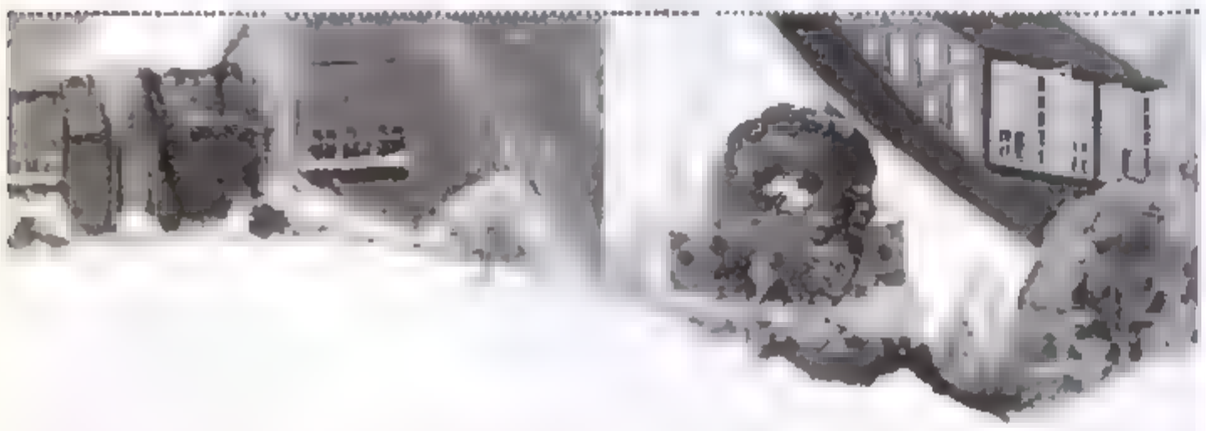

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Yet this modern Celotex home will cost you no more than one of ordinary construction. For, used as sheathing on exterior walls, and when used on interior walls and ceilings, with plaster applied directly to its surface, Celotex takes the place of *five* building materials: wood lumber, building paper, lath, deadening felt, *and* any extra heat-stopping material. And five application costs are reduced to two.

Celotex is the one material which combines high insulation value with additional structural strength and is not an *extra* item in the building. It makes an enduring house, whose resale value is assured.

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Over sixty thousand families are already enjoying a new degree of home comfort and economy in houses built with Celotex.

Find out more about Celotex before you build or buy a home. It is everywhere available. If you are going to build, your architect, contractor or lumber dealer will explain its advantages fully. Or if you buy a completed house, insist upon one built with Celotex.

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(Continued from Page 66)

There was no answer and the eyes remained peacefully closed.

There he was, scar, cockeye and all! And he had betrayed the hospitality of a mountain man and passed himself off as a preacher! How could he sleep like that, having committed such sacrilege? There he was—and old Billy cocked his rifle, the black rage exulting within himself for that it was now justified. He arose and made to poke the sleeper in the ribs with the muzzle of the heavy gun, then hesitated.

The man slept! Suddenly all Billy Cricket's rude but sensitive ethics, the ethics of the hermit, arose and battled with the vindictive hatred that urged him on. This was his guest! A killer and a thief—but the outlaw had broken his bread and eaten his salt, and now slept beneath his roof, trusting him!

He sat down again, lit his pipe and smoked, watching the upturned face, his rifle across his knees. The silence clung about the place and up in the loft the old wood rat rattled among the rubbish.

"You got to do it!" Billy Cricket told himself firmly. This man was a killer. He had murdered a poor fellow who was protecting society against such as this creature lying there—a beast of prey masquerading in the image of God. "You got to do it!" thought old Billy again, and got up. But once more he hesitated and his shame burned him afresh. The man slept, trusting him!

Billy Cricket set the rifle against the wall, convenient to his hand, and lay down on his pallet of old sacks.

"I—I'll do it in the mornin'," he told himself. "Anyway, I'm all raveled out with excitement. Ain't in no condition to arrest a desperate man like that. I won't sleep though. I'll just get me a good rest, and take him down to Taterbug in the mornin'."

He was a tired-out little old man.

The first dim light of daybreak was stealing in through the window when his eyes opened and he realized that he had been asleep. The shock of the discovery jarred him wide awake and he reached out a stealthy hand, groping for his rifle. It was not there.

Where had it gone? For several minutes he lay motionless, not daring to move, his skin crawling. Again his heart pounded the suffocating blood into his throat as he realized the sinister possibilities suggested by the missing rifle. He listened, but there was no sound beyond the regular breathing of Punkinseed, sleeping at his feet.

Presently he raised his head slightly and looked across the room. There was no bulge upon the bed, so he got carefully to his feet and approached it. His guest was gone, and all the cherished old blankets were gone also. Billy Cricket put his hand upon the hay mattress and found it still faintly warm. The man had not been gone long. Uncle Billy straightened and drew a long, shuddering sigh; and with the passing of that sickening fear of sudden death the suppressed rage that had been accumulating for days rose to its peak.

"Preacher, hey?" he said hoarsely. "Fell and hurt his shoulder, did he? Kickin' my dog and stealin' my gold, and layin' it onto a poor ole pack rat!"

A cold premonition ran through him and he pried up the middle stone of the hearth. No bottle of gold dust was there. Where it had been now lay the withered heart of an old pine cone! Breathing stertorously and filled with horrible dread, the old man hurried to the corner where he kept the bag containing his scanty supply of beans. The bag was gone. In its place lay an old dried pine cone!

Billy Cricket went back and built a fire in the fireplace, for he was shaking with the chill of early morning. The fire caught and he sat upon his heels before it, thinking, though his childish mind was dulled with the calamity that had overtaken him. When he was warmed he arose stiffly and prepared to make his breakfast. However, he found nothing whatever in his cupboard. Bacon, flour, salt, sugar—there had been little, and now it was all gone. He turned and looked about and his eyes fell upon his beloved radio. It was stripped of its shiny knobs and utterly wrecked. At last he realized the truth; he had been entertaining a fiend.

The old man went back to the fireplace and sat down, dazed and whipped. Mechanically, he took out his pipe and reached for his tobacco, the solace to which he always turned in his extremity. But the tobacco can was empty. At the bottom, mocking him, lay the inevitable pine cone.

That was the last straw. Uncle Billy Cricket sprang into the air and emitted a loud, piercing screech, gone utterly berserk. Punkinseed scuttled to his feet and his barking added a wild obbligato to old Billy's falsetto torrent of profanity. The old man forgot his breakfast and his pipe—everything but his lust for vengeance. He climbed up into the loft and began searching for something, meanwhile telling himself what was going to happen to the preacher, his shrill falsetto rattling the shake roof overhead. In the passing of years the pack rat had piled an incredible mountain of trash over the old boxes stored there, and Billy Cricket dug like a badger, filling the air with dust, knocking his head against the splintery rafters, but never ceasing his exposition. When he came down the ladder again his bald head was covered with dirt and cobwebs and he carried an ancient revolver. It was a huge, clumsy affair of a type now forgotten, covered with rust and its long formidable barrel choked with dead spiders and dirt. The lock was a mass of rust, but Uncle Billy squirted it full of hot bear grease and presently the venerable weapon promised to function. He had found a dozen cartridges for the old atrocity. They were thick with corrosion, but he filed this off, oiled the brass; and all the time he worked he continued to talk.

"Preacher!" he said, and it would be impossible to express the sneering vindictiveness that he put into the word. "I'll preacher him! Know what I'm goin' to do to him? I'm goin' to chase that preacher so far he'll sweat himself to death walkin' back—the cockeyed, ornery son of a gun!"

When his artillery was ready he went out into the garden and dug some potatoes. He had nothing else that was edible. He then hunted up a long length of buckskin string and wound it about his waist, swung on his pack bag full of raw potatoes and picked up the trail of the treacherous guest who had so outraged his hospitality.

"You stay home, Punkinseed," Uncle Billy called back. "This here's a one-man job. He's got a rifle and six ca'tridges. If I can dodge six times I got a chance. Of course, he'll have an automatic too—but wait"—he patted the ridiculous weapon dangling against his leg—"just wait till Ole Betsy busts loose and that preacher'll think hell's poppin' along the Wabash!"

IV

THE outlaw was highly pleased with himself—especially pleased when he thought of how he had lain there with the light full upon his face and never a muscle twitching while that absurd radio described him accurately. To this he had schooled himself all his evil life. To him it was a matter of pride that no emotion ever showed in his face unless he so willed.

He chuckled deep in his throat when he recalled those old pine cones, and he wondered if his outraged host would get the point of it. Probably not. Old Billy Cricket was a mountain hick and doubtless would continue to attribute it to the trade rat. However, it would strain the old fellow's credulity to pin the loss of the rifle and the blankets and the sack of beans upon the rat. There must be limits, even to the lowest imagination.

The man chuckled again, congratulating himself. It had been a great piece of luck—acquiring a rifle and blankets and a supply of grub. He was unused to the mountains and it was of the greatest importance that

(Continued on Page 70)

—are *you* trying to heat your house with a sieve?

TAKE a look at your furnace and heating system to-night. It may look like a perfectly good heat machine, but in reality it may be a tremendous heat sieve—leaking heat all the way from furnace to radiator.

It is a sieve if your furnace and pipes are bare and it is hardly better than a sieve if they are covered with ragged or worn pipe covering or even if they are neatly covered with insulation that is too thin.*

Asbestocel soon saves its cost

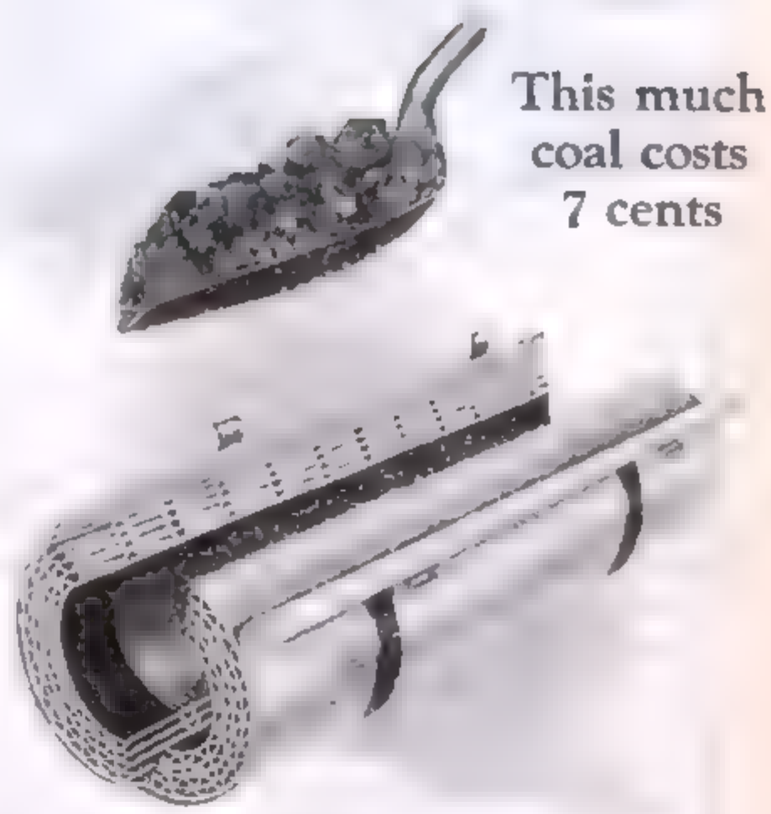
Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel is an insulation for furnaces and heating pipes with a truly remarkable record for saving fuel. Owing to its unusual construction of "closed-off" air cells, it saves more fuel per dollar of cost than any other covering. This means that it will very quickly pay for itself.

You'd be surprised how little it costs

To cover your furnace and heating pipes with Improved Asbestocel is a far less expensive job than you probably think. It costs no more than the price of the few tons of coal that the insulation should quickly save. So have a plumber or heating man estimate on applying Improved Asbestocel. Do it now while your furnace is shut down—and begin this fall saving the fuel you formerly wasted.

Our booklet, "More Heat from Less Fuel", contains many valuable hints on fuel saving. Send for it.

* To test the thickness of your insulation
Force a nail or knife into the insulation on your furnace.
The furnace covering should be at least one inch thick.
Remove a section of pipe covering. One half inch is too thin.
It should be three-quarter inch or better still, one inch thick.



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If you are skeptical about your ability to paint your car with Effecto Auto Enamel, just touch up some of those rusty spots on a fender. Then you'll begin to realize the possibilities in Effecto, the *original* automobile *enamel*.

A few dollars' worth of Effecto, several hours of interesting work and twenty-four hours for drying will make your old car look like new Effecto is free-flowing and self-leveling. It dries without runs, laps or brush marks and it wears longer than the finish on most new cars.

Effecto is not a paint, wax or polish; it is made in eight popular *enamel* colors, Finishing (clear varnish) and Top & Seat Dressing.

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Send a dime to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter pint of Black Effecto Enamel which you can try out on a fender or wheel. We will also send you color card and names of dealers.

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 68)

he keep himself fit while journeying through the forest. And what a bit of sublime audacity—continuing to spend the night in the prospector's cabin, even though he knew that the old man had heard a detailed description of him and the account of his latest crime. That took nerve—all sorts of nerve! But he had secured a good night's rest and felt better for it. His shoulder was almost as good as new too. Billy Cricket had taken excellent care of him.

He was smoking a cigarette, seated upon a log half a mile up the creek trail, and the darkness was beginning to thin with the first intimation of coming day. Somewhere out in the forest a jay awoke and called drowsily to its mate. A cool breeze came down the gulch, and the indefinable freshness that precedes a new day coming out of the east.

The man arose, flung away his cigarette, gathered up his rifle and pack and stepped into the brush at the side of the trail, being careful to leave no tracks. The pack, he admitted to himself, was rather heavy, but that did not matter in the least. He was fresh and strong from his stay at the cabin. He could carry it easily. All that now remained was to travel leisurely northward for several miles, then strike due east across the mountains to the railroad. He had a map, which indicated clearly the location of a tank where all the freight trains going north stopped for water. Once there, he had but to slip into an empty box car, slip out again before entering the next city—and he would be forgotten in a few weeks. He looked back. A dense curtain of forest lay between him and that first step from the trail into the wilderness. He was safe. With that first step from the trail he had disappeared from the world. No one could find him here!

A city dweller, he was accustomed to city conditions. It did not occur to him that Billy Cricket kept the life in his skinny body by reading signs and tracking down wild things. So ignorant was he of mountain matters that he did not remember the cigarette butt that he had cast down at the side of the trail, nor the crumbs that had fallen to the ground beside the log upon which he had sat, breakfasting. Nor did Billy Cricket qualify in his mind as a menace. Billy Cricket was too old and simple Besides, he now had no gun. The fugitive forgot him presently.

Along about noon one heel began to sting slightly, but he gave it no heed, for he planned to cross Crunchbone before night. The pack, too, was beginning to grow remarkably heavy, and the straps pained his shoulders cruelly. Added to these, the ordinary street shoes he wore had grown slippery and on the sharper slopes it was difficult to keep his footing. By and by it came to him that the other heel was smarting also, but he did not stop to investigate. He was still strong, he told himself, and he ate his lunch as he traveled.

Mid-afternoon came and he was still a quarter of a mile under the summit of Crunchbone, for he had followed a long slant across the slope of the mountain. His heels were flaming by this time and he stopped at last to attend to them. When he pulled off the socks, hot and wet with perspiration, the skin came away from two large blisters upon his heels—raw, red blisters the size of a ten-cent piece. His toes, he discovered, were blistered also. He cursed the blisters, but did not consider them of great consequence. He was a city man, and to his mind a blister in no way suggested calamity.

When he resumed his footwear and started on, the pain was almost unendurable, for now they were raw surfaces that rubbed inside the hot shoes and were poisoned with sweat and the dye from the damp socks. About six o'clock he could stand it no longer. Anyway, he calculated that he had reached the point where he had planned to turn and strike due east toward the railroad, only forty miles away. He was trembling with hunger, so he dropped his pack by a spring and built a low fire, over which he proceeded to broil some bacon strips.

It was very quiet here, and peaceful Perhaps, he thought, he might decide to stay here for a week and rest up—give the world a chance to forget that Hotel Aladdin affair. There really was no need to hurry, for he had grub enough to last at least a week, using it discreetly. Besides, you might hunt the world over and not find a safer place.

A crashing came out of the forest and continued steadily, coming his way. He hid behind a tree and waited, his rifle ready and his hard cold eyes upon the mass of undergrowth through which he had lately come. But it was a buck that broke cover, not ten yards away. It swerved at sight of the crouching man and went down the slope with long, plunging bounds that scattered the rubble through the brush. The noise of its going ceased at last and the peace of the solitudes descended upon the place once more. It did not occur to the outlaw to wonder what had frightened the deer.

"Regular movie stuff!" he thought, and resumed his broiling, seated luxuriously upon a log. "Why, I was scared for a second! Might have known it was only a deer or something. I'm the only man within ten miles. Probably the only man that ever set foot in the place ——"

The evening silence was rent by the bellow of a gun, and a huge, blundering bullet struck in the fire, scattering coals in all directions. A half-burned stick whirled upward and struck the man in the face, the red coal of one end smashing him in the eye and scorching his cheek, knocking him over backward. He was up in an instant, however, clutching his rifle and brushing the fire out of his eyes, trying desperately to see. He forgot his pain for the moment, and his confidence returned, for he had been in gun battles before. Let his assailant show himself! He'd fight it out with him! He dropped behind the log and waited.

But there was no further demonstration. The shot might have come out of a dream, and the day ended and the darkness stole through the forest with no sound from the unseen enemy. But the fierce hunger persisted; and after it had become quite dark the outlaw crawled over to the dead fire and hunted his raw bacon strips out of the ashes, eating them crouched behind his log

Now, for the first time in his life, the arrogant outlaw, who always sneered at pursuit, began to feel afraid. The wilderness, which all day had appeared to him so friendly and protecting, now seemed to crowd in upon him, dark, menacing, full of hideous possibilities, and, above all, silent. It was that awful silence that crept to the roots of his hair and ran shivering along his bones. Had he seen his enemy for one brief instant or heard his voice—but this one mysterious shot was almost unhuman and could not be explained; one bellowing shot, then the creeping silence.

He cautiously gathered his blankets about him, but did not sleep. He did not dare to sleep, but crouched, listening to the silence. He would have left the place, but he did not know which way to go. Nor could he travel through the forest in the darkness. it had been bad enough in broad daylight. Besides, he might stumble upon the man who had shot at him. The moon came up, but it merely intensified the darkness beneath the trees and added a ghastly note to the mystery all about him. His feet throbbed and sent aching pains all over his body. His burned eye was agony itself—and still no sound from the direction whence the shot had come. An owl hooted from the top of the tree above him and the breath came short in the man's throat.

At the first suggestion of daylight he assembled his pack and crawled painfully away from the place. He could see but little out of the injured eye and the other blurred and ran in sympathy. His face was a mass of fire blisters and all his muscles stiff and sore. After crawling for a hundred yards, he arose and began walking: but every step was anguish, for the blisters on

(Continued on Page 72

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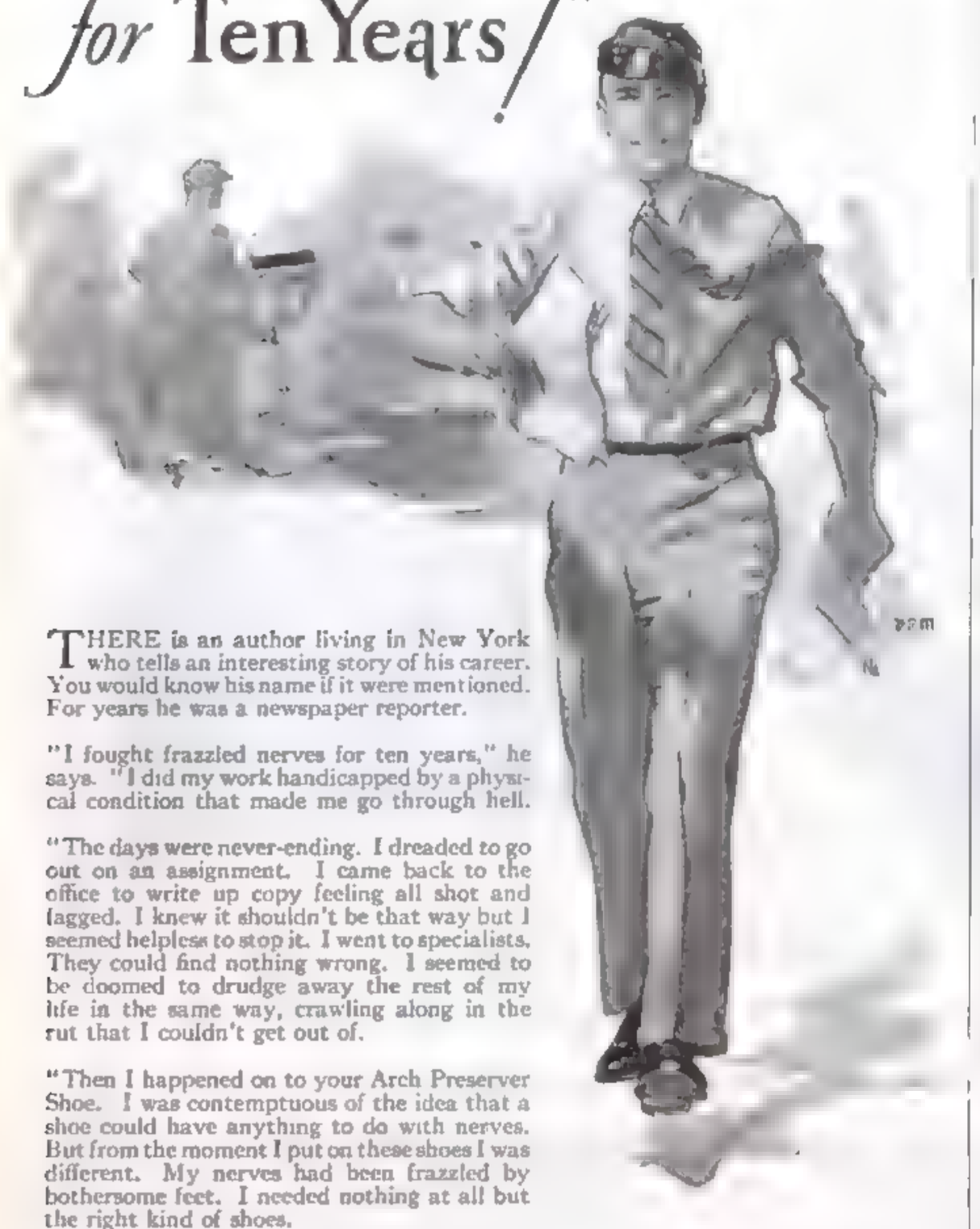

THERE is an author living in New York who tells an interesting story of his career. You would know his name if it were mentioned. For years he was a newspaper reporter.

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(Continued from Page 70)

his feet opened afresh at the first harsh rub of the crusted socks. But for a mile he struggled on, slanting across the summit, then turned abruptly straight up the hill, determined to cross the summit and leave that slope of Crunchbone forever.

He was only a short quarter of a mile under the summit when he started, but it took him fully an hour—fighting through twisted masses of manzanita and wild cherry which the heavy snows of that altitude had tangled and flattened into an almost impenetrable jungle. When he stepped out of the brush he heaved a sigh of relief, for here was the snow barren, a streak of bare ground running along the extreme summit of Crunchbone Mountain.

Only a couple of hundred yards away was the wall of brush that began at the top of the downward slope; dwarf chinquapin mostly, with here and there a group of stunted firs. Above him was the wide sky and the sun, and he drew a deep breath of relief. He was halfway across the barren, and already the distant ranges of other mountains were rising to his view. That way was freedom and safety, and the dangerous Chanowah was behind forever ——

From the opposite side of the barren came the belching roar of a gun and something plowed the earth at his feet, flinging stinging gravel against his bruised and burned face. A cloud of black powder smoke billowed up from the clump of low firs, and he fled back over the way he had come, but halted at the edge of the brush tangle and fired twice, blindly, at the clump of firs, then stood for some moments, shrieking defiance at the invisible marksman and daring him to show himself and fight. But the silence continued and his terror came out of the night and turned this sunlit barren into a place equally hideous as his camp had been. A wild bee shot past his ear like a bullet and he dodged, then plunged back into the jungle of manzanita and wild cherry, panic-stricken.

At noon he was in the bottom of Rough Gulch, two-thirds of the way down the mountain and utterly lost. He still had his map, but it was quite useless; for to his distorted mind north was south and east west, and the sun no longer helped. He managed to make a fire, feeling sorely in need of food. Surely he had now lost the man who was trailing him.

But was it a man? Such, by now, was the condition of his nerves that his superstitions awoke and began to whisper. He opened his grub sack and found that the brush had torn a hole in the bottom of it and all his beans and flour had trickled away. He still had bacon, however, and of course coffee and sugar—but nothing to make coffee in. He had overlooked that point. He made a wretched meal and went on, though he now had no choice of direction. At night he gnawed a piece of raw bacon, not daring to build a fire.

But he could not sleep, for out in the forest something was moving intermittently—stealthy feet that pad-padded and stopped, remaining quiet for a long time, then moving again. The stars crept across overhead and sank into the denseness of the mountain on the other side. The moon followed them—a pale, ghostly moon that looked down through the tree tops upon him, old, passionless, indifferent. And still the vague sounds of the prowler circling his camp. When daylight showed, the outlaw was still awake, listening, his finger on the trigger.

As soon as he could see he crawled over to where he had left his precious bacon; but it was not there. Some creature—a skunk, perhaps, or a pack rat—had carried it away during the night.

While he sat there, trying to realize this supreme calamity, the air shook with the familiar bellow of the black-powder gun and he heard the huge blob of lead thump into the tree trunk near his head. He threw his rifle to his shoulder and emptied it into the forest, then dropped the gun and ran, going downhill, for in that direction lay the line of least resistance. Time after time in his panic-stricken flight he fell over logs, tearing his puffed face in the brush and bruising his body horribly. He did not stop until he had reached the foot of the mountain and stood upon a bluff, looking across the narrow river.

But he was afraid of the river. It seemed full of voices, for he was half delirious, what with his fear of what followed him and the anguish of his tortured feet and blinded eye. He still had his automatic—the one with which he had killed poor old Terry Hickey—and even yet, could he have seen his enemy, he would have fought it out, gun to gun. But his enemy did not show himself. The voices in the river awoke other voices and he went back into the forest.

For the third night he did not sleep. The feet of the prowler found him again and pad-padded stealthily, circling his camp until morning. He forced himself to sit upright, watching, his automatic in his hand and his body rocking drunkenly. And at daybreak the thunder of the black-powder gun, but this time his flight was a mere stumbling walk.

Today the trailer began to close in upon him. Half a dozen times he was met by the bellow of the gun and forced to turn in a new direction, talking to himself and shrieking invective at his unseen pursuer—shrieks that were mere hoarse whispers. His rate of progress was still slower now—a snail's pace, punctuated by many falls.

Shortly after noon he emerged from the brush into a little clearing and started across. At the lower edge of the clearing was a log cabin, with a wire stretching from a fir tree across the creek to a pine tree. . . . A dog barked and somewhere a jackass brayed. . . . He stumbled and fell upon his face, his arms flung wide upon the torn ground.

V

BUD COLLINS, postmaster, game warden, storekeeper and deputy sheriff of Taterbug Ford, sat upon the edge of the store porch, talking to Doc Wells and waiting for the mail stage. The little mountain station dozed in the peace of a breathless day, and up in the kitchen of the log hotel on the other side of the highway the Chinese cook was singing through his nose. Suddenly Collins sat up and looked down the road toward the bridge.

"Look yonder, Doc!" he said.

Out of the trail leading down from the upriver country had appeared a remarkable procession. Trotting ahead was Punkinseed, head and tail in the air, his happy face split from ear to ear in a glad smile, anticipating bones. Bud Collins was his friend. Back of Punkinseed plodded Absalom, indifferent, pessimistic, an ass that long ago had soured on the whole piffling universe, cherishing but one ambition—to kick somebody.

Upon Absalom's back sat a man, rolling and lurching from side to side at every step of the animal. He would have fallen off but for the buckskin thong that lashed his crossed wrists to the pommel and the rope wherewith his body and legs were lashed to the animal's body. The man was a wreck.

At the rear of the procession came Billy Cricket, reeling as he walked, but still game and vengeful.

"Great gosh!" called the horrified postmaster. "Whoever you got there, Uncle Billy, and what's happened to him?"

"He's a cockeyed preacher from San Francisco—and I happened to him!" Old Billy spoke in the weak, squeaky voice of one who has lived long on a diet of raw potatoes. "I been chasin' that preacher all over Crunchbone for four days. Along about noon I herds him into my potato patch and hogties him. I'm turnin' him over to you, Bud, you bein' an officer of the law."

"But what did you arrest him for?" demanded the bewildered postmaster. "What did he do?"

The procession came up and stopped, and Billy Cricket slumped down on the edge of the porch. Full of exhaustion and self-pity, he began to whimper.

"He kicked Punkinseed!" he wailed. "He kicked Punkinseed and he stole my

(Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72)

tobacco!" Doc Wells and Bud were taking the man off the jackass, uttering shocked ejaculations at his condition; but Billy Cricket viewed the proceeding with a lackluster eye, for his mind was on his own wrongs. They widened as he contemplated them and the ridiculous little duck feather at the tip of his whisker began to tremble piteously. "And he busted my new radio!" he sobbed. "Just when I got Honolulu!"

Things moved swiftly in the next half hour. Billy Cricket, over his first meal in four days, had told all about it, dwelling with mighty pride upon the achievement of his radio. Now he was over in the store, vastly rejuvenated, chewing his tobacco violently while telling it again as Bud Collins tied up a new supply of provisions for him. Upstairs in the log hotel the outlaw was asleep, attended by Doc Wells and two armed guards.

"Still," Bud Collins was saying, "you can't prove it, Uncle Billy. You ain't got any proof he killed anybody or anything."

"Hell I can't!" said Uncle Billy, his whisp of whisker bristling. "Ain't I told you I heard it over my new radio?"

He was full of beans, and a far different man from the one that had come whimpering into Taterbug.

"But why didn't you get him right off?" Collins wanted to know. "If he'd done all them things, why did you chase him for four days, scarin' hum to death, and then bring him in lookin' like a hunk of Hamburg steak?"

"Yah!" sneered Billy Cricket. "That thievin' preacher!" He still thought of the outlaw as a preacher. "He had my rifle and an automatic! I didn't see the automatic but I knew he must have one. Me, I only had Ole Betsy here. She hadn't been shot off for twenty years; and besides, I never could hit the side of a hill with her nohow! What sort of a show would I have had—Ole Betsy against a rifle and an automatic?

"But Ole Betsy makes a hell of a noise, and I figured if I could keep that preacher travelin' and losin' sleep—him bein' a city man and soft—why pretty soon I'd have him run ragged, with his tongue hangin' out so far he'd step on it. Just like a coyote runnin' down a deer. Just keep 'em movin' and losin' sleep and bime-by all you got to do is pick 'em off the ground!" He shoved his last pitiful bottle of gold dust across the counter and swaggered, though it was all he had in the world. He took his purchases and started out.

Remembering suddenly, he pulled the string of beads from his pocket and tossed them to the postmaster. "Took 'em off the preacher," he said casually. "Nearly forgot 'em."

Collins eyed them skeptically.

"You been drunk, Uncle Billy!" he said. "You're goin' to get into trouble over this affair. Why, Tom Mikel's wife, over in Greasy Gulch Tom's wife has got a string just like this one—and she paid fifteen cents for it!"

"I don't care!" said Billy Cricket. "Anyway, I took 'em off the preacher. He had 'em strapped round his waist, right against his hide."

"I don't believe it!" insisted Collins, his misgivings increased in some way by the string of beads. "No growed man would be packin' round a string of beads like these!"

But Billy Cricket was already outside. He squinted wisely at the sun as he dumped his packages into the frayed saddlebags.

"Come on, Punkinseed," he called. "We got to be hittin' the dust. Maybe I can fix up my radio yet tonight, if I can find my pliers and a piece of balin' wire. Giddap, Absalom!"

But Absalom had fallen asleep and did not hear. Billy Cricket seized a piece of scantling and gave him a most pussant wallop with it.

"Giddap, you mangy ole hunk of mule meat!" he yelled.

Collins stood looking after the old man, the insignificant string of beads still in his hand. He was more than ever worried, for upon him now rested the responsibility. While he stood worrying, Doc Wells came running across the road, wheezing, for he was very fat.

"It's true, Bud!" he panted. "Sheriff just telephoned over from Greasy. It's him, all right—Eddie Wickham, alias the Snowbird! He killed a policeman! And there's a reward of five thousand for him, dead or alive! The Sinclair woman offers ten thousand more for the return of her pearls. She says they're worth a hundred thousand!"

"Hey, Uncle Billy!" yelled the excited postmaster. "Wait, Uncle Billy!" Billy Cricket halted in the trail and looked back. "There's a reward of fifteen thousand dollars for that feller you brought in, Uncle Billy! Come back, your radio has made you rich, Uncle Billy!"

But this did not impinge upon even the remotest borders of Billy Cricket's childish credulity. Somewhere in the world, he knew, were a few people who would pay as high as a dollar and a half for a single dinner. He would not have believed this if he hadn't had it on unimpeachable authority. But that anybody on earth would pay fifteen thousand dollars for a cockeyed preacher ——

Bud Collins couldn't fool him! The duck-feather wisp of whisker bristled belligerently and he spat over it far into the brush.

"You go to hell, Bud Collins!" he squalled back venomously. "Sneerin' at my new radio! I got a good notion to come back and bust you in the eye! What you know about radio, anyway? I ain't had mine only a week, and I admit I got to learn—but I got Honolulu!"

He smacked Absalom with the scantling and the forest swallowed him up. Bud Collins started to follow, but Doc Wells restrained the excited postmaster.

"Let him go, Bud," said the doctor. "We'll have to wait till he cools off. If we started arguing with him he'd probably start shooting at us. He thinks his radio has been insulted! You suppose he'll get it, Bud—that fifteen thousand dollars?"

Collins grinned, regarding the string of pearls in his hand.

"You bet!" he said with conviction. "Let Billy Cricket once get it through his head that it's coming to him—and I'd hate to be the one that'd try to hold out on him!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

I've got their number wrote down on my cuff.
Just now, f'r instance, one of these here high
And mighty dames that makes you wonder why
No one ain't had the nerve to treat 'em rough

Comes up and hands me, "Say, young woman, where
Is evening gowns?" I answers stiff as starch,
"Madam, go right on over by the arch
To where you see them two words, 'Ladies' Wear.'"
I switched my gum and give another chew,
"Don' let that first word stop you. Go on through."

V

Not all our customers is like that dame.
I mean to say, the ones that's got real class
Shows up her kind like diamonds next to glass.
Miss Evelyn Van Dyne—I love that name—
She smiles as sweet, and speaks to me the same
As if the dough her gran'pa made in brass
Ain't hung no sign on her, "Keep off the grass."
Them kind's the real aristycrats, I claim.

Why, yesterday, Miss Evelyn she said,
"I envy you your lovely head of hair.
That tishun shade, my dear, is very rare."
She said that! Gee! I felt my face get red!
I couldn't hardly think of what to say,
But something sort of sang in me all day.

VI

Here in the store they call me "Carrot-bean."
But I shan't let that wrinkle up my brow,
Nor I don't mind my freckled nose, nor how
My eyes is sort of mixed up gray and green.
It's just like I've been spoke to by a queen!
"That tishun shade!" I'll never start a row
When certain people calls me redhead now.
Things has a different look, is what I mean.

If ever I make up with Bill Magee—
Not that I think I will, you understand—
But if I ever should, won't it be grand,
When he says "'Red' was just a slip" to me,
To say, "Go on, you sap, and take the air!
It's tishun; and believe you me, that's rare!"

—Blanche Goodman.

When I Arose

WHEN I arose to make my speech,
(This was the day before),
The whole long table rocked and reeled
And broke into a roar
Of hearty mirth, and I was forced
To wait a while, because
Sixteen policemen had to come
And silence the applause.

(Do not forget—I heard this roar
In my mind's ear—the day before.)

When I arose to make my speech,
(This was the dinner night),
I heard a muttered groan, "Oh, gosh!"
From someone on my right.
And that was all—excepting when
I took my seat—then I
All up and down the table heard
A long and thankful sigh.

(For all those brilliant, witty things,
When I arose, had taken wings!)

When I arose to make my speech,
(This was the next day after),
The storm of cheers and wild applause
Shook every beam and rafter;
And as I went from point to point,
Convulsing yarns narrating,
The whole long table writhed in throes
Of mirth excruciating.

(Remember—this Homeric laughter
Acclaimed my speech the next day after.)

O shades of old Demosthenes
And Patrick Henry, listen:
Why do my words the day before
All glister, glint and glisten,
And eke the next day after, but
Between times sound like mud
And fall upon the eardrum with
A dull and sickly thud?

(O shades, look down and pity me,
And send reply R. S. V. P.!)

For, could I talk the way I think
The day before and after,
I'd be arrested twice a week
For killing folks with laughter;
But that can never be, alas!
For me alone wit glistens;
The butterfly becomes a worm
When anybody listens!

(Each thought I think is sure a peach—
Till I get up to make a speech!)

—Lowell Otus Reese.

The sign of a Lifetime

Today he writes the language of achievement with a Lifetime pen

Unnumbered thousands of American business men thought that they could never use a fountain pen. Then they bought Sheaffers. By utterly revising the nation's estimate of fountain pen satisfaction, the Lifetime has won, and continues to win, countless thousands to its daily use. Spot it by the dot! And now, in identical triumph, comes the new and striking over-size Titan pencil, with its triple lead control, propel-repel-expel. Both are made of jewel-like Radite, an ornament to the person and a delight to the hand. Good for a lifetime and stoutly guaranteed, we can't make them fast enough to outpace the demand.

"Lifetime" pen, $8.75—pencil, $4.25—guaranteed *Others lower*

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RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 36)

been no response to my laughter in the inspector's eyes. His manner had been official and dispassionate. Had I been a drunk—a thief—a swindler—I could not have been treated with less ceremony. The substance of the charge—for I forget the legal phraseology—was to the effect that I had attempted, for the motives of personal gain, to bribe and corrupt a public servant. The public servant was Hugh Chalice—the bribe a box of cigars.

"Rot!" I exclaimed. "Rot! Why, at the time I sent them I had received instructions to withdraw from ——"

I was not allowed to proceed.

"You will have an opportunity to answer the charge when it comes before the bench. If you wish for legal advice ——"

"I do. I want Sir Marshall Livesay."

The inspector looked at me as though I were trying to be funny.

"You cannot instruct counsel. You will have to make an application through a solicitor."

I looked at the clock. It was after six P.M. Mergle, my own lawyer, punctually left his office at six every night and traveled to Brighton. It would be impossible to get hold of him.

"All right," I said, "any lawyer."

"There may be difficulty in getting a lawyer at this time of day. You may have to wait until the morning."

"Then I will telephone Sir Marshall direct."

The inspector shook his head.

"You are not allowed to do that. If you are prepared to pay for it, a wire can be sent. I must warn you it is waste of time."

I avoided the retort that Marshall was a friend of mine and put some money on the desk. The wire was written and handed to a constable for dispatch.

"Number 13," said the inspector.

"Look here ——" I began, but a hand on my shoulder discouraged further argument.

After that the click of a lock, the shooting of a bolt and silence broken only by the creaking of the jailer's boots and snatches of song from a drunk down the corridor.

About an hour later the cell door was opened and a waiter in a white jacket was shown in and asked me if I had any orders. I asked for some sandwiches, partly, I think, because being able to pay for and choose my own meals offered a suggestion of freedom.

After an eternity, they arrived; but I left them untouched. I did not seem to be able to sit down. The sense of tightness inspired by my quarters could be relieved only by continuous motion. Four paces this way—a turn—four paces that way—a turn. It was maddening, but better than stopping still.

About ten o'clock the jailer spoke to me through the grille.

"You lie down, old man; you're keeping others awake."

I took no notice and went on with my futile prowling.

Looking back, I have no great opinion of my conduct that night. My failure on the island, ending in being locked up in this ignominious fashion, conspired to rob me of mental balance. There is a state of mind which, for some physical reason I can't attempt to explain, shifts its center of suffering to the breastbone, setting up a pressure there that is unbearable. Impotent anger begotten of disappointment and injustice is the surest cause. It is the most hateful of pains, as well as the most dangerous. Hateful because there is no immediate remedy or relief, dangerous because it inspires feelings of such acute vindictiveness.

If Prothero had been in the cell with me that night I should have throttled him. He had played so low, had traded on his position to deal the dirtiest cards in the pack. I had meant to fight him with clean hands and it would be his own fault if the thing turned into a rough-and-tumble. My deportation from the island, his libelous letter to Marriot, and finally a malicious prosecution. Whose fault would it be if I were driven to fight with the same weapons? Then came the thought of Philida—Philida, watching with creased and puzzled brows; that fettered action. For that was the sublime irony of the situation. She robbed me of the power to hit back.

I might devise a hundred ways of attacking Prothero, and every one would result in my own annihilation through self-inflicted injuries. In that moment, with my whole mind intent on vengeance, I almost resented the love I had for Philida—cursed it as a millstone, a drag on the wheel.

It is not easy to write such a confession; neither easy nor creditable; but I would shirk a duty in failing to set it down. In the light of what follows it has, moreover, a special bearing. Philida stood in the pathway to herself, and because of that I resented my love for her.

In this state of mental ferment Marshall found me. He had been at the House and did not receive my wire until his return. The jailer unlocked my cell and conducted me to a private room where Marshall was waiting. Quite a different Marshall from the disreputable vagabond of Hardelot; very precise, lean and gray. He showed no enthusiasm at meeting me. He had responded to the call of friendship, but it was as a professional man he came, not as a friend. I was disappointed at his lack of warmth, for, in moments like that, one expects from friends sympathy and concern, which actually are of no value whatever.

"All right," he told the jailer. "I know this gentleman. You wait outside."

This may have been a privilege of greatness; I don't know.

When we were alone he said, "What have you been up to?"

I broke out excitedly, "This is the most abominable ——"

He waved me down.

"Cut that! I've seen the charge sheet. Can the charge be proved?"

"Lord, no! It's a piece of sheer ——"

"Yes, yes; never mind the asides."

"But, damn it, Marshall ——"

"Did you send a present to this man or did you not?"

"I sent him a box of cigars. He'd been decent to me ——"

"I dare say; that's nothing to do with it. Then you admit bribery?"

"There was no bribery. It was an act of common friendship."

"Prove it."

"The governor himself, two hours before the cigars were sent, informed me that he had broken off negotiations with my firm," I replied exultantly.

Marshall was unimpressed.

"That your case?"

"Yes."

"It's no good."

"No good?"

"None whatever. In a great many cases negotiations are broken off and subsequently reopened. Most big business deals are done that way, and you know it."

"But I had his word that he had closed with Boas' development scheme."

"It was not in his power to close with any offer. That rests with the Colonial Office. You've no case, Nigel."

I began to lose my temper.

"Haven't I? I tell you the whole thing from beginning to end is a ramp! Listen to this!"

I told him how I had been deported from the island.

"That's beside the mark," said he. "Don't go up in the air. We know you can clear yourself of that charge, but he didn't know. In his opinion you were an alien with a nasty record and possibly engaged in espionage. In the circumstances, he acted for the benefit of the community in chucking you out."

"But, Marshall," I stormed, "don't you see the whole business is made up of bias, personal grievances and gains? He's rigged this case against me so that he can put through a deal to his own advantage."

"You say so," said Marshall, "and that's an expression of opinion. Opinion doesn't exist in law. If you can prove that case—with reliable evidence—you might institute proceedings against him for malicious prosecution. Can you?"

"I dare say I could."

"And that's what you mean to do?"

"Yes," I answered savagely; "at least it is what I want to do. But—but ——"

"I think I realize your difficulty," he said, with a really human note in his voice. "One has to step lightly on a future father-in-law's corns." He may have seen danger of our talk taking a sentimental turn, for without giving me time to answer he was back to the original question. "But if you're to clear yourself of this bribery business, you must put up better evidence than so far you've offered."

"I tell you my business with Ponta Rico was ended," I repeated. "I had a cable from my firm confirming that fact and ordering my return."

Marshall looked at me pityingly.

"Then why didn't you say so, you ass, instead of losing me a night's rest listening to all that other nonsense? What time did the cable arrive?"

"The evening of the day I sailed."

"Was that before or after you sent the cigars?"

"Before."

"You can prove that?"

"Yes, a page took the parcel. I signed his time chit. The hotel authorities could verify."

"Got the cable?"

"The inspector has, with the rest of my stuff. It's in my wallet."

He nodded.

"I'll look after that."

"Do I have to stop here?" I asked.

"We'll apply for bail when the charge is read tomorrow. The case will be remanded for a week against the arrival of witnesses."

"What witnesses?"

"The governor, of course, Chalice and anybody else concerned. Our defense can wait."

"The governor!" I repeated. "Do you mean ——"

"It was in the paper that he sailed the day before yesterday."

His words brought me to my feet and set me pacing the room.

"Has he?" I said. "Has he? To kill two birds with one stone, I suppose—to get the estate scheme through and polish me off." I stopped and clenched my fist. "Lord, Marshall, you're an ambitious man—you've imagination! You can guess what I feel about this!"

"I wish you'd sit down," said Marshall.

"I'd set my mind on two objects and I look like losing them both."

"Both sides can't win," said he.

I gripped his arm.

"I've the power to win!" I cried. "I've the power, if I had the pluck to use it!"

"Well, why not?"

Again that dull ache bore down in my breast—bore with the weight of a horse's hoof.

"I can't. I'm tied—tied hand and foot. Never was man in a more hopeless muddle. I hadn't realized before tonight, Marshall, that whatever else I may be, I'm a damn bad loser."

He rose and held out a hand.

"Go to bed," said he. "Dare say it isn't much of a one, but such as it is, go to it. I'm to tell you Marian sends her love and says you'd better come and stop with us when—er"—he gave a short laugh—"when you're free to do so."

At the door he turned.

"But by the way, Nigel, if you're to be cleared of that bribery charge, get it into your thick head beyond all shadow of argument that you were sacked by your firm before you sent those cigars. Sacked, do you understand?—sacked and recalled."

"Thanks," I said. "That's a pleasant reflection to add to the rest."

"It may be; but until that charge is withdrawn, any effort made by you to open up fresh discussions in regard to that Ponta Rico aerodrome will be made at the expense of liberty. *Compris?*"

He left the door open when he went out. The jailer conducted me back to my cell and locked me in for the night.

XXXVI

ONCE in my extreme youth I had made an appearance at Bow Street Police Station pursuant on boat-race-night revelry. I think I had climbed an arc light standard, driven a hansom cab, got mildly binged, and in company with other glad spirits had swept the pavements on the north side of Piccadilly. On that occasion we were all of us very properly proud of being jugged, regarding it as part of a gentlemen's equipment without which one could not properly claim to have fledged one's infant fluff.

But it was in no such mood I took my place this particular morning on a long yellow bench in the waiting room. On my first visit the company had been select; now it was the reverse. There were girls with frightened eyes from which the water black, tear-diluted, had run in smears and courses over painted cheeks. Seated alone was a drunken woman—still drunk—I would hazard, always drunk—nodding her head continuously and repeating snatches of abuse against some invisible adversary. Then there was a man who looked as though he might have been a clerk before he became a medium for expressing terror. The poor devil was unable to take his eyes off the barred window and the square of sky beyond.

Beside him was a huge gorillalike man with hairy hands swinging below his knees as regularly as the pendulum of a clock. Upon his face was written the story of blunted understanding and a mind that could only respond to the stimulus of crime. My mates in misfortune were not attractive.

Intermittently a name was called and repeated down echoing corridors. Then one of us would come to life—startled life—and be hurried away to know the best or the worst.

The girls were the first to be dealt with; and they went, some with fear that robbed their feet of certainty, others brazenly, and still others with an air of disinterested resignation, as though nothing mattered one way or another.

It was an eternity before I heard my name. As I entered the court and went into the dock a marked activity broke out among the members of the press. I suppose they were busy writing descriptions of my appearance. The court was unusually full. I looked about me, but I could see no sign of Marshall. It was foolish to expect him to show up at that stage, but I would have welcomed the sight of a friend, for the prisoners' dock is probably one of the loneliest places in the world. My arrival had excited a certain amount of curiosity. There was a good deal of nodding and whispering which was suppressed by the usher.

A voice I recognized as Kenedy's sang out lustily, "Give it to 'em, major!"

"Turn that man out of court," said the magistrate.

There was a scuffle, a few words of altercation and a momentary draft down the back of my neck as a swing door opened and closed.

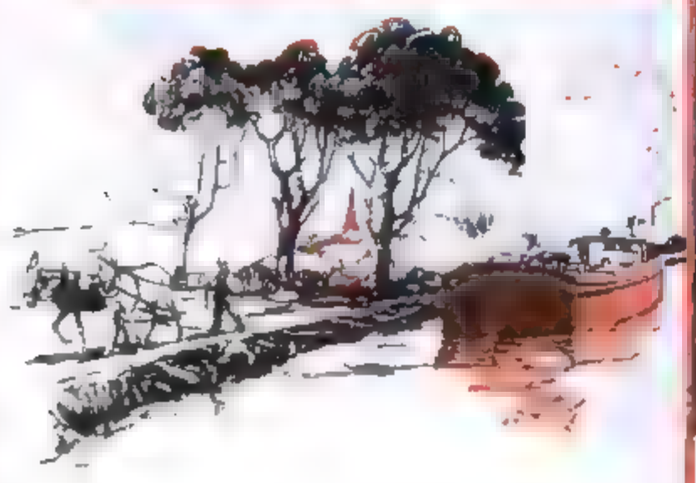
Sounds of argument died away in the echoing hall beyond the court.

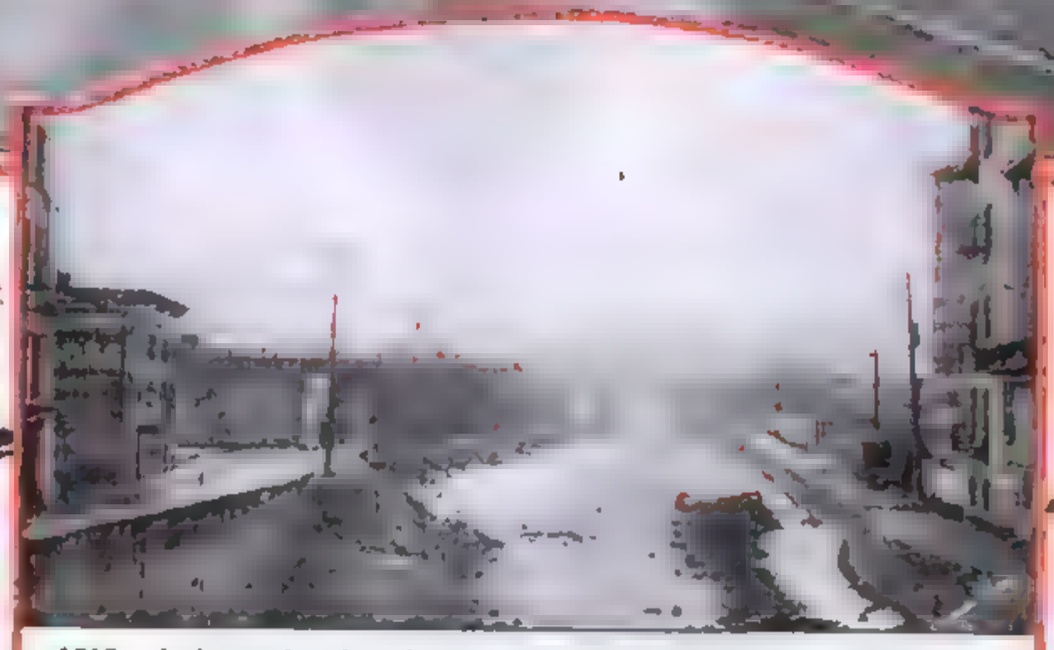
"Yes?" said the magistrate.

The charge against me was read out by someone with a reverberant voice that never changed its key. The detective who

(Continued on Page 81)

1925—*As it is today! Erie Boulevard, a splendidly lighted and paved main thoroughfare in Schenectady*





1919—*As it used to be. An ugly, disused stretch of the Erie Canal*

A ditch in 1919—*a boulevard today*

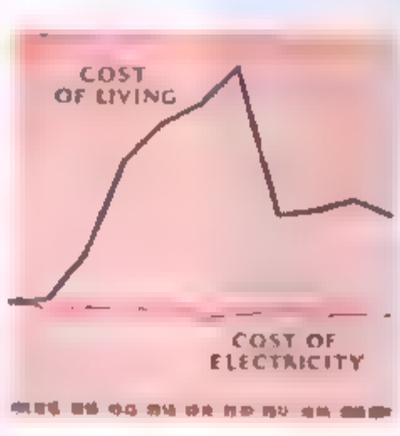
No other municipal improvement can pay for itself so quickly as do well lighted streets. Thanks to the progressive efficiency of the electric light and power companies, and of the illuminating engineers of the General Electric Company, the cost of electric light today (as you see from the little chart at right) is actually less than it was before the war. Use more electricity indoors and out.

IT is hard to believe, but true. The ugly ditch shown in the picture marked "1919" and the broad, well lighted boulevard shown in the upper picture are one and the same. Do such improvements cost money—or do they actually save it?

The answer is most encouraging. Good street lighting reduces accidents and is a deterrent of crime. It attracts and encourages trade and enhances the value of homes.

And yet, with all its benefits, and with the increase in property valuations which it brings, good street lighting costs as little as $1.50 to $2.50 per capita per annum.

What an impressive lesson is here for all forward looking towns! People and traffic and profits all follow the pathway of light!



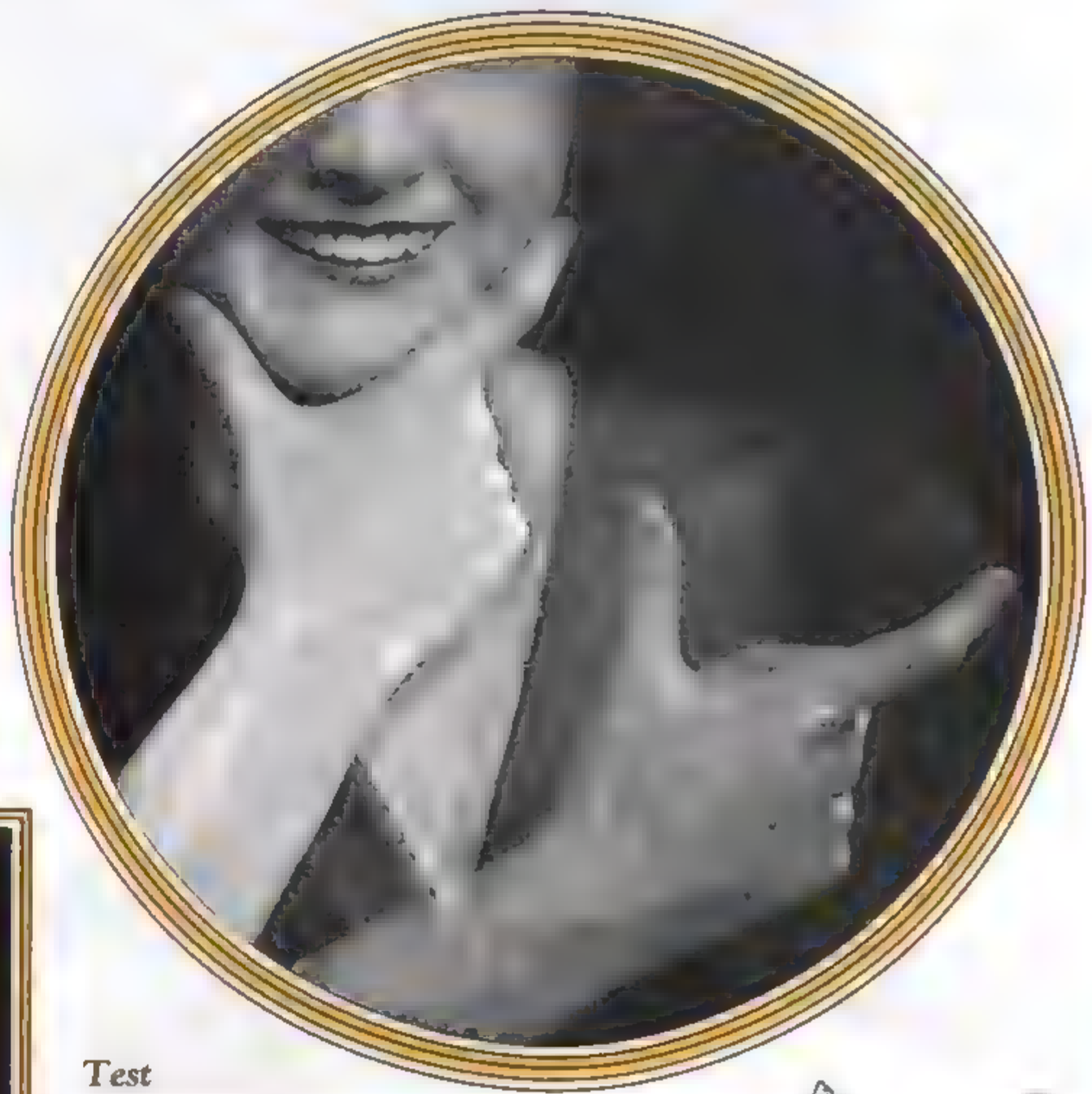
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Is your brush hitting on all 32?

Decay germs reach ALL your teeth—does your tooth-brush?

A good brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches *all* your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned. They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth-brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.



THINK of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

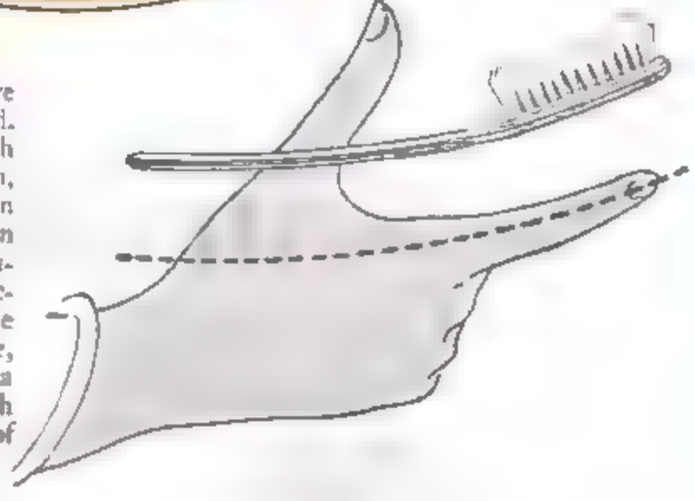
Try this simple experiment: Put your first finger in your mouth and let it rest against the sides of your teeth. Make it touch the rear molar. Then remove your finger and at the same time keep it in the same position that it was in when resting against your teeth. It curves, doesn't it? That is the way your brush should curve. It is the way the Pro-phy-lac-tic curves. Look at the picture. Note the curved bristles. Note the end tuft, which corresponds to your finger-tip. Note the curved handle, which permits you to reach *all* your teeth. That brush cleans teeth thoroughly. It reaches every tooth.

Above—This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the inside contour of the teeth. You can see how much more irregular are the tooth surfaces on the inside curve. The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the prominent curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between. Note how the large end tuft goes around behind the rear molar. When the teeth are brushed correctly, vertically away from the gums, the bristles clean every curve and crevice thoroughly.

Left—Every tooth along the bristle curve in contact with the bristles. As the brush is moved up and down, the bristles slide easily and naturally into the crevices between teeth.

Test this yourself

THE index finger in the picture above shows you how your jaw is curved. If you place your finger in your mouth against the outside curve of your teeth, it will come out as you see the finger in this photograph. Your teeth grow in this curved formation. Note in the diagram to the right how the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, both in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation. With a Pro-phy-lac-tic you can easily reach every tooth and brush every part of every tooth thoroughly.



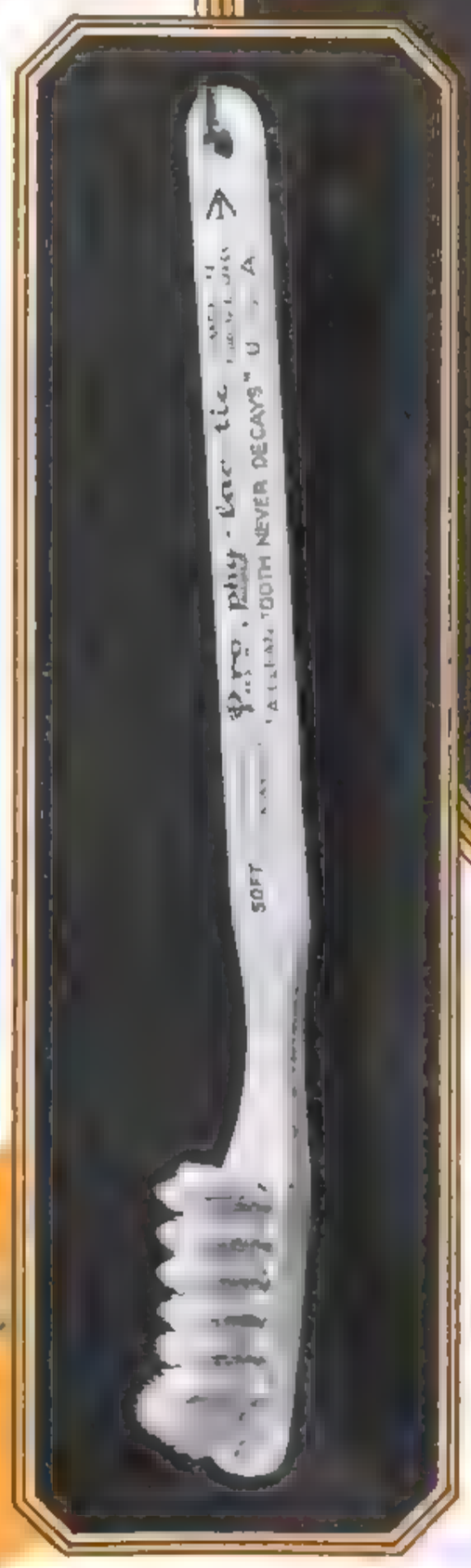
Consider that tooth-brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle curve outward? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might cause trouble. The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep. There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientifically arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

Special Brush for Babies

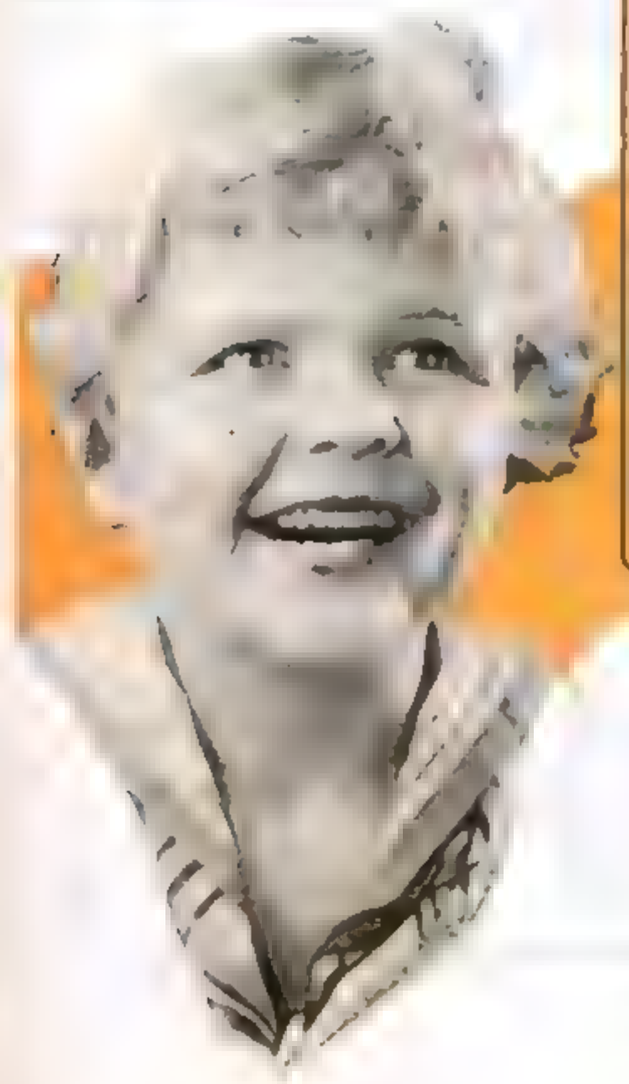
PICTURED at the right is the Baby Size Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It is smaller than the adult's size, but it has the same scientific bristle curve, large end tuft, and curved handle.

It is even more important for your child to have a brush that *reaches every tooth* than it is for you. When a child loses a tooth before its natural span of service has ended, the permanent tooth above loses its guide. The adjacent teeth push toward the gap and fill it up. When the permanent tooth emerges there is insufficient room and your child has a crooked tooth. If the lost tooth happens to be a six-year molar, so often hard to keep track of, Nature will never replace it. Take no chances. When you see the first tiny speck of decay appear on your child's teeth, send him to the dentist. In the meantime see that the teeth are brushed regularly with a Pro-phy-lac-tic. You can secure these brushes from your druggist in three colors—pink for the girls, blue for the boys, or in plain white.



Above—The Pro-phy-lac-tic Small. This is larger than the baby brush, but smaller than the regular adult's brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Small is an excellent size for the older children or for any adult who prefers a small brush. The design is exactly the same as the larger brush. It is made from exactly the same materials. Your druggist can supply you.

Center—Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult Brush, the brush that reaches every tooth and cleans every tooth every time you brush.



free—

To one lucky reader each month—free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Is your brush hitting on all 32?" After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents.

This offer expires April 30, 1926.

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

© 1925, P. B. Co.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Dept. 1-B B2
Florence, Mass.

Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped:

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Name . . . . . .
(Your name in full)

Address . . . . . .

Quality created the demand—
demand made possible the price

FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

NOW 12¢

© Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 76)

had met me at Southampton gave evidence of arrest. An adjournment of a week was asked for by the prosecution against the arrival of witnesses and the collection of evidence. This was granted. A very tired-looking man at the solicitors' table rose and, speaking on my behalf, asked for bail. The magistrate seemed doubtful.

"The case preferred against the accused is a very serious one and I question the advisability."

It was all I could do to keep my mouth shut on hearing that. I bit the tip of my tongue to help me do it.

The very tired-looking man, in a voice more tired than ever, asserted his confidence that when His Worship was informed of the name of the gentleman who was prepared to go surety on behalf of the accused the objection would not be sustained. He begged leave to name Mr. Justice Lowrie.

"Intimately acquainted with the accused and prepared to stand surety to any amount. The judge," he added, "is in court."

An old man rose in the well of the court and I recognized my learned friend of the shrimping net, who had cuddled Nancy Vansiter in the car at Hardelot. The magnificent old sportsman favored me with a friendly nod. Before the assault of such heavy artillery the objection was withdrawn. Bail was granted for two thousand pounds.

The case was thereupon adjourned for one week and I was warned to present myself at the court at 9:45 A. M. on the thirteenth instant.

As I retired from the prisoners' dock my place was occupied by a gentleman who stole umbrellas.

The very tired-looking solicitor left the court room in my wake. His work over, much of his fatigue seemed to have departed. He shook hands with me and told me not to worry.

"I have little doubt, Mr. Praed, the charge against you will be quashed before the next hearing. Sir Marshall and Mr. Ribault have an appointment with the public prosecutor this morning. Sir Marshall telephoned Mr. Ribault last night after he left you."

"But he was not in court," said I.

"Sir Marshall advised him not to appear in court. You will remember you had been dismissed by the firm."

"Recalled," I said.

"Dismissed. Sir Marshall hopes you will lunch with him in Cadogan Gardens at 1:30. In the meantime I would suggest a few oysters at Miss Driver's. The Colchesters this season are particularly fine and fat, and with a glass of Chablis to bring out the flavor ——"

"Thanks," I said; "I think a walk would do me more good—a walk and a shave."

"In that case," said the solicitor gloomily, "I shall have no choice but to return to Gray's Inn. Oysters and alcohol must be consumed in company or they become a vice. Happy to have been of service. Here is my card. Good day."

He departed, stroking his drooping mustache with an air of disappointment.

XXXVII

OUTSIDE the court I saw Kenedy. He had fraternized with a number of Covent Garden porters, though for what purpose I cannot say. Possibly, if freedom had been denied me, he may have contemplated the formation of a rescue party. He was quite capable of something of the kind, his loyalty being of the brand that blinds reason and overrides common sense. At sight of me he emitted a joyous whoop and charged up the steps.

"Well done, major! Good for you, sir! Didn't I tell you, boys, he'd be too sharp for them lawyers?"

I told him to shut up and come along. I did not escape, however, without going through a barrage of press cameras. One particularly eager reporter followed me to the door of a taxi and asked if there was anything I could give his paper.

"Nothing relative, of course, Mr. Praed, because the law wouldn't allow; but just a word."

I gave him the word with the comfortable assurance that even in these days of modern journalism no editor would consent to print it. The crowd, overhearing an expression dear to their hearts, raised a cheer as we drove away.

"Where's the luggage?" I asked.

"Savoy, sir "

"Better fetch it away. They probably will have little use for visitors who are under the shadow of the law."

I put my head out of the window and told the driver to drop me at Shipwright's.

"Where'll I go, sir?"

"Get rooms somewhere. Take 'em in your name."

Kenedy shook his head.

"Seems an 'ole-in-the-corner business for us, sir."

"We're in both," I replied, and relapsed into silence.

One thing was certain –until I was cleared of the charge, I had no intention of accepting Marian's invitation. It was like her generosity to suggest it; but there was a limit to the responsibility one could lay on one's friends. Neither did I mean to put up at a hotel and expose myself to the risk of being invited to go away. Clubs were out of the question, for, although I had little doubt old friends and acquaintances would be full of regard and sympathy and confidence in my ability to clear myself, I preferred not to give them the opportunity. I was a suspect and until I ceased to be a suspect I meant to lie low.

It is an unpleasant experience to be denied the right of access to one's familiar haunts—most unpleasant. Mentally I chalked it up in the score against Sir Francis Prothero. It came over me suddenly that perhaps I'd better not go to Shipwright's after all, but drop into a side-street barber's where I would be less likely to meet men I knew. Accordingly, in Coventry Street I told the driver to stop.

Telling Kenedy to call at Cadogan Gardens at two o'clock to tell me what he had done about the rooms, I got out and drifted down the narrow ways at the back of the Prince of Wales Theater.

I found a small barber and stationer's in Whitcomb Street. I was given an illustrated paper to read while being shaved. The front page exhibited my portrait in company with the detective at Southampton. It was titled, Arrest of Well-Known Engineer, and below:

"Mr. Nigel Praed, arrested yesterday at Southampton as a result of information received from Ponta Rico. He will come before the magistrates at Bow Street to answer to a charge of attempted bribery and corruption."

"Makes you wonder, don't it?" said the barber, who had been looking over my shoulder. "Reckon there's a lot o' bribery goes on one way and another. Dirty gimes these big blokes get up to—any trick."

Placards of the evening papers were thick as I crossed Pall Mall half an hour later:

"Retired judge goes bail for defendant in bribery case."

"Nigel Praed in the dock."

"Ponta Rico scandal. Special cable."

The latter paper I bought and read on a bench in St. James's Park:

"Mystery surrounds the person of Nigel Praed, who was arrested yesterday at Southampton and appeared before the magistrates at Bow Street this morning to answer to a charge of attempted bribery and corruption.

"Mr. Praed, who has attained some reputation as an engineer, recently left England for Ponta Rico, where his activities excited the unfavorable attention of the authorities. On one occasion he completely disappeared for three days and on his return declined to furnish a satisfactory report of his movements. It is said that he also endeavored to negotiate various property deals in suspicious circumstances. Acting on advice received from a vigilant member of his staff, Sir Francis Prothero, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., the governor, signed an order for his deportation. Sir Francis and his daughter sailed two days ago from Ponta Rico on the governor's yacht and are expected to arrive in England tomorrow night. Sir Francis' evidence is, of course, necessary in the case against Praed; but it is understood that he has other important business to transact with the Colonial Office in regard to an estate-development scheme which is at present under consideration."

I crammed the paper in my pocket, and picking up a taxi in the Mall drove to Cadogan Gardens.

Marian was in the hall and she met me with both hands.

"Marshall and that fat noisy old Ribault man are in the study, but I was determined to be first to greet you. Poor old boy, they have been giving you a junketing. I'm forbidden to attend lunch, but let's have a talk by ourselves when they've done with you. Marshall is bristling with ideas; so's the Hon. James Bronchitis. I told him he ought to be in bed instead of scattering germs among innocent people. Well, Nigel, say something. . . . How's Philida?"

"A long way off."

"Oh, rubbish! It isn't distance that separates people. . . . But where's your luggage?"

"I should think somewhere in the Euston Road."

"But you're staying here."

I shook my head.

"I'll be furious," said Marian, coloring.

"It can't be helped. Until I'm cleared of this charge I'm nobody's guest."

"Nigel, if you think I'll stand for any of your obstinacy, you're wrong. Surely there are enough people for you to put out your chin at without including me."

"Can't help it, Marian."

"All right," said she, "then I hate you and I despise you too. No man has a right to be self-contained where women or his friends are concerned, especially when he's in trouble."

I said, "Sorry."

"What's the good of being sorry? Don't you realize that a man in trouble is our lawful prey?"

"I realize," I said, "that in my present state I'm fit for no company but my own."

"And now you are behaving like an ingrowing toe nail. What is your present state anyhow?"

"A state of inhibited vengeance. In other words, I'm like an old-fashioned muzzle-loader cram gun full of powder and nails, but short of a percussion cap."

Her hand went out and settled on my arm.

"Poor dear, let me lend you a percussion cap and you shall explode all your grievances in my private ear. That's what private ears are for. Pent-up feelings are no good, Nigel. They make people old and hard and cracky at the joints." She broke off suddenly with, "Oh, dear, here come those tiresome men! Don't forget I claim your confidence."

Along a side passage came old James Ribault, looking more Johnsonian than ever. His approach was heralded by a characteristic cough which set the pewter on an old Welsh dresser chattering in imitation.

"Well, m'dear," he said, clapping me heartily on the back, "nice mess we all seem to have made of it, though I don't see how it was to be avoided."

He seemed in excellent spirits.

"You didn't give the thing a chance, recalling me like that," I grumbled.

"Chance? Rubbish! The old man refused to have any further dealings with you. You yourself advised sending someone else. Fond of you, m'dear, and all that, but it wasn't a deal in sentiment. No room for sentiment where five million capital is

(Continued on Page 83)

Watch This Column

CARL LAEMMLE

To the mothers and fathers of the growing generation I solemnly give a pledge to keep all Universal pictures fit and clean for the young mind.

I have made many thousands of pictures during the years I have been in this business and out of all the huge list there are less than ten productions which cause me any regret. They were made in the days when I permitted myself to be fooled as to the real wants and desires of the great mass of people.

It will never happen again!

If an honest confession is good for the soul, then the atonement must be honest. That is why I give you my solemn pledge to keep Universal pictures white, clean and wholesome.

Pictures need not be mushy or wishy-washy just because they are clean. Pictures need not be risque to contain a "kick." The thousands of clean pictures Universal has made are practical proof of that.

So I am not embarking on strange seas when I give my pledge. I am not trying out anything that is new to the Universal organization. But even if it were entirely new, I would still know that the picture for the clean mind is the only picture that will live!

We call this the jazz age. We speak of our school boys and school girls as "jazz mad." We whisper of the terrible things they do, the brutal frankness with which they discuss affairs. But, bless your heart, we've been condemning the growing generations for hundreds of years. We roast the whole lot of them for the actions of a few.

The great ranks of the boys and girls are clean through and through. They are better sportsmen than they used to be. They come closer to living up to high ideals than they ever did. That's because their minds are clean and *I don't propose to be a party to anything that will contaminate those minds.*

They have been taught to keep their bodies clean. They have been taught to scrub their teeth. Well, we can help them practice mental prophylaxis—and *I'm going to do my part through Universal Pictures.*

I call upon every mother and father, upon all women's clubs *and all other organizations which are formed for good* to help. Let us start by casting every questionable picture into the discard and boosting for every picture that is worthy, entertaining and CLEAN!

Carl Laemmle
President

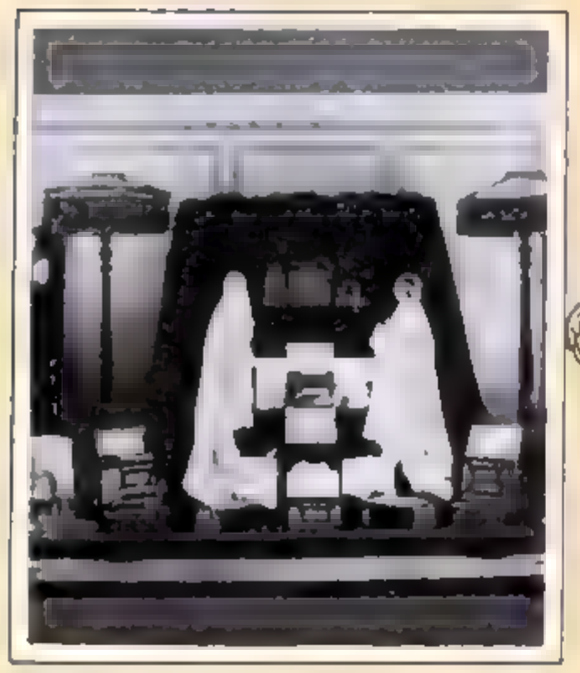
(To be continued next week)

P. S. Will you write me how YOU feel about it?

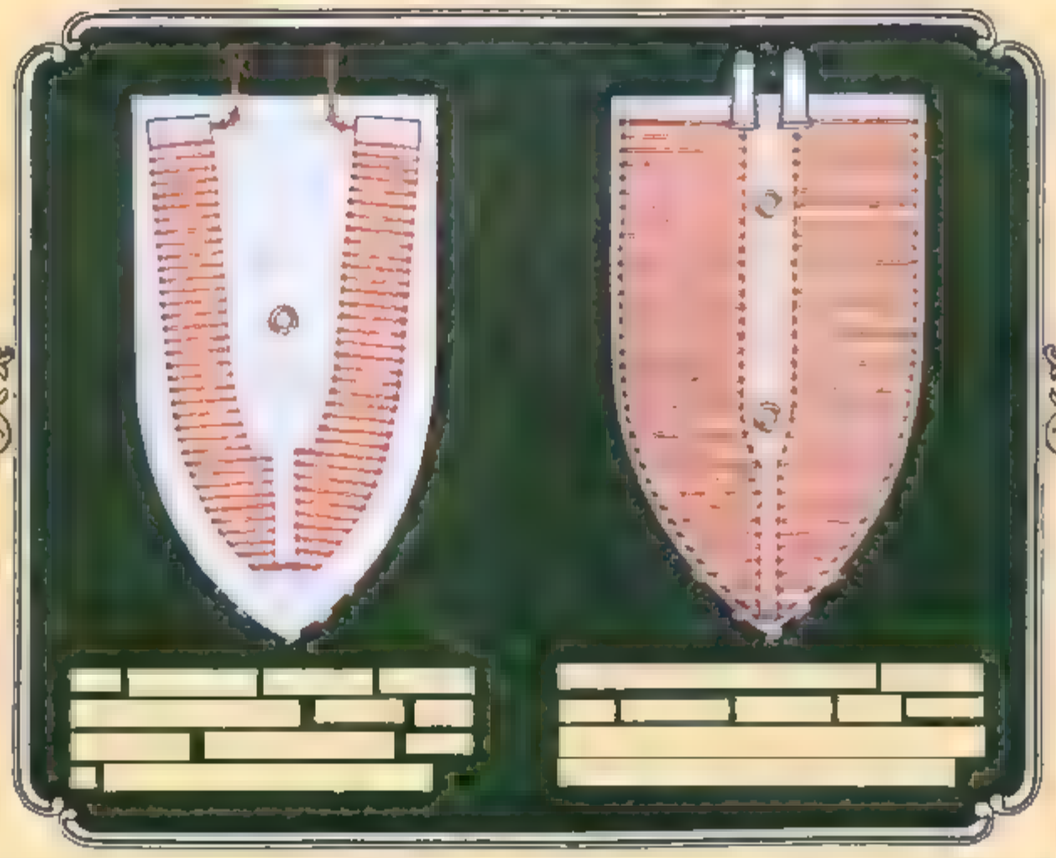
UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Only 2 Hours to Iron Large Washings Small Ones But an Hour

(From interviews with scores of housewives)



Window of The Boston Edison Company, displaying Sunbeam Irons



Display of Sunbeam Irons in the window of The New York Edison Company, New York City

This Shows What Saves the Time

A WOMAN does not have to know anything about electricity to understand this—

Look at the picture of these two heating units. One is the kind found in ordinary irons—the other (the wide one) is the All-Over Unit in the Sunbeam Iron.

See how the Sunbeam Unit covers the whole bottom—heats it all over—heats to the very edges where an iron meets the damp cloth first. And thus KEEPS these edges *hot!*

A Trial Offer to Prove It

A unit that fails to do this makes ironing slower, more difficult. For the damp cloth cools the iron. Then a woman has to press until her arm aches. That leaves creases. And soon she must stop entirely and wait for the iron to heat again.

You cannot conceive how much more quickly and easily you could iron, until you have tried the Sunbeam. Then you will be amazed. That is why the Sunbeam is sold on these open terms—money back if you're willing to part with this iron after 30-day trial.

A Woman Who Tried It

We do not profess that any ironing—regardless of size—can be done in two hours. Some exceptionally large ironings may require half a day. But those same ironings would take several hours more with an ordinary electric iron.

One woman—Mrs. Anna B. Gaines of Kansas City, Mo.—had to spend a whole day on an ironing that she now does by noon with the Sunbeam.

Unharmed by Over-heating

Many women accidentally over-heat their irons at one time or another. Then the ordinary iron won't heat as before. One Public Service Company reports that 70% of the irons brought in for repair are due to this. Not so with the Sunbeam. Thousands of women have overheated this iron by forgetting to turn off the current. But the Sunbeam heats like new, regardless.

For we've built it to stand more over-heating than an iron would get in a life-time. In one endurance test a Sunbeam was left on steady current for 5000 hours continuously—equal to about 20 years' service in the average home. This test discolored the nickel, but this Sunbeam still irons splendidly.

Tapered Point for Gathers

The point is tapered to glide into gathers and corners. And the tapered corners of the heel do the same when you back up this iron. No need to turn it around.

All these facts are confirmed by a host of women. This iron, they state, holds the heat so well it takes 2 or 3 hours to cool when they've turned off the current.

Yet they don't have to wait, but can put it away anywhere, at once, in the Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case Iron, Cord and Stand all together—without the slightest danger of even scorching anything around it.

Sunbeam is now recommended and sold by leading Public Service Companies and electric dealers.

So let no one persuade you to accept some other iron instead. There is nothing like it. Accept our trial offer and you'll not let wild horses drag this iron away from you.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
35 Years Making Quality Products
5542 West Roosevelt Road - Chicago, Illinois
340 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Canada

Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON
IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 EXTRA

Delft-Blue Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case, $1

Case approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories of the Nat'l Board of Fire Underwriters and Good Housekeeping Institute

To help introduce the Sunbeam Iron, this beautiful, practical case at less than cost. A $2.50 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the Sunbeam. Enables you to put away iron hot—no waiting while it cools. Keeps iron, cord and stand clean and safe. And always ready, always together when you want them.

(Continued from Page 81)

involved. Still, we're perfectly satisfied with what you've done."

"If that is meant as a rebuke ——" I began.

"Yah, yah, yah! Don't bark at me. Rebuke? Certainly not! I mean it. You've rendered the firm first-rate service. Eh, Sir Marshall—capital service, what? In fact, you've done exactly what I hoped you'd do. Though, of course, I didn't hope for so much."

I was not in the mood for sarcasm and I showed it.

"Get your hackles down," said old Ribault. "Don't start breathing through the nose. What the deuce d'ye think we sent you to the island for except to bring about a crisis of this kind? You don't imagine we sent you because of your wonderful reputation for tact."

I looked at him in amazement.

"My dear, I've known you upward of twelve years and I've about got your strength by now; or if I haven't, I'm not fit for my job. Also I had a pretty shrewd idea of the kind of stuff His Obstinacy King Prothero I is made of."

"What's that got to do with it?" I asked.

James Ribault looked at me despairingly. His reply was oblique.

"Remember your return from Africa and young Palatine failing to turn up at the ship?"

"Of course."

"I told him he wasn't to meet you; in fact I wrote that cheeky letter that was delivered to you."

"I don't believe it. What for?"

"I wanted to satisfy myself you hadn't changed, that you still took yourself seriously. Finding you were just the same, I fixed you up to go to Ponta Rico."

"All this," I said wearily, "may have a bearing on the case; but if it has, I don't see it."

"And it is so simple, too, m'dear. An ordinary representative would have been just brushed aside, but you were certain to make a stir and kick up the mud; a man like Prothero meeting a man like you is morally certain to go out after his blood, as he has done—as he has done," he repeated gleefully. "Yes, yes, yes, thanks to your inflammatory personality, we can begin to move."

"Look here," I said slowly, "have you been using me as a trap for the old man to walk into?"

"Say rather a piece of red flannel for him to butt at. Rather sound, don't you think? The bull, confused and fatigued by the constant attacks on the red cloth, pauses and allows time for the steel to be driven home. You've been a very able matador, m'dear. I'd never ask for a better."

It was just as well Marshall chose that moment to drive us through the dining-room door and get us separated by the width of a luncheon table. Even so, I did not let the matter drop.

"It's a pity," I said, "if that was the opinion you had of me, you didn't send someone else."

"Not at all," Ribault rejoined cheerfully. "Opinion—very high opinion. But one chooses one's man on one's estimate of his abilities. One does not accept the man's estimate."

He had found a feather somewhere and was amusing himself by blowing it in the air and by a series of well-regulated puffs keeping it hovering above his head like a miniature dove of peace.

"Then when you cabled me that negotiations were broken off ——"

"Actually, they are just beginning."

Up went the feather to a higher plane.

"Am I to consider myself sacked?" I asked point-blank.

"'Course you're sacked. But," he added with a twinkle, "as soon as Sir Marshall here has cleared you of that bribery charge we'll have you on the strength again."

"H'm," I said shortly. "I may not be so enthusiastic."

The feather settled easily in his soup and was devoured unnoticed.

"You will," he said between mouthfuls. "We shall see."

"Look here, Nigel," said Marshall, "don't be so disagreeable. I've wasted the whole morning dragging you out of a mess, and all you can do is grumble."

"Fine!" said old Ribault splashily. "Fine! Walk into him! Hey"—to one of the servants—"I'll have another plateful of this. I've a growing figure to take care of."

"Do you mean," I asked eagerly, "that the prosecution will be withdrawn?"

"Technically, it is withdrawn. I saw Bill Manistry this morning. The time of arrival on that cable proves your innocent intentions. Prothero quoted the exact hour and minute the parcel from you was delivered at Government House. The case is quashed by the clock. There is no case."

"Then I'm free?"

"In a day or two. There are formalities, of course, and out of courtesy they'll wait till Prothero arrives."

"By which time," Ribault interpolated, "we'll have the guns in and the ranges marked. Eh, Sir Marshall?"

Marshall held up a warning finger.

"Don't be in such a hurry. It isn't so simple as it looks. Before we go into committee let's have lunch without any shop. Then we can hear his story and then it'll be soon enough to line up our forces and see how they shape."

The very excellent lunch Marian had provided smoothed away some of my ill humor. At any rate, it served as a temporary sedative and helped me to tell my story in simple coherent form. I told them everything, only withholding information in regard to Prothero's letters.

With quick intuition Marshall guessed I was keeping something back, for once or twice I saw his left eyebrow twist upward in the form of a question mark.

"Seems odd," he remarked poignantly, "that fear of having to marry a tiresome woman would influence a man to that extent. In my opinion they must have a better card than that to scare him with."

"Well, that's the story," said I.

Old Ribault turned one of his twinkling eyes upon Marshall with a look of inquiry.

"Have we got a case?"

"A variety of cases, but I don't know that any is likely to succeed."

Ribault pushed back his chair.

"As I see it," he said expressively, "it doesn't matter twopence if they succeed or fail. The main thing is we shall get a press—an enormous press—that no government department could stand up against. The Colonial Office would be powerless to close with an offer from a firm which has as its chairman a man who has acted as Boas has acted. The justice and administration of Ponta Rico would stand exposed to the ridicule and contempt of the civilized world. Suppose for lack of evidence we don't prove our case. It 'ud hardly matter—we'd have started the hare. That shady group 'ud never come out of it white. Couldn't hope to. Suspicion clings—clings like a bur."

"Thanks," I said bitterly.

"Chut! We'll look after you all right. But what I'm getting at is this: A new government like the present one—with its reputation still to make—won't dare to take risks. With the danger of an exposé on this scale, they'll have to withdraw from the deal."

"Some of that's true," said Marshall, "and some of it is mere hypothetical platform stuff. For my part I'd enjoy a dig at the government. They dug us out of office and I don't owe 'em much in the way of gratitude. But from that point of view it 'ud serve my party better to let them close with the scheme first and attack 'em on it afterwards. You can't show up a government by exposing its contemplations. Politically, I'm for letting things run."

For the first time Ribault looked glum.

"But that would mean we wreck. It is as a lawyer, not as a politician, we are seeking your counsel today," he added. "A confidence to a lawyer is privileged."

Marshall laughed.

"Now as a lawyer ——"

"As a lawyer, Nigel has a second-rate case for malicious prosecution against Prothero and a rather better one against Boas for unlawfully sticking him in a dungeon. There you are."

Ribault clapped his fat little hands together, and stretching out a foot kicked me heartily on the thigh.

"Hear what he says, m'dear?"

I nodded.

"That's settled then and we get busy straightway."

I rose and walked to the fireplace, dispossessing Marshall, who was trying to set fire to his trousers by standing inside the club fender. Old Ribault was following me closely with his eyes.

At last, "I'm sorry," I said, "I can't consent to fall in with your plans."

"Can't consent?" he repeated incredulously.

"No. What you suggest is, in effect, a personal attack upon a man who, for reasons of my own, I'm not in a position to attack."

"What reasons?"

"Search your imagination," I replied, "and you'll find the right answer."

"Yes, but, my dear, a consideration of that kind can't be allowed to ——"

"I'm afraid it is no good arguing about it, Mr. Ribault. You indicated before lunch that in sizing me up and choosing me for this job you did so because I was a self-willed and obstinate ass."

"Chut, chut, chut! Nothing of the kind!"

"Oh, yes! I don't deny the accusation. In fact, you can take my present refusal as evidence of its justice."

Ribault's face assumed a shade of hardness.

"I shouldn't have thought you were the man to take your treatment sitting down."

I fired up at that.

"It's not a case of sitting; it's a case of walking up and down, savage-angry, impotent as a beast behind bars. I'm sorry, for all my instincts are itching to smash that crew into small bits; but—but I can't and that's all there is to it."

"Hardly," said James Ribault. "Hardly, my dear. You forget that you are employed by the firm, and in honesty to the firm no other consideration but its welfare can be allowed to influence you."

"And you forget," I retorted, "that the firm has fired me, so I'm entitled to do as I like."

Ribault looked at Marshall, who shook his head.

"I've nothing to say," said he.

"But I have," said James Ribault. "I have a lot to say. You, Praed, may elect to back out—well, do so. For my part I shall ask for an immediate interview with the Colonial Secretary and repeat to him every detail of the story as you have told it to us."

"And then?" I queried.

"Then, unless I am mistaken, you will be sent for to substantiate what I've said."

He spoke like a man holding a pistol to another's head. It was an ultimatum and there was triumph in his voice.

"Mr. Ribault," I answered slowly, "I am very fond of you and I've a very great respect for you. But understand this: If you carry out that threat I shall have no hesitation in telling the Colonial Secretary that every word you have spoken is false."

The old man looked at me and gasped.

"You'd never dare!"

"You know the way to find out whether I would or not."

There was a pause—a silence—and Marshall broke out into a sharp stinging laugh.

"*Impasse!*" said he.

Ribault poured out a glass of Madeira and drank it at a gulp.

"I like your spirit," he said, "but I'm not going to be broken by my own side. I'm not a vain man, but I've a streak of pride that forbids me to acknowledge defeat. Why, m'dear"—he addressed me with a sudden warmth—"you understand that feeling. The same streak is in you, with a younger heart than mine to pummel it through your arteries. Dash, daring, pluck

Climate, fertile lands and intelligent effort have made Polk the richest county per capita in the whole United States and a center of investment opportunity.

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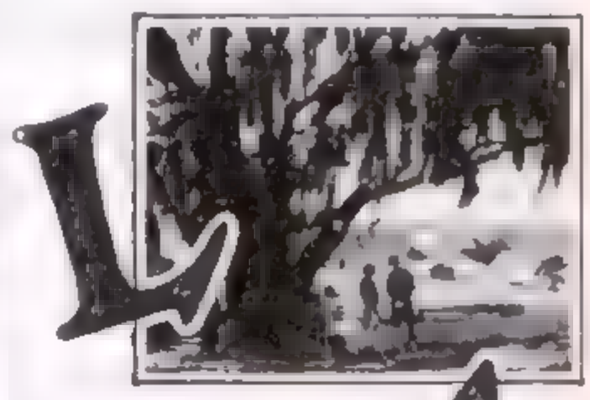

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$15 to $95 [East of Mississippi] See the Welsbach models today—there is one that exactly meets your requirements.

to take chances—you have 'em all. You're not going to turn soft in a crisis like this. You're not going to ask me to believe a woman's love has made a coward of you."

"Believe what you will," I answered wearily. "You've formed your opinion; no words of mine'll alter it. Put it down to funk—I don't care."

In imagination I seemed to hear Philida saying, as she had said that evening on Atlantic Point, "In some natures funking is a sign of grace."

"But Boas," Ribault pleaded. "Boas! Surely you want a tilt at him—you'll not let him get away with it?"

"If there is any way of attacking Boas that doesn't involve Prothero, I'd say go to it; but I can't see the way." I looked at Marshall. "Can you?"

"It's doubtful," he acknowledged.

"Very well then, count me out."

And I turned my back on the pair of them and stared dismally into the fire. I did not hear Marian come into the room. The angry throbbing of blood, the drums of disappointment that beat in my ears, shut out ordinary sounds. My first consciousness of her was the touch of a hand on my sleeve.

"Nigel, there's a marconigram. I thought it might be important."

I turned

"What?" She held out the envelope. "Oh, thanks."

"Open it. I believe it's splendid news."

I broke the seal and read the few printed words—read and read them again.

It must have been the expression of my face that startled from Marian the quick "Nigel, Nigel, what is it?"

"Eh?" I returned stupidly. "Eh? Oh, nothing much. Read it if you ——"

She took it, read, then: "Oh, my dear! Oh, no! Oh, no!"

The message was very short:

"It's impossible, Nigel. Your freedom is more use than I am. Please forget me. I don't want to be written to and don't try to see me. PHILIDA."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PURVEYORS TO THE BRIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

bridegroom. On his wedding day he does not want to be penurious; in fact his generosity scarcely knows reasonable bounds, as he is not apt to have a precedent to go by. He usually does a lot of inquiring among his friends, strikes an average and then doubles that sum. I know of one wedding where the minister received a check for $10,000, and frequently $5000 is paid. It is customary at a big church wedding to make the fee a round $1000, except perhaps as happened once at the marriage of a famous actress to an indulgent millionaire, when the clergyman read the service with such Hamlet-like eloquence that the bridegroom wished further to reward him for the dramatic flavor given the ceremony. On that occasion it was doubled.

Since the minister plays a lesser pictorial part in the fashionable hotel wedding, he receives something in the neighborhood of $500. The decorations, too, can cost almost anything you want to pay, although you have the slightly uncertain barometer in the florist. His price may be high, but you know that at least one person in the transaction is satisfied. And for $200 or $300 more you know you can demand another wagonload of flowers. One elaborate spring wedding cost $12,000 for decorations, $7000 in the cathedral and $5000 in the hotel where the reception and wedding breakfast were held.

"You think those figures are high? Well, you've simply no idea what our troubles are," insisted a well-known florist to me the other day. "Business is business, and if we are the miracle workers that every bride's mother seems to think we are, we have to get something out of it. Her requirements are something terrible. They give us many sleepless nights, but we usually manage some way."

Dogwood in February

One of the most customary demands is for flowers out of season. Mothers of marriageable daughters seem to have a positive passion for dogwood in February or daisies in December. And they are not to be diverted by something else. An early spring bride—it was early in March, to be exact—and her mother went to a florist with the request for dogwood. The troth of the young couple had been plighted when the delicate blossoms were just bursting forth, and the family was determined to have these flowers furnish the theme in the decorations. Dogwood simply was not to be had. The florist offered other attractive suggestions, but it was absolutely useless. They were told, they said, that he could get what they wanted somehow, and that they could leave the matter entirely to him. Even florists have their vanity; and as the wedding was an important one, he wanted the job, so decided to manage it.

In the finished product there was, indeed, no evidence of the difficulties he had encountered, for the church, when he had completed it, was beautiful beyond description. Accustomed as I am to seeing beautiful weddings, the decorations at this one were so wonderful that it moved me as no picture ever has. There is something so living about the successful arrangement of flowers, and on the day of this wedding the church seemed to breathe with new life. The art of the florist had reached its perfection. He had succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of all—and he had done so with artificial blossoms!

The Ironclad Rule for Attendants

Naturally, that fact was a great secret. I stumbled upon it by nosing around, and was mistaken for one of the allies in the deception. Even then I could scarcely believe my eyes, but upon close inspection I found that the ones festooning the pillars to the height of about twenty feet were quite artificial. Then pink rhododendron blossoms were wired in among leaves of the dogwood family so skillfully that a complete illusion was given, and these were used where real flowers were essential.

Orchids, too, are not always what they seem to be. In fact the demand for wedding flowers is so great that—with the new laws reducing the importation of those that were formerly brought in freely—the florists are driven to creating flowers to meet emergencies from those they have on hand.

But if a certain degree of elasticity is allowed in the matter of decorations, there is practically none in regard to some of the rules in the proceedings. If you want a wedding that will be correct in every detail you will endeavor to follow these rules to the letter:

"First of all, if you want to have a perfect wedding, you will have the correct number of attendants," said he whose opinion in such matters is accepted as law. "Whether you are to be married in a church or a hotel, there are six ushers, six bridesmaids, one maid of honor, one matron of honor, two flower girls and a page, although the latter is optional. If the wedding is a very large one and the help of more ushers is needed, you may have as many as twelve; but that does not permit of an increase in the number of other attendants."

If you think, as you watch a bridal party marching down the aisle in well-ordered fashion, that they took their places with little ado, you are much mistaken. All may

(Continued on Page 86)

- - and you know even the best truck needs service at some time - - with Whites you are always sure of quick service, well done, at low cost

A White Truck salesman and a buyer are going through the service station at a White factory branch.

Salesman—The whole thing—men, materials, tools, even the laying out of the building itself and the choice of location—makes it possible to give you *quick service, well done, at low cost.* Even the best truck needs service some time.

Buyer—Yes, every salesman brags about his service. But, try and get it! . . . . and they rob you on parts.

Salesman—The White Company regards service honestly—just as it does manufacture. Service is part of the business of furnishing dependable transportation. Whites are built as well as a truck can be built, and then The White Company stands right behind them, throughout their long life, to see that they are kept rolling. And White service at *low cost* means White *parts* at *low cost.* White parts are priced exactly as White Trucks are priced—the *cost* of *manufacture*, plus a *fair profit.*

Buyer—This is all right for trucks here in this territory. But you know I've got to send two to our Memphis plant and one to Seattle.

Salesman—The same sort of service is available. You can send them anywhere you like. White Trucks are at work all over the world and no White Truck is ever far from interested care. With its system of modern, fully equipped branches and its hundreds of dealer establishments, The White Company has spread the boundaries of its factory yard throughout the world.

Buyer—Well, I've had a couple of "orphan" trucks—no parts, no service. Cost me $30 every day one of them had to be laid up.

Salesman—Some of those old Whites I told you about that have been running 200,000 and 300,000 miles are eight, nine and ten years old. Their needs are still provided for. If they weren't right out there hauling their *pay load* every day, you know their owners wouldn't keep them year after year.

Buyer—True enough. When they stop rolling they stop earning. Then they begin to cost you money.

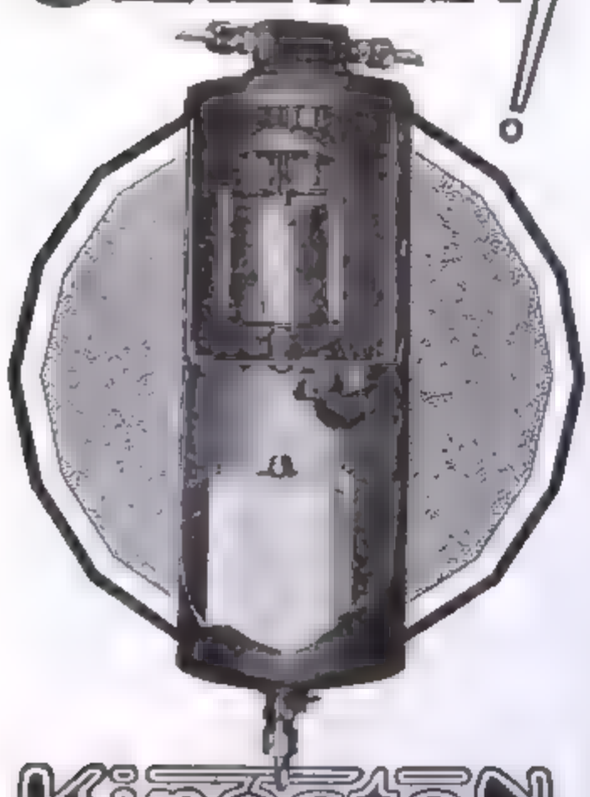
Salesman—And that leads right back to the bedrock of this whole transportation business. More White Trucks are in service today than trucks of any other high-grade make because Whites have always given their owners the *most money-earning miles.* The White Company couldn't be the leader in its industry after a quarter of a century if it sold just trucks. It has always sold continuous, sustained, economical transportation.

A White salesman is ready to show you how White Trucks can serve you. Let him show you a White Service Station. Let him show you how a White Truck can earn money for you. Terms may be arranged. There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Bus chassis, $4,950—f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

Keep your oil CLEAN!



KINGSTON
OIL-AERATOR
and FILTER

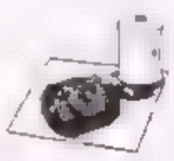
The pictures tell the story of what's happening to your motor oil.

Grit and dilution get in.

Attacking your motor with destructive effect at the points shown.

This grit can not pass the filter, and the accessibility of the device is shown here.

Here is a pile of abrasive sludge taken from the filter after only 1,000 miles of driving under normal conditions. *What is happening in your car today?*



Install the KINGSTON OIL-AERATOR AND FILTER NOW. Be SAFE!

Ask your dealer or address Dept. F

KINGSTON
CARBURETORS

THE FAMOUS L-4-K and De Luxe Model Carburetor with the Kingston Fuel Filter—a screen of rustless metal that keeps your fuel clean. Buick, Dodge, Maxwell, Overland and Chevrolet. Ask your dealer to show you Model L-4-K and end ALL of your carburetor troubles.

Close up View of Fuel Filter

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Factory and General Offices ~ Kokomo, Indiana
NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO
ATLANTA — DALLAS — MINNEAPOLIS — LOS ANGELES

(Continued from Page 84)

be as calm as a moonlit sea, but there have been storms, and many of them. Really, weddings bring out more temperament than grand opera. Principals in a feud may be assigned by the manager of the affair to walk side by side. Of course such an indignity is not suffered in silence. They protest to the last moment; and then, though they fail in their purpose, they don their most gracious smiles and are the admiration of the spectators.

"The climax always comes at the rehearsal, which I try to have the day before the wedding," went on my informant. "If it is earlier, they are sure to forget their parts, and with one single thing gone wrong, the herd instinct in us all creates a restlessness that requires all the presence of mind that can be mustered.

"No one is excused from this prenuptial ceremony. It is a positive rule with me. Luckily, I have no trouble enforcing it, for it is always one of the big social events that precede the marriage. Lacking the formality of some of the others, it assumes considerable hilarity. There is a generous sprinkling of amusing byplay and dissension. The final argument over the gowns and the positions of the attendants in the procession is had with tears and fond reconciliations; devoted relatives hover about with telling suggestions, and if it is a couple of tender age, the natural exuberance of youth is enough to make it bad for us on whom the responsibility for the success of the affair rests.

"But, you see, it must be gone through, for it is important to get an idea of the length of the service and to know just where each part is taken up—the subtle influence of the theater—so it is read until the knot-tying part is reached and then you hear something like this: 'Um-um-um-um-um—bouquet—um-um-um-um-um-um—ring—um-um-um-um—kneel—um-um-um-um-um-um-um-um—rise' and other interjections depending upon the ritual used."

A Rehearsal That Took

It was scarcely more than three years ago that a rehearsal became a bit more realistic than was intended. The wedding was to be an unusually large one, with the customary number of attendants considerably augmented. With so big a group there were innumerable details to look after, and the director—who in the midst of filling the rôle of minister was urgently needed elsewhere—thrust the prayer book into the hand of a young spectator, asking him to go on with the service. He may not have known what he was doing, but there are opinions to the contrary.

Anyway, with those final words he married them, for the state law requires only that the service be read in the presence of witnesses. The ceremony was repeated the next day for the benefit of the 400 or 500 who were counting big on it, but the joke had been noised about by that time and the principals didn't really have their hearts in their work.

A catastrophe occurred not long ago, too, that should be classified as beyond the realm of the harassed manager of the affair. To my trained eye it looked as though it was going to be one of those rare 100 per cent perfect weddings. The bridal party displayed unusual composure and the general effect was delightful. The matron of honor had taken the bride's bouquet, and in response to the cue for the ring the best man stepped forward. Then suddenly becoming conscious of the importance of his rôle, nervousness overtook him and the elusive circlet slipped from his trembling fingers. Resounding clear, it began its journey down the marble steps of the chancel, whirring gently in its silvery descent. With the first high-pitched tone that broke in upon the solemn ceremony so dramatically, there was breathless silence; and then the muted murmur of the 2000 spectators was chorused through the church, as the ring finished with a lingering pirouette at the feet of the bridegroom's erstwhile rival, several rows from the front of the church. If thought transference means anything, the bad-luck omen settled on that couple with a vengeance.

Of course such an accident as that can only be attributed to coincidence. There is no accounting for it. But with an expert manager of marriages in command, there is a minimum of confusion and difficulty. For instance, there is no danger of the bride forgetting her bouquet, an amazingly frequent happening; the ring is where it should be and there is small chance of a panic because of tantrums in the ranks of the junior element.

At a more or less self-managed wedding, I once saw an angelic flower girl decide quite firmly that she didn't care for her part and wouldn't play, and play she didn't. But a farseeing director provides against such a contingency.

In fact the unreliability of those who have a hand at weddings is one of the main reasons why a supervisor has become a pressing necessity. It is his business to allow no mishaps.

In addition to his major duties, the minor ones assume amazing proportions. He is a busy puppeteer with so many strings to pull. If he is really thorough, he will even keep an eye on the modiste who makes the gowns.

Although it does not often happen that a dressmaker is careless in delivering so important an order as a bridal outfit, I remember very well a bad two hours in one home last winter when the bride's gown did not arrive. Some changes were necessary on the dress, but ironclad promises had been made and there was no misgiving until a couple of hours before the ceremony. Frantic telephoning brought the cheerless news that the gown had been sent long before by a special messenger. Almost an hour late, the tearful bride appeared in an improvised costume, and to this day no trace of her gown has been found. Someone came strangely by a beautiful wedding dress.

Instead of diminishing, the superstition toward weddings, and particularly toward the bride's clothes, seems to grow. Only occasionally do you find anyone courageous enough to defy the auguries that are piling up for the bride. There was the almost isolated case of a spirited French-American girl of my acquaintance, who was so annoyed by the admonitions of her superstitious family that she got her wedding gown more than a week early and wore it down to breakfast every morning until the appointed day. In the first place, she said she hated crisp new clothes and she was going to get the newness off if she could. Then she just wanted to see what there was to the old tradition that a bride should not be seen in her gown before the ceremony by any but those working on it. She even refused to wear something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. And she is living happily.

The Wedding Dress

A review of prices spent on bridal clothes carries you into fanciful figures. Again the promises of simplicity apply only to line, for every bit of material that goes into the bride's own gown must be of the finest texture. It is becoming more and more customary for the entire costume to be especially planned, from the weaving of the creamy white satin to the draping of the veil, which must either be rich in history or design.

A very nice gown and veil—a plain tulle one—may be had for something like $500, although that sum is frequently topped by about $1000. It has been known to run into five figures when rare old lace is used or when a great creator produces some entirely distinctive fabric and then destroys the pattern. Alice Roosevelt popularized this practice when she became the bride of Nicholas Longworth in the White House nearly twenty years ago, wearing a gown whose beauty is still proclaimed.

However, the economical note is slightly tapped nowadays in the annexation of the bride's gown as a permanent addition to her wardrobe. No longer is it laid away in lavender after its short career to serve in the same capacity for the next generation. The train and the veil alone are allowed to fill that function and the gown goes merrily on minus these two appendages as the star evening costume of the season.

Don't think for a moment, though, that the account for clothes is complete with the bride's outfit, which can come to practically any amount you like, what with sports things, riding togs, walking clothes, morning dresses, afternoon frocks, dinner gowns, dancing frocks, tea gowns, negligées, lingerie and accessories that are dizzying in their variety. Father may moan with the weight of these items, but they are merely a starter for him. He may not have been apprised of the fact that he is expected to furnish costumes, as well as presents, for the remainder of the bridal party's feminine element. But he often is.

Once upon a time, perhaps, the attendants considered it a great honor to be members of a wedding party and joyfully expended several hundred dollars each for suitable clothes. In view of such an outlay, though, they felt that some voice might be allowed them in the selection of colors, material, and the like. It is tempestuous enough now, heaven knows; but under the old system, I am told that friendship ties snapped with cyclonic violence. It usually meant that no one was pleased, least of all the bride.

When Bridesmaids Disagree

It is next to impossible to reconcile blondes to the colors chosen by the brunet bride. Yellow simply kills their complexion, they insist, and the hats are unsuited to their features. You know what eighteen is. A matter of life and death, that's all. The discussion can take on amazing proportions, so in order to have a minimum of friction the bride often provides the gowns and hats, at, say, $300 or $400 a head, and thus the matter rests with dad.

Not long ago a youthful bride-to-be explained her trials to me. It was the day before her wedding and she was plainly a wreck. In spite of the fact that she was furnishing very stunning gowns for her attendants, there had been constant turmoil. She chose peach and apple green as the color scheme for the dresses, believing that it would give a cool effect—June weddings in town need some such touch—and she had been assured that the colors would be becoming to any complexion. But no, the matron of honor, who had been assigned peach, had quite as many arguments against it as did the maid of honor, for whom the cooling green was selected. No one was really satisfied.

"There was so much wrangling at fittings among the eight of them that finally the dressmaker insisted that they come alone," she said. "At last I told them that if they wanted to be in my party they would have to wear what I gave them. I said that anyone who wanted to could drop out. Of course no one did. I knew they wouldn't, but they certainly were fussy. And you've no idea how I tried to have everything lovely."

Even so fine a point as the angle of the hats was considered important by this bride, for the milliner was at the church and gave the final symmetrical tilt to the malines headgear that might otherwise have described many points of the compass.

The difficulty does not stop with the clothes either. There are all kinds of jealousies smoldering behind those beatific countenances. Who has not heard the wail: "Why, I was her dearest friend! She told me first of all about her engagement, and then I was one of the last two bridesmaids. I was too humiliated for words, for I had told everyone that I would be her maid of honor. No, she didn't exactly promise, but I took what she said to mean that."

(Continued on Page 89)

DUCO

UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE
-- IT IS DUCO, THE BEAUTIFUL, LIFE-LONG FINISH

The day has come when finish really means — FINISH!

The initial beauty of Duco never needs renewing. Its satiny smoothness and rich color tones fear neither the elements nor the hard usage which automobiles encounter.

Duco is a thoroughbred finish. Quite naturally, it never sacrifices its smart, well-groomed appearance.

The years of bustling life which motor-cars must lead leave Duco's lustre unmarred; its newness undimmed.

New or old, your car deserves Duco
Insist upon the genuine

Finished with DUCO

DUCO is an enduring finish of unusual beauty, not to be confused with any other. It was created and is made *only* by du Pont.

It is waterproof and completely weatherproof. Mud, grease and oil can quickly be wiped away. It does not check, crack or peel. Alkaline dust or strong soaps do not injure it. It is very easy to clean and to keep clean. Its beauty is enduring, actually increasing as time goes by.

The leading automobile manufacturers, whose trademarks are shown above, now finish cars in this permanent way.

DU PONT

Old cars can be *refinished* with Duco by any shop displaying the sign of an authorized Duco Refinishing Station. Look for this sign as your assurance of getting genuine Duco.

Whether you intend to buy a new car or to refinish your old one, write for complete information about Duco. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Flint, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

A PLEASANT THOUGHT

TO the modern, progressive housewife, it is always a pleasant, appetizing thought to *know* that MAZOLA itself is as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.

MAZOLA is Nature's Gift to the great American Dining Table—an absolutely pure vegetable oil, pressed from the hearts of full-ripened corn kernels.

Regardless of a comparison of the economical cost of MAZOLA with the higher costs of imported oils—

Once you try MAZOLA you will prefer it for its purity, flavor and genuine satisfaction as a perfect salad oil.

TRY THIS

French Dressing

8 tablespoons Mazola
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice or Vinegar
½ teaspoon Salt
1 teaspoon Sugar
⅛ teaspoon Paprika

MIX dry ingredients. Add Mazola and lemon juice or vinegar and beat until creamy. This dressing may be made in larger quantities and kept in a bottle and shaken as used. A little Chili Sauce or Catsup also gives added piquancy.

free

Send for the new, beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book. It contains more than one hundred helpful recipes for preparing the most delicious foods. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 11, Argo, Ill.—and you will receive a copy absolutely FREE.

(Continued from Page 86)

But she wouldn't have dropped out of that bridal party for anything in the world. It added another link to her orange-blossom chain, a certain index of her popularity.

A good example of this pride in seniority was shown several years ago by two very prominent New York debutantes, now well-known society leaders, who both had reason to be proud of the demand for them at the weddings of their friends. At the rehearsal of a big wedding at which they were to act as bridesmaids, the question of position arose and the two differed as to the space usually allowed between the attendants walking in pairs.

Finally, when they got nowhere by friendly discussion of precedents, one of them remarked tartly, "Well, I ought to know. I have been a bridesmaid three times."

"Oh, is that all?" answered the other with affected calm. "This is my seventh."

Married in the Sunlight

Twenty-one weddings stand to the credit of one woman whose family name has rung through the history of New York society. Blessed not only with wealth and position, she has a rare personality and over a period of eighteen years she has been sought by friends in all the corners of the earth who considered her indispensable at their marriage celebration. Even now, and she is no longer young, she is called upon occasionally to participate at a wedding in the ranks of the older generation. Sometimes she does, and sometimes she doesn't, for society holds little interest for her since she has become a prominent figure in a worthy profession. With fourteen of those twenty-one matches already on the matrimonial rocks, this perpetual bridesmaid may consider her duties scarcely well done. However, the finger of scorn cannot be turned on her, for she has never married. Long ago her friends gave her up as an impossible matrimonial prospect. Far more interesting to her are the tributes paid her for her services to mankind, and they have been many.

I may have got the cart before the horse a little in this article by leaving the discussion of churches until this moment. It is vastly important, for every young girl pictures herself as a bride sweeping down the aisle of a beautiful church. If she is a parishioner at an important cathedral, this portion of the plans may be settled without quibbling. The length of the aisle, the depth of the pews, or any one of such apparently small details, though, might change the whole order of things. I never realized how important these matters might become until more than a year ago when a friend of mine came to see me one day, explaining that she simply must have my help. Her marriage was a few weeks off, and as her family, during the five or six years they had lived in New York, had attended a church downtown, it never occurred to me that her problem might involve a church or churches.

"I am simply exhausted," she complained as she sank down on a sofa in a limp heap. "For two days now I have been looking at churches. I think I have been in every one between Washington Square and Central Park." And she produced from her bag a list such as I never believed could be compiled for such an expedition. "You see, my dear, I do so want to be married in the sunlight. It is good luck, you know; and then, too, my hair looks like nothing at all unless there is a light on it. The little church I've selected is too lovely, and at half-past three there is a simply perfect light shining through the amber-glassed west window onto the altar. What I want to ask you is, do you think 3:30 is a too perfectly ungodly hour for a wedding? I simply can't shop around any more and I must decide by tomorrow or the invitations will never be ready in time."

She was married at that "perfectly ungodly" hour, but her whole schedule was changed considerably and her appropriation underwent heavy expansion, for she was advised that it must come under the category of midday weddings and that a seated breakfast must be served.

Seated collations are becoming more popular all the time. In fact one of our best directors of weddings tells me that nowadays he refuses to allow any other kind, no matter what time of day the ceremony is held. And his argument is ably supported by the long list of catastrophes that are laid to buffet collations, and the well meant but awkward efforts of impromptu waiters. Then, too, the arrangement of the tables—they are usually small ones—allows for attractive decoration. One of the spring weddings achieved an amazingly beautiful effect with tall rambler rosebushes which were placed in the center of every table, trimmed to give the effect of a rose grove in which the guests were seated.

Wedding collations are notoriously ample these days, although old-timers pine for the good old days when the entire fatted calf was forthcoming and the whole gamut of foods was run. Of course the firm hand of prohibition has also made a difference. If one has a prewar cellar, its contents are likely to be in evidence on this momentous occasion. Rare wines have been saved, in spite of the parched palates of thirsty friends, for many years, against the wedding of a daughter or a bachelor dinner of a friend.

"It is really shocking to mark the change that has taken place in the last twenty years in wedding collations," mourned one old-timer. He saw Consuelo Vanderbilt become the bride of the Duke of Marlborough, when a full symphony orchestra played the wedding march and he partook of the royal feast that was a factor in establishing the then Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt as one of the most lavish among the hostesses in New York City.

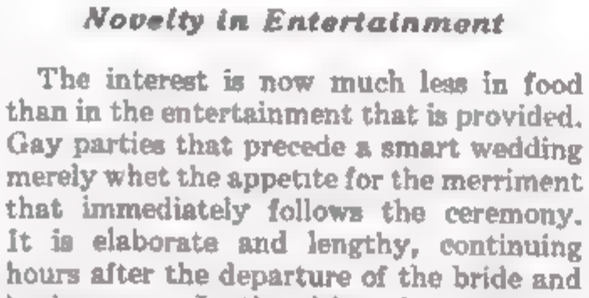
"Those were the days when a wedding feast was a real one, with quantities of rare viands and choice delicacies, and with fine champagnes and liqueurs flowing freely. Now you get a little cup of bouillon, a thin sandwich, fancy dishes that you can't make out, and ices so decorative in their disguise that it is impossible to concentrate on their taste."

He forgets that the diet is the thing, even at such a moment. The fastidious ask for quality rather than quantity.

Novelty in Entertainment

The interest is now much less in food than in the entertainment that is provided. Gay parties that precede a smart wedding merely whet the appetite for the merriment that immediately follows the ceremony. It is elaborate and lengthy, continuing hours after the departure of the bride and bridegroom. In the cities, the custom of playing pranks on the happy couple is rather difficult. When you see a car gayly bedecked with old white ribbon lovers' knots, old shoes, signs such as We're Just Married, Off On Our Honeymoon or some such witticism hanging on it, you may smile and look after it for a moment as it passes, but your interest is only apathetic. It isn't much like the old days in Cedarville when you were sure to know the principals and might even join in the crowd that followed them to give further annoyance. It was fun then in which everyone was welcome to join.

But the city jokesters now limit their tricks to their own circle, reasoning wisely that the casual witness may not be duly appreciative. They tamper with the luggage of the departing honeymooners, do everything possible to impede their leave-taking; but once they are gone, they are left pretty much in peace, except possibly for some telegraphing if the destination becomes known.



The search for novelty in entertainment for guests has produced a wide range of diversions. At one delightful country wedding, for instance, an airplane hovered over the garden where the ceremony was held, and after it was over, notes prepared for the amusement of the guests were dropped among them. There are great possibilities at country weddings, which are becoming more and more English in their elegant simplicity. House parties precede them and follow them, each one gayer than the last, until the nuptial ceremony becomes an episode only incidental to the proceedings.

The Uninvited Spectators

Perhaps the most exciting of the many weddings I have been to—although the novelty was not premeditated—was that of a not too young society girl which was the culmination of a whirlwind courtship that had its beginning abroad. It was small but very smart, and the ceremony moved along smoothly until the minister chanted the words: "If any man can show just cause why this couple may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." Again and again I have wondered what would happen if anyone cared to seize this opportunity; but it had happened only in fiction, and in my mind I was anticipating the next lines, which had become so familiar to me, when a voice in the back of the church cried out, "I protest!" and a man slightly under medium size started down the aisle. In a moment two ushers were upon him, and before the astonished guests, except those in the very back of the church, were fully aware of what was going on he was dragged from the building. The minister speeded up his reading and hurried through the ceremony.

Such an incident is rare, indeed. But something sensational happens just often enough to upset the stereotyped routine and make the business of weddings a fascinating one.

The longing for the unusual, rather than for a sight of the bride, I think, nowadays attracts such crowds that four policemen, at least, are in attendance at the church at a New York wedding to keep order and prevent the guests from being trampled underfoot. This guard is one of the recent courtesies extended by the city. Fees to them are also another item to add to the list of expenditures.

Rain or shine, these bystanders will linger in the offing, and if you are a regular at weddings you will soon recognize familiar faces among them. They are as much a part of the general effect as the spectators within. Occasionally someone will wax enthusiastic, usually a member of the fair sex unfortunately, and attempt an entrance by a subterfuge none too subtle. In one extreme instance the coal hole was resorted to, though unsuccessfully.

If the wedding is not one of those smashing big society affairs, spectators, provided they are not too eager, are admitted. The important thing is to fill the church; it is as vital a matter as the audience at the opening of a play. It is the one time that no blue penciling is done, and if you do not possess a sufficiently impressive list you can acquire one for a price. But as the Four Hundred is fast multiplying itself by ten, packing the house is not the problem it once was, especially if all the poor relations are included. It is the one big occasion when they are looked upon with favor and they respond magnificently.

As a matter of fact, the wedding teamwork is excellent. Even with the present-day businesslike viewpoint, all the world loves a lover, and even the trades have joined in the conspiracy for more and bigger weddings. Proof of the success of those implicated was evidenced the other Sunday when it took a full five minutes to read the marriage banns at the Little Church Around the Corner.

Kilbourne Just Misses

A Rough Shave

"Out of luck," said Kilbourne. "Not a new blade left. Can you help me out, old fellow?"

"Sure," I answered, "I'll do better than just give you a new blade—I'll make a new blade better than you ever imagined it could be."

With that I got out a new blade, slipped it into my Twinplex and gave it a few turns. Kilbourne watched me, his face a picture of skepticism.

"What's the use of that?" he asked. "Blades are too cheap to fool with one of those things."

But when that Twinplexed blade glided down his face it's a wonder he didn't slice off a wrinkle because his face was wreathed in smiles.

"Oh boy!" he said. "What did you do to that blade? Never had one shave like that before."

That's how Kilbourne got wise on how to get a good shave. Now he's an out and out Twinplex booster. He has found that Twinplex speeds his shave and saves him the time, bother and expense of continually buying new blades. One blade lasts him weeks at a time.

Don't wait for some one to hand you a Twinplexed blade—let us do it.

FREE *A New Blade TWINPLEXED*

Name your razor and we will send you *free* a new blade stropped on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

For fifteen years Twinplex Stroppers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world—ask your dealer for one.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
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Twinplex Stropper

No more discomfort "breaking in" New Shoes

Corns, callouses, bunions, blisters and tender spots prevented by this scientific method.

Millions of people's feet are so tender that the most perfectly fitted shoes make them *foot-miserable*.

This troublesome "breaking in" period is now a thing of the past for all who follow this method. Millions have adopted it. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has made this possible for you.

Dr. Scholl has devised and perfected a wafer-thin, medicated, antiseptic, *protective* pad that gives you this comfort, and makes your feet absolutely immune to corns, callouses, bunions, blisters, broken skin, and tender spots.

These marvelous comfort-giving pads are called Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They are made in three sizes for the purposes illustrated below. They cost but a trifle and are sold everywhere.

The next time you buy shoes, *buy a package of Zino-pads*. Then, at the least sign of any foot tenderness from rubbing or pressing, apply a Zino-pad to the spot affected, and let the healing, soothing medication do the rest.

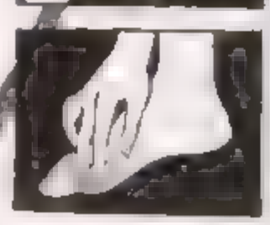
In one minute—or less—all pain and soreness will be gone. It will positively prevent all further discomfort and make your new shoes give solid comfort from that time on.

Protecting the Toes and for Corns

For sore, inflamed toes and corns, apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Corn size) They stop all discomfort in one minute.

For Burning Soles and Callouses

For callouses on the soles, arches and hot, burning sensations—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Callous size) to the tender spots. They remove the cause, and instantly end the pain.



Preventing or Alleviating Bunions

Apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Bunion size) over the swollen joint. They remove the friction and pressure at once and prevent formation of bunions or enlarged toe joints

For Tortured Instep

For deep painful ridges on the instep, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (Callous or Bunion size). They remove the CAUSE—pressure—prevent blisters and cuts, and stop pain at once.

For Sore, Tender Heels

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EUROPE TAKES TO THE AIR

(Continued from Page 17)

with the state, after many alterations, are now governed by the Decree of December 27, 1924. This decree, of thirty-four articles, lays down in detail the obligations of the companies in the matter of regularity of service upon approved routes, efficiency of flying material, and so forth, and sets out the subventions guaranteed by the government in return.

All aircraft must be, of course, of entirely French construction and of types sanctioned by the Undersecretary of State for the purpose for which they are to be used. They must be able to climb within one hour to the height of 12,000 feet—6000 feet in the case of seaplanes—approximately four times the height at which commercial machines are usually flown. They must attain a horizontal speed of at least 145 kilometers an hour in the case of land planes, 130 kilometers an hour for river-water planes, and 110 kilometers an hour for seaplanes; and seaplanes must be able to take off and alight in a very rough sea. A minimum number of machines must be maintained in service. The time-tables and tariffs are fixed by the Service de la Navigation Aérienne, after consultation with the company concerned. The government has also a commissary on the board of each of the companies, with power to control all purchases and sales of material.

In exchange, the government grants a kilometric bonus based on every fifty kilograms of useful load flown per kilometer. This is worked out on the formula: K × 1.75 francs for the first four amounts of fifty kilograms, and K × 1.25 francs for the remaining amounts of fifty kilograms. The factor K is fixed by agreement with each line, and varies according to the difficulty of the route. These agreed factors are not published, but it may safely be said that the result is to give the French companies a far higher kilometric subsidy than those received by the companies of any other country. This kilometric bonus is paid monthly.

The Depreciation Grant

In addition to these operational expenses—and this is the most important feature of the French scheme—a depreciation grant entirely reimburses the company for the original purchase value of its aircraft after 300 hours of flight in the case of land planes, and 200 hours in the case of seaplanes, amphibians and aeroplanes used in French Africa and the colonies. As the useful life of an aeroplane is not less than 2000 hours—with reasonable care in maintenance—this means that the companies return to store and accumulate a large and increasing number of machines whose capacity has been thoroughly tested, and the greater part of whose useful life yet remains. Aircraft engines are similarly totally redeemed after 150 hours of flight; again long before they are worn out. A typical example of the result of this system is that on the route Paris-Bukharest-Warsaw the French company keeps eighty-two machines in service, whereas the British or Dutch companies would perform the same amount of work on that route with ten or eleven.

Finally, after other allowances for interest, depreciation of the companies' ground material, buildings, and so on, and certain management and economy bonuses, the government guarantees the companies against loss should the year's working show a deficit—as, of course, it invariably does.

Like the British, French commercial aviation was initiated just after the war by aircraft constructors, and not by people with any experience of operating transport companies. It commenced almost fortuitously. Early in 1919, the well-known aeroplane manufacturer, Monsieur Bréguet, offered himself as parliamentary candidate to the town of Lille. At that period, the railroad communications to Northeastern France were still disorganized, and, by way of recommending himself to the electorate, Monsieur Bréguet started a freight air service from Paris to Lille, using ex-military planes. His candidature failed, but the air service was successful. He was then approached by two merchants from Brussels, one interested in the carriage of flowers from Nice, the other interested in the transport of lobsters. They requested that the service should be extended to Brussels, and offered sufficient inducement for it to be done. This service—carrying freight only—functioned throughout 1919.

French Air-Line Development

At the end of the summer, simultaneously with the coming into existence of the first British air-transport companies, this nucleus organization was expanded into a company known as the Compagnie des Messageries Aériennes, on the board of which appeared all the best known French aircraft constructors—Messrs. Blériot, Bréguet, Caudron, Farman, Morane, Luquet de St. Germain, and Renault. Louis Blériot, the first man ever to fly across the English Channel, was the chairman. It commenced operations in September, 1919, with a passenger service from Paris to London in conjunction with the new British Handley Page Company, each of the coadjutors running three times a week each way. Very soon, however, the French company, stimulated by its government subsidies, separated from the British and ran in competition.

It was only moderately successful. The British companies flying to Paris succeeded in capturing by far the greater part of the passenger traffic, despite successive cuts in rates by the French company. The majority of the passengers on the route were—as they still are—British and Americans, and possibly they felt greater confidence in machines flown by English-speaking pilots. The Messageries Aériennes, however, attracted a considerably greater freight traffic than its British rivals.

Differences among the galaxy of aircraft constructors on the board then manifested themselves. A rival company, the Grands Express Aériens, was organized in March, 1920, for the Paris-London route, and this competition continued until the end of 1922, when the two companies amalgamated under the title of the Air Union, with the services Paris-London and Paris-Brussels. For a variety of reasons, however, the French Government was dissatisfied with the way in which the service was run, and in 1923 it requested Monsieur Dick Farman—who was one of the members of the company—to take sole charge of and reorganize the two routes. This project fell through, after considerable controversy. The Farman interests surrendered all their shares in the Air Union, and separated, being given a ten-year monopoly of the line Paris-Brussels-Amsterdam, while the Air Union, reconstituted into a company with a capital of 4,700,000 francs, and with Messrs. Blériot and Bréguet still upon the board, ran Paris-London only.

The Air Union seems now to have got over its early troubles. Its service on Paris-London is highly efficient and very popular. At the present time it carries fully half the passenger traffic between the two great capitals—a result to which, perhaps, it is helped to some extent by its British-sounding title. The Air Union, aware no doubt of the prejudice among British and a percentage of American passengers in favor of flying with British pilots, certainly does nothing to advertise its French nationality; quite the contrary. In any case, the prejudice, where it exists, is quite unfounded; French pilots are at least as good as those of any other race. In 1924, the company carried 5764 passengers on this single route and for 1925 these figures promise to double themselves. In May, 1925, alone, 1417 passengers were transported—and the summer rush on the European air lines does not commence until June, attaining its maximum in August.

From the Seine to the Thames

The Air Union uses a fleet of sixteen twin-engined twelve-passenger Farman Goliaths, one of the oldest passenger types of aeroplane in existence—and incidentally a standard type of bomber in the French military air force—but still one of the most efficient and comfortable from the passenger's point of view. These will be gradually replaced by the new great multi-engined Farman monoplanes of the Jabiru type. In addition, the company operates six small Spads and four Bréguet machines for freight purposes between Paris and London. Two large four-engined Blériot machines are now being constructed for the service. This plane was experimentally used for freight purposes between London and Paris last year, and holds the speed record for the route—one hour and forty minutes.

The Air Union, as mentioned in the previous article, is now conducting experiments with a 300-horse-power Schreck amphibian direct from the Seine to the Thames at Hammersmith. This service, if it eventuates, will eliminate the long journeys to the terminal aerodromes and will reduce the total time from four hours to two hours and a quarter from the center of Paris to the center of London. It is alleged to be only the preliminary to a far more ambitious scheme, a French-run amphibian service direct

(Continued on Page 92)

A Dornier-Wal, on the Danzig-Stockholm Route—German Aero-Lloyd

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TIRES TUBES

(Continued from Page 90)

from London via Paris to Cairo. This scheme, however, is still in the nebulous stage; but that Mediterranean route has for a long time been reserved by the French Government for this particular company.

At present, the Air Union runs only the service Paris-London. Its scheduled flying time is three hours, with two passenger services daily each way. Several times this summer, however, it has had to put five machines on the route to accommodate the passengers offering themselves. Its fares are 500 francs single, and 950 francs return. It carries all the air mail in the direction Paris-London, while its rival, the British Imperial Airways, conveys all the mail in the reverse direction. The arrangements for baggage are, of course, identical with those of the British company.

The amount of the subsidy allotted to the Air Union in the budget of 1925 is 8,500,000 francs, a figure somewhat difficult to reconcile with the complaint of the British company that it has to meet a competition three or four times more heavily subsidized than itself. Translated into gold, the French company's subsidy is approximately $425,000, while the British company gets $685,000. The British company, of course, has to operate five additional routes; but its London-Paris service is by a long way the most important to it.

Europe's Longest Air Line

The early history of the Farman company, the Société Générale de Transport Aérien—S. G. T. A.—is entangled with that of the Messageries Aériennes and the Air Union. In its present form, it dates only from 1923, and operates exclusively the line Paris-Brussels-Amsterdam, with connection thence via the German Aero-Lloyd to Berlin and via the Swedish Aero Transport Company to Malmö. It maintains one service daily each way, at present usually with Farman Goliath twelve-passenger machines. These are being replaced by the new Jabiru four-engined monoplane, which the French generally regard as a fine passenger aircraft and is gradually becoming a dominant type on all the French and some foreign routes.

This machine won the prize of 500,000 francs in the French competition for commercial aeroplanes both in 1923 and 1924. It has one thick overhead cantilever wing of very curious appearance, is engined with four 180-horse-power Hispano-Suiza motors, is flown with a dual control for two pilots side by side, and carries twelve passengers. Its speed is 200 kilometers — 124 miles—an hour, and, most important in a passenger machine, the stopping of one engine makes no difference to its powers of flight.

The Farman company regards this aeroplane as its standard and perfected type for passenger work, and is ceasing the construction of other passenger models. The Farman company, of course, is far more important as an aircraft-construction firm—its works at Billancourt, just outside Paris, are the largest aircraft factory in France and one of the largest in the world—than as an air-transport organization. It manufactures and supplies aircraft not only to the French and other governments but to the Air Union, the Franco-Roumaine Company, the Polish air-traffic company, Aéro-Posnai, and the Danish Luftfahrtselskab. The S. G. T. A. is merely a small-operating subsidiary. Nevertheless, its service Paris-Amsterdam is excellent and regular. The fares are 350 francs single and 660 return. In the budget of 1925 it is allotted a subsidy of 2,600,000 francs.

A far more important line, one of the two really significant French air-transport companies, is the Compagnie Franco-Roumaine de Navigation Aérienne, a title lately changed to that of the Compagnie Internationale de Navigation Aérienne. This company boasts of the longest air line in Europe—3717 kilometers—Paris-Prague-Vienna - Budapest - Belgrad - Bukharest - Constantinople-Angora. The whole of this route was actually in operation for two months of 1924; but political difficulties have supervened, and the service now stops at Bukharest. From Prague, a branch goes off to Warsaw, and for some years past negotiations have been in progress for its extension to Moscow. They have, however, not yet resulted in success.

This company, whose importance so far is much more political than commercial, was founded on April 23, 1920, by a consortium of Rumanian and French banks, the two great French steamship companies the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique and the Messageries Maritimes, and the Tempa newspaper—this last, perhaps, camouflaging political interests. In January, 1925, it altered its title, and to a certain extent its constitution. It came to some interlocking arrangement with the Air Union, and a director of that company appeared upon the board, together with various representatives of the French Government. It received 15,250,000 francs subvention in the budget of 1925, and in addition it receives subsidies from Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania. These total about 3,000,000 francs a year in cash, together with considerable subsidies in material or services. Besides these, the Czecho-Slovakian Government recently purchased 20 per cent of its shares.

It commenced operations at the end of 1920 on the route Paris-Strasburg-Prague, flying its machines directly over a distinctly hostile Germany and in defiance of the German Government. This service was extended to Warsaw in 1921, and in 1922 the section Prague-Budapest-Bukharest-Constantinople was opened for traffic, with one machine daily each way. In 1923, this route was modified to include Belgrad. In September, 1924, the line was carried on to Angora.

This, so far, represents the highwater mark of the company. Since then, the highly nationalist Turkish Government of Angora—which had never granted the concession for more than three months at a time—has declined to permit foreign machines to fly across its territory—it is alleged that the German Junkers firm is trying hard to get a footing in Turkey, and that the two phenomena are not unconnected—and the French company now flies no farther than Bukharest. However, it is still in negotiation with the Turkish Government, and still has hopes of reinstating its route through to Angora. It has recently offered to install a large aircraft factory in Turkey, by way of meeting Turkish susceptibilities.

During the two months that the Angora section was in operation the service proved to be distinctly popular—not surprising, perhaps, since the railroad takes at least twenty-eight hours to cover the distance between Angora and Constantinople, while the aeroplane does it in three hours. From September 5 to November 5, 1924, the company's machines carried, without accident, seventy-six passengers from Constantinople to Angora, and eighty-two in the reverse direction, together with a considerable quantity of mails and freight.

Night Passenger Service

At the end of 1924, also, the company found itself obliged to give up its direct service via Strasburg across Germany to Prague. Its aircraft, of course, very greatly exceeded the Nine Rules imposed on German aircraft and made the legal limit by German law, and the company had never asked a permission certain to be refused for its flights over Germany. The frequent mishaps to this company's machines during one period were the origin of the famous story that the Germans were employing a secret wireless ray that brought the aeroplanes to the ground. What actually happened was that the French pilots had to fly 600 kilometers over virtually hostile country, with no sort of weather indications to guide them. The engines used had a knack of developing trouble within a certain definite distance, if they were going to give trouble at all, and at just about that distance from Strasburg there happened to be a practicable landing ground. Consequently, whenever the engines failed, or the pilot found himself running into bad weather of which he had not been warned, he brought his machine down to much the same spot as his predecessors had done—with the result that it was promptly confiscated by the Germans. Finally, it was alleged that the German Government threatened to bring down the French machines by gunfire if they persisted in violating German law. At any rate, the Franco-Roumaine Company, after having made altogether some 650 flights across Germany, has this year changed its route. Its machines now fly on the line Paris-Zurich-Innsbruck-Prague, which is not only much farther round but involves crossing the Alps over a particularly difficult piece of country.

The Franco-Roumaine Company has the distinction of being the first air-transport company in the world to institute a night-flying passenger service. For six months of 1924 its machines carried passengers from Belgrad to Bukharest, over the Balkans, at night, without a single accident. This night service is now suspended, but just as soon as it is practicable again to fly over Germany—which will be when the Nine Rules are abolished or modified—it proposes to fly a night service from Paris to Strasburg, as well as to resume the night service on the Belgrad-Bukharest section. All preparations have been made for this. When it functions, Bukharest will be reached in twenty-four hours from Paris. At present, the air route takes thirty-seven hours, against sixty-two hours by train.

The company uses chiefly large three-engined Caudron and Farman Jabiru aeroplanes for its passenger service, together with a number of Potez IX and Blériot Spad machines for freight. The large machines have a very complete and interesting installation for night flying. It maintains a daily service each way Paris-Bukharest and Paris-Warsaw. The fares are: Paris-Bukharest, 1770 francs; Paris-Warsaw, 1300 francs; and, when the service is open, Paris-Constantinople, 2400 francs; Paris-Angora, 2800 francs.

The method of statistics employed by this company does not permit the exact computation of the actual passengers and freight transported. They point out that one passenger or a ton of goods carried all the way from Paris to Constantinople is a very different proposition from the same passenger or ton of goods flown from Paris to London. Accordingly, their

(Continued on Page 97)

The Interior of a Farman Goliath—Amsterdam-Paris Service

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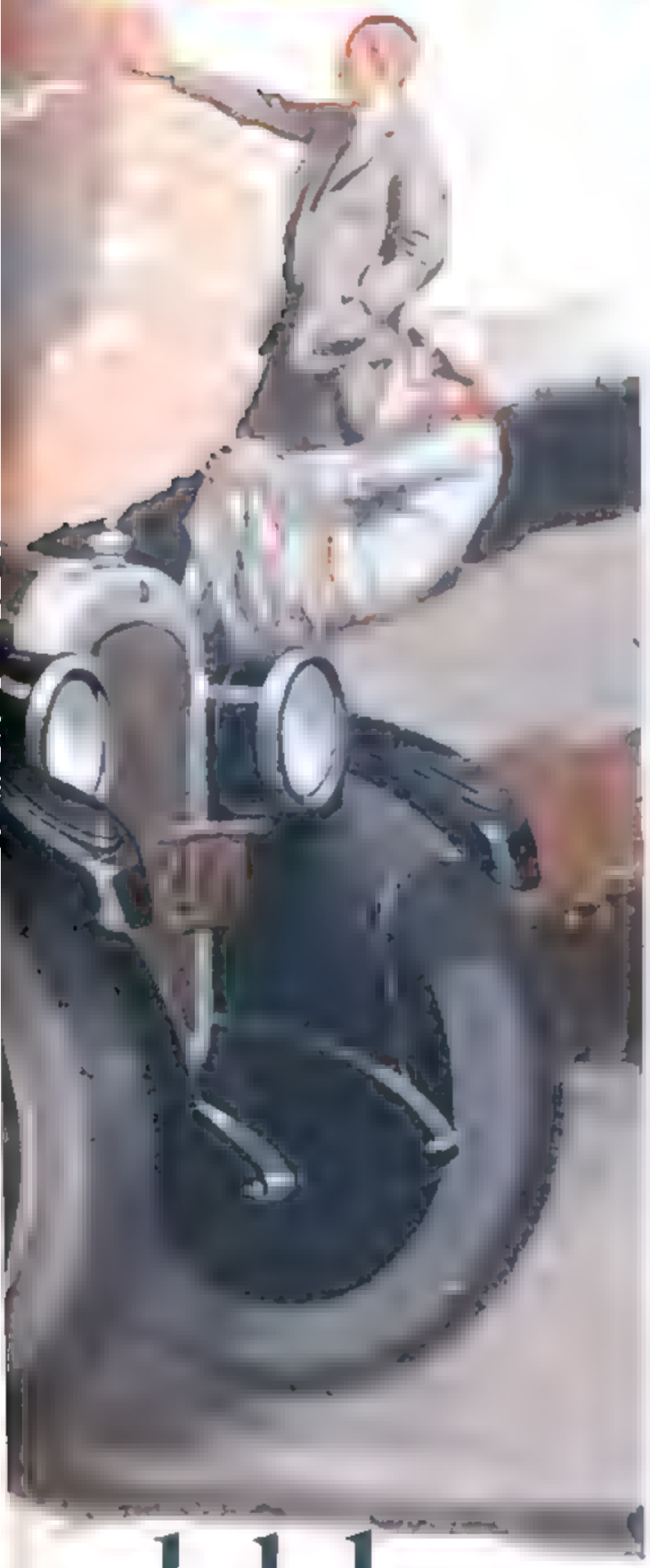

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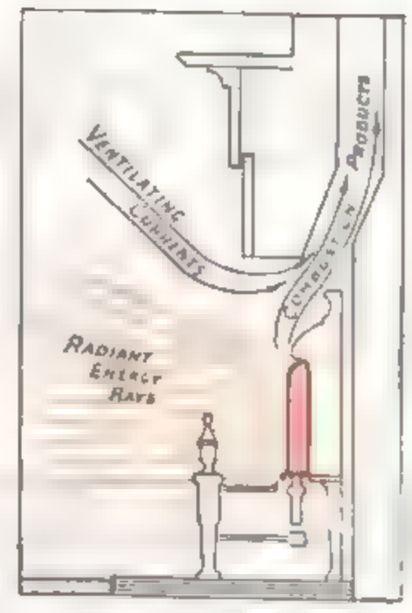

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(Continued from Page 92)

statistics are framed on a kilometric basis. For the last three years they are:

Passenger kilometers, 1922	476,948
Passenger kilometers, 1923	472,011
Passenger kilometers, 1924	710,000

This means that in 1924, for example, one passenger has been flown 710,000 kilometers, or 1000 passengers have each been flown 710 kilometers. The actual number is not disclosed, but it would not seem to be very large. The freight traffic of the company has grown from 78,144 kilometer tons in 1922, to 184,704 kilometer tons in 1923 and 208,000 kilometer tons in 1924.

The Franco-Roumaine Company is one of the few air companies in any country to reveal the comparative statistics of its operating costs. They are, therefore, perhaps worth while reproducing. The total operating costs are grouped under two headings—expenses of technical exploitation, representing 87.54 per cent of the whole; and expenses of commercial exploitation, representing 12.46 per cent. The expenses of technical exploitation are tabulated as follows:

	PER CENT
Depreciation of material	25.33
Repair and upkeep of aircraft	10.07
Repair and upkeep of motors	12.2
Fuel and oil	12.49
General technical expenses, including pay of pilots	20.76
Insurances	4.23
Motor service to aerodromes	2.46
Total	87.54

These figures are for the year 1923. The actual total of operating expenses is not given; but, as the cost of fuel and oil is stated as being 2,148,839 francs, they would seem to be in the neighborhood of 17,000,000 francs. Nor are the commercial receipts revealed; but the company receives 15,250,000 francs in the French budget of 1925—it was slightly less for 1923—and a cash subsidy of about 3,000,000 francs from the other governments it serves, consequently it would appear that practically it is entirely supported from government sources. This, if not perhaps typical of all the other French companies, is certainly illustrative of the determination of the French Government to support its air lines that have a political value, irrespective of their commercial returns.

Linking Up With South America

The other great French air company, the Compagnie Générale d'Entreprises Aéronautiques, familiarly known as the Latécoère Company, although it transports a very considerable number of passengers, is preëminently a mail-carrying organization. It is one of the earliest of all aeroplane-transport companies, for it was on September 7, 1918, two months before the Armistice, that Monsieur Pierre Latécoère, a well-known aircraft constructor, presented to the French Government the proposal for an air line connecting France, Morocco, Senegal and South America. A company was formed, which has a capital of 5,000,000 francs, and receives a subsidy of 23,335,000 francs in the budget of 1925.

This company commenced operations with a freight and mail service from Toulouse to Barcelona on September 25, 1918. On September 1, 1919, it commenced a regular mail service between France and Morocco. In October, 1922, it opened air communication between Casablanca and Oran. In May, 1924, it opened the lines Alicante-Algiers and Alicante-Oran.

Its present system covers about 6000 kilometers, with six different routes. The main trunk is the great Toulouse-Perpignan-Barcelona - Alicante - Malaga - Tangier - Rabat-Casablanca line, a distance of 1850 kilometers, traversed daily each way in thirteen and a half hours. Connecting with this at Perpignan is a feeder line from Marseilles.

From Alicante, the line branches four times a week to Oran, and once a week to Algiers. And twice a week there is an each-way service between Casablanca, Rabat, Fez and Oran. All these, with the exception of the Alicante-Algiers line, are passenger services.

The main purpose of the company, from its inception, was to open up an air-mail connection between France and Buenos Aires. This purpose is still being vigorously pushed forward. This year a weekly postal service was opened between Casablanca and Dakar in Senegal, a stretch of 2850 kilometers. Thence a service is now being organized—but is not yet in operation—of mail boats to Natal in Brazil, and an air route from Natal, via Pernambuco, Bahia and Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires. The trial flights have already taken place over the South American section and the necessary aerodromes installed. Finally it is hoped that by 1928 a service of seaplanes will replace the mail boat between Dakar and Brazil, and Buenos Aires will be brought within four days of Paris. The temporary mail-boat service will bring the time down to nine and a half days as against twenty-one at present. The company is also endeavoring to persuade the British authorities to stop the South African mail steamers at Dakar, and there pick up the air mail from England, with a saving of nine or ten days in the time now taken from Britain to the Cape.

The Latécoère line carries a large number of passengers—7207 in 1924—but it is chiefly as a mail line that it justifies its existence. The increase of its postal traffic has been phenomenal, as is shown by the following table:

	KILOMETERS
1919	9,134
1920	182,881
1921	327,806
1922	1,467,572
1923	2,458,863
1924	4,020,593

Farman Goliath, Paris-London Service (Air Union)

This average is being more than maintained for 1925, and more than two-thirds of the total mail between France and Morocco now goes by air.

The Latécoère Company believes firmly that it is only as the great mail carriers that air-transport companies can attain independence of state subsidies. Weight for weight, of course, at the surcharge rates in vogue, the transport of mails is very nearly four times as valuable as the transport of passengers. No company in Europe has so far made so brilliant a demonstration of this thesis; and if the company still requires large subsidies, it is chiefly because its extended routes are still in course of organization—an extremely costly process. The fare from Toulouse to Casablanca is 1109 francs single and 1895 francs return. The departures take place in the early morning to connect with the night train from Paris. The planes used are the Latécoère machines built by the company.

There is another subsidized French passenger air line, the Compagnie Aéro-Navale, which operates a flying-boat service three times a week each way between Antibes and Ajaccio, in Corsica, and receives 1,925,000 francs from the government. This is a comparatively small affair at present, but it is hoped eventually to extend the service to Tunis. The price of the ticket to Ajaccio is 220 francs and the journey is effected in two hours.

Not Enough Orders to Go Round

As for the regularity of service and the factor of safety on French air lines, the Sous-Secrétariat d'État de l'Aéronautique informed the French Chamber of Deputies that the regularity was from 95 to 98 per cent, and that the number of accidents for the last three years was:

YEAR	TOTAL KILOMETERS FLOWN	FATAL ACCIDENTS
1922	3,500,000	20
1923	3,400,000	12
1924	3,600,000	5

Despite the imposing façade of the French air lines, public opinion in France—or the collective opinion of the aircraft industry—is by no means satisfied with the national position in aviation. For the past two or three years there has been a recurrent and increasing agitation in favor of an Air Ministry on the British and Italian model, which shall unify control of military, naval and civil flying. At the present time, the administration of these services is split up amongst half a dozen government departments—and the aircraft-production industry is alleged to be in a state of chronic crisis owing to the extremely spasmodic character of the government orders on which it depends.

The main trouble is that the progressively immense war programs—6000 machines were on order for 1919—attracted an excessive number of firms to the industry. At the time of the Armistice, more than fifty different concerns were still manufacturing aircraft. Today, thirty-three of these firms still remain in competition with one another, and twenty of them received government orders last year. Great though has

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been the expansion of the French air force, there cannot be enough orders to maintain so big an industry in healthy existence.

One effect of an Air Ministry, it is considered, would be to eliminate the weaker brethren and consolidate the industry in fewer but more regularly employed factories. The subsidy terms by which the commercial air companies are compelled to maintain an excessive number of machines as a quasi-military reserve are also vigorously criticized as both provocative of the accusation of militarism and useless in practice. The five French air companies have a total fleet of slightly more than 200 machines among them, not half of which would be of any real use in war. The total of the fighting machines is about 2000. Therefore, at an extravagant cost in subsidies, commercial aviation provides only a very doubtful and altogether insufficient reserve of 10 per cent.

From the standpoint of civil aviation, Germany leaves France far behind and is easily the most interesting country in Europe. One of the main aims of the Allies at Versailles was to exclude Germany from the air. Yet today there is no country in Europe which possesses so many air lines—and, thanks to the famous and repressive Nine Rules which challenged the ingenuity of German designers to defeat them, perhaps no country whose aircraft are aerodynamically so efficient.

The latest aerial time-table, issued by the aviation section of the German Ministry of Transport, gives thirty-nine routes, of which twenty-seven are within Germany itself, and thirty-four are flown either by German companies or with German machines. It is an activity quite unparalleled anywhere else.

The whole population of Germany, and particularly the younger generation, is being intensively educated for a future in the air. The chief propaganda society, the Deutscher Luftfahrt Verband, has innumerable local societies affiliated to it all over the country. School children are taken to the aerodromes and their imagination stimulated by the spectacle of machines arriving and departing. The government, through the medium of a body known as the Luftrat, actively promotes the organization of amateur flying clubs.

German Commercial Flying

This Luftrat is a quasi-official council, on which are represented the Ministry of Transport, the War Office, the Army Commands, the ex-War Pilots Association, the Association of Aircraft Manufacturers, the Aeronautical Scientific Association, the Deutscher Luftfahrt Verband and the German Aero Club, and it is officially given supreme control over all German air activity with the exception of air transport and aircraft construction. It delegates the encouragement of flying competitions to the Aero Club, and they excite an amount of popular interest among all classes such as no other country can show.

The Deutsche Rundflug Competition, for example, flown in May and June of this year for prizes totaling 350,000 marks, drew immense crowds each day to the Berlin Aerodrome. The towns compete with one another for the privilege of being allowed to establish and pay for aerodromes and to subsidize air lines connecting them. Major Wronski told me that half his time was taken up with explaining to these enthusiastic municipalities that short air lines of under 300 kilometers were not commercially practicable.

There are at least thirty civilian flying schools, as compared with four or five in Britain and about a dozen in France. The aircraft-manufacturing industry supports nineteen firms still in activity; a remarkable figure when it is remembered that it can receive none of those government orders on which the aircraft constructors of France and Britain chiefly rely. The Government Civil Aviation vote figures—there is, of course, no military or naval air vote—for 1925 are not yet available, but they are understood to be nearly three times the total amount allotted by Great Britain to civil aviation, and considerably more than the French civil aviation vote.

To this must be added the very large amount expended on civil aviation in the form of loans, investments and grants by the different states and towns of Germany: a phenomenon unknown either in France or Britain. The total of this is not known—Germany is very coy of advertising these figures—but a few representative examples may be given. The state of Bavaria went security for a loan of 1,500,000 gold marks to the Junkers company, and besides has granted 1,120,000 gold marks for the promotion of air lines in Bavaria. The state of Baden gave 200,000 marks for a similar purpose, and the town of Baden invested 50,000 marks in the local Junkers subsidiary company. The state of Würtemberg invested 200,000 marks in an Aero-Lloyd subsidiary, and the town of Stuttgart did the same. The town of Dresden made a loan of 1,000,000 marks to the Junkers company and invested a further 500,000 marks in the concern. The town of Munich made a loan of 3,000,000 marks to the same company. Leipsic, Frankfort, Mannheim, Ludwigshafen, Breslau, Essen, Bochum, Mülheim, Oberhausen, Druisburg, Gelsenkirchen and Hamborn have all made municipal investments in air-transport companies. There are certainly towns omitted from this list.

The aerodromes are either partly or wholly maintained by the local municipalities. The Tempelhof Aerodrome at Berlin, for instance, is three-quarters owned by the city of Berlin and one-quarter owned by the government. The aerodromes at Hamburg, Stettin, Bremen, Chemnitz, Leipsic, Halle, Breslau, Karlsruhe, Frankfort, Hanover, Görlitz—and doubtless others—are all financed by the municipalities concerned. Nine, at least, of the Aero-Lloyd Company's routes are subsidized, in addition, by the cities linked up.

Companies Amalgamated

German commercial aviation is controlled by a department of the Ministry of Transport, and it is conducted by two great organizations—the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd, A. G., and its subsidiaries; and the Junkers Luftverkehr, A. G., with its subsidiaries. The amount voted as direct government subventions to air transport in 1924 was 4,900,000 marks, and it was presumably divided roughly fifty-fifty between these two great concerns. It is paid on a basis of two marks per kilometer flown on lines that have an international connection. The purely internal lines receive no kilometric subsidy from the Reich, but only from the states or cities concerned, as explained here.

The inception of the Aero-Lloyd dates as far back as 1917. In that year, an aviation company called the Deutsche Luft-Reederei, with a capital of 2,500,000 gold marks, was founded by the great electrical company, the A. E. G. The Hamburg-American Line, the Metall Company of Frankfurt and the Zeppelin-Dornier aircraft-construction interests subsequently joined in with the A. E. G. This company, which was then unsubsidized, opened a temporary passenger service between Berlin and Weimar in February, 1919, and in March irregular services between Berlin and Hamburg and Berlin and the Rhineland. It also operated a temporary service with giant five-motored planes between Germany and the Ukraine in 1919.

In the spring of 1920 Germany commenced to subsidize her commercial aviation, and in that year and the next a number of other air companies were formed—the Lloyd Luft-Verkehr, the Deutscher Luft-Lloyd, the Lloyd Ostflug Gesellschaft, and the Lloyd-Luftdienste—chiefly by the Norddeutsche Lloyd, the Deutsche Petroleum Gesellschaft and three of the principal aircraft-construction firms in combination. In January, 1923, all these companies, together with the Deutsche Luft-Reederei, were amalgamated into a new company, the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd, with an original capital of 100,000,000 paper marks. The A. E. G., the Petroleum-Gesellschaft, the Metall-Gesellschaft, the Metall Bank, the Hamburg-American Line and the Norddeutsche-Lloyd were the principal promoters. The president of the company is a director of the Norddeutsche-Lloyd, and directors of the A. E. G. and the Hamburg-American Line are prominent on the board. Its managing directors are Major Wronski and Herr Merkel, and every detail of the company bears witness to their brilliant capacity for organization and management.

In addition to the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd proper, the company has a large interest in and undertakes the management of ten subsidiary German companies, and controls five foreign companies—the Adria Aero-Lloyd of Albania, the Austro-Lloyd of Vienna, the Danziger Aero-Lloyd, the Condor Syndicate of Colombia and the Russko-Germanskoje Obschestvo of Moscow. It also operates and manages the one really efficient Russian air company, the Deutsch-Russische Luftverkehrs-Gesellschaft—concisely known as Deruluft—which was founded at the end of 1921 by the old Deutsche Luft-Reederei, and which maintains a daily service between Königsberg and Moscow.

The company operates—either solely or in conjunction with foreign companies—twenty-three different routes:

1. Berlin–Hanover–Amsterdam–Brussels–Paris–London, in alliance with the British Imperial Airways and the French Farman Co.
2. Leipsic–Hanover–Berlin
3. Berlin–Hanover–Bremen
4. Berlin–Dantzic–Königsberg
5. Berlin–Dantzic–Zoppot–Stockholm.
6. Königsberg–Kovno–Smolensk–Moscow—the Deruluft Line.
7. Berlin–Copenhagen joint service with the Danske Luftfart Selskab.
8. Bremen–Hamburg–Copenhagen—with Danske Luftfart Selskab.
9. Copenhagen–Hamburg–Bremen–Amsterdam–Rotterdam–London—joint service with the Dutch K. L. M.
10. Hamburg–Frankfort–Zurich.
11. Black Forest Line, Mannheim–Karlsruhe–Baden-Baden–Constance.
12. Berlin–Halle–Weimar–Frankfort–Mannheim.
13. Munich–Stuttgart–Baden-Baden, with air connection Stuttgart–Mannheim
14. Munich–Innsbruck
15. Munich–Bad Reichenhall–Berchtesgaden
16. Berlin–Leipsic–Munich
17. Stuttgart–Leipsic–Berlin
18. Leipsic–Halle–Dortmund.
19. Hamburg–Hanover–Frankfort.
20. Berlin–Hamburg—night mail service only.
21. Zurich–Stuttgart–Leipsic–Berlin–Copenhagen.
22. Hamburg–Westerland.
23. Berlin–Dortmund.

All these are daily services, except Sundays, and many of them are new ones. The total route mileage scheduled for 1924 was 2598 miles, that of 1925 is 4298 miles.

A Year-Round Service

There is, of course, no flying by aircraft of any of the Allied powers into Germany, except in the case of the British Imperial Airways line from London to Cologne, for which a special three-monthly permission is granted by the German Government, and in the case when no German machine happens to be available at Amsterdam for the connection to Berlin. In that contingency a small British machine conforming to the Nine Rules takes its place.

Despite the Nine Rules, the new all-metal, nine-passenger Dornier-Komet III, which is becoming the standard machine of the Aero-Lloyd, is an extremely fine aeroplane, and one of the most comfortable from the passenger's point of view. For the line Dantzic-Stockholm, which is outside the scope of the Nine Rules, the great Dornier-Wal flying boat is used. This machine, which is the same as that used by Amundsen in his North Pole flight, could not, of course, be built in Germany. It is constructed at Pisa by the Italian branch of the Dornier works, and flown thence to the Baltic. In addition to these machines, the Aero-Lloyd uses a number of five-seater Fokker F-III's, and other small types. Its total fleet, exclusive of the Dornier-Wal boats, is sixty-eight machines. Strictly according to the subsidy terms of the German Government, German engines only should be used; but German engines are not available, and British Rolls-Royce are used in the Dorniers and Siddeley Pumas in the Fokkers.

The following statistics summarize the company's operations since the commencement. The low figures for 1922 and 1923 are due to the fact that this was the period of greatest French interference. Figures for 1925 include to May twentieth only.

YEAR	FLOWN KILOMETERS	PASSENGERS CARRIED	MAIL AND FREIGHT CARRIED	REGULARITY OF SERVICE
			KG	PER CENT
1919	686,214	2,253	87,012	95.1
1920	498,775	3,087	14,424	93.5
1921	1,226,954	9,473	29,471	97.0
1922	893,274	5,992	46,745	94.7
1923	484,560	5,638	125,958	96.5
1924	1,131,211	14,906	299,505	95.1
1925	484,413	8,720	27,588	

Hitherto the various Aero-Lloyd services, with the exception of the connection via Amsterdam to London, have been summer services only. But from now on it is proposed to maintain about 75 per cent of them throughout the winter. Its traffic, like the traffic of all other European air lines, has very considerably increased this year, and promises to double the figures for 1924. In the last nine flying days of the above table, from the eleventh to the twentieth of May, 1622 passengers were carried on the whole system.

Ambitious Plans

Like every aviation company, the Aero-Lloyd is eager to exploit long-distance aerial routes, and it had completely worked out an immense extension of the Deruluft line Königsberg-Moscow which should go via Dobroljot to Peking. When the Germans had done all the preliminary work, however, the Soviet Government characteristically stepped in and took over the scheme. As the matter stands at present, Germany is totally excluded from this projected line, and only Russian pilots and Russian machines will be permitted—if and when it operates.

The company is also projecting an extension of its long-distance north-and-south route—Copenhagen-Berlin-Munich-Innsbruck across the Alps into Italy and down as far as Rome. An Italian air company was formed in March of this year to work the Italian section, but it is highly improbable that it will function before 1926. An extension of the Bremen-Chemnitz route to Prague has also been prepared, but is held in abeyance by political complications.

In somewhat sharp distinction from the other great German air organization, the Junkers concern—consideration of which must be reserved to the next article—the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd cultivates and maintains the friendliest relations with the air-companies of foreign powers, including those of Britain and France. It is a member of the International Air Traffic Association, on which Britain, France, Holland and Norway are represented. It is in fact purely and simply a transportation company, doing its best to attract traffic; and whatever may be the ultimate purpose of the intensive German exploitation of the air, nowhere is the Aero-Lloyd accused of making itself a tool for political ends. But the immense network of its activities is a monument to the enterprise and imaginative vision of the German people. Supremacy in the air will at no distant date be synonymous with supremacy on land.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles on aviation by Mr. Austin. The last will appear in an early issue.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer for FORDS

The Many "*Kinds*" of *Miles* *A Ford Owner Encounters*

"MILES"—the greatest word in the language of motordom! "Speed limit 15 *miles* per hour," then suddenly it changes to "5 *miles*"—back again to "15 *miles*," then to "35 *miles*"—all within a *mile* or two.

Even in one's own home town the "*miles* per hour" speed regulations may change many times on one trip uptown.

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The car owner cannot GUESS and get them right—a 2 *mile* difference may mean a fine.

Then there are "*miles* on a gallon," "*miles* on tires," "*miles* per trip" and "total *miles*."

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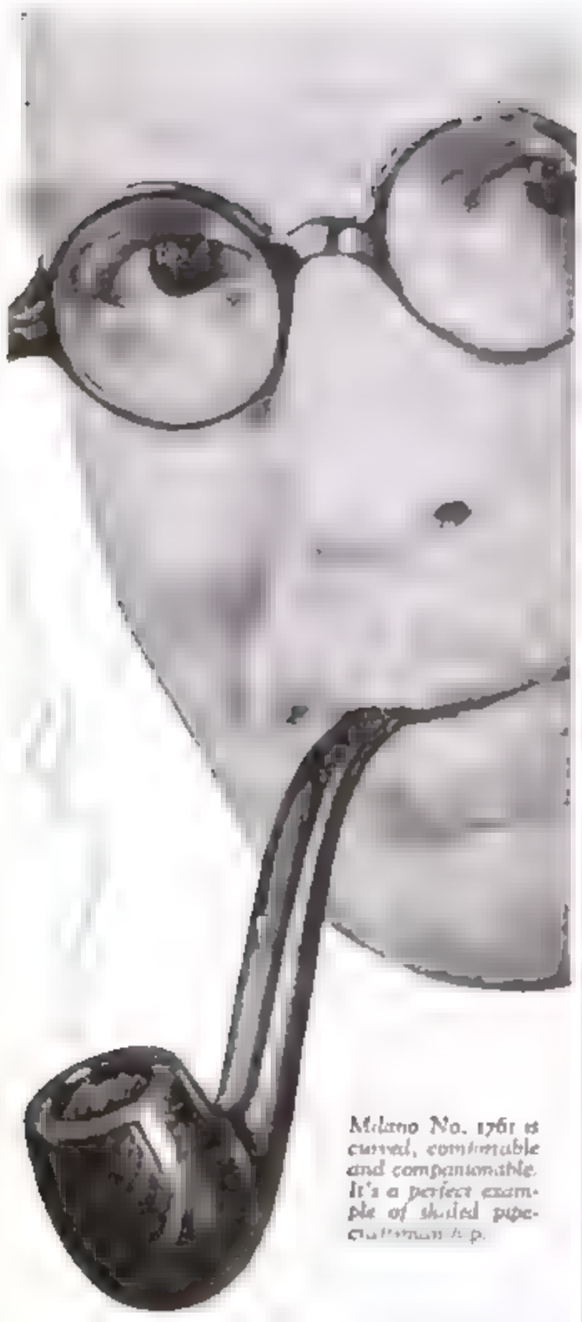

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
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MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 38)

overworked factories, auto camping stands head and shoulders above every other form of recreation in the open.

Indeed the automobile has created a new type of out-of-doors enthusiast. He might be called an auto sportsman or a gasoline vagabond, but each of these terms falls far short of defining clearly that subtle, elusive something that is the warp and woof of the auto camper. In the West he is a sagebrusher, and the term is applied with not a whit more of odium than is the use of dude to designate a paying guest on a Western cow ranch; while in most other sections he is referred to merely as a camper. The cognomen tin-canner, which originated in the early Florida winter camps, is all but passé, for the very good reason that campers have changed their habits, and today probably live less out of tin cans when afield than when at home.

My composite picture of a typical motor camper is a virile descendant of American-born stock of the pioneer type, usually a family man, who has taken to his automobile as the best means of enjoying outdoor life during the period of his vacation; including not only the sport of living in a tent under the open skies but also the fun of conquering distant scenic marvels, the joy of fishing unknown waters, the adventures of the open road—play living, making transient friendships, bathing at famous beaches, golfing over fresh greens, and perhaps even hunting in season through far-away painted-hardwood trails, or even canoeing and boating.

There is a great deal more to camping than just camping, to use almost the exact words of a veteran gasoline gypsy.

One of the most frequent questions asked by beginners is: What will it cost? One hundred and ninety-eight dollars is the average price paid for the complete camping outfit, exclusive of the car and personal effects, but inclusive of every article taken to enhance the fun of living in the open; such as fishing tackle, outboard motor, camera, and so on. This figure does not take into consideration the cost of camping cars, a type of outfit that would distort the normal average, because the man who does not need to count his dollars, frequently spends from $3000 to $8000 on such an outfit; nor, indeed, does it cover anything that is not typical of the gas nomad's effects.

Roughly, this is the way that $198 is spent: For shelter, $62; cooking and eating outfits, $29; camp beds and bedding, $34; furniture and accessories, $29, and inevitable miscellaneous items, $44. Likely the old-timers will immediately get out their pencils and figure it out on the margin of this page that I am wrong—way wrong—on every item. Very likely, too, being natural egotists, they will chorus, "I'd like to show that guy my outfit."

Motor-Camp Equipment

Because the average cost of an outfit for making comfortable a party of three or four people—the average number of persons counted in hundreds of cars actually figured 3.5—is nearly $200, should be no reason for the beginner immediately to jump to the conclusion that he must invest that sum in his camping paraphernalia. On the other hand, some will spend more, the camping-trailer purchaser paying from $250 to $395, and those who prefer certain outing refinements will pay more of course.

Perhaps it will assist the novice if the inside facts in outfitting a family of four people, two adults and two children, are given somewhat in detail.

Shelter: A 9 by 11 poleless umbrella tent with sewed-in floor cloth and ample doorsill, the cloth shelter reënforced with webbing or double canvas wherever strain will occur, a good window or transom ventilator in the wall opposite the door, both door and window fitted with insect-proof netting and fasteners, as well as storm curtain. The material of the tent, eight-ounce double-fill canvas duck and well constructed throughout, cost $60.

Commissary: A two-burner gasoline stove with high stand, a refrigerator basket and thermal jug, and a four-party aluminum utensil kit cost $43. The family considered this a bit too stiff and decided to purchase only a few articles in the utensil line—a pair of ten-inch frying pans, two large stew pots, water bucket and dipper—taking the remainder from the kitchen cabinet and pantry shelves. The actual cost was $28.

Sleeping quarters: When it was found that a double steel-spring camp bed of folding persuasion for the adults, together with pad and blankets, and two junior folding cots, equipped with pneumatic mattresses for the children, would cost in the neighborhood of $90, it was decided to eliminate the air mattresses and take blankets for the whole party from home. This cut the cost of the sleeping quarters to $32.

Running Expenses

Furniture: A substantial roll-top type of folding camp table, four collapsible chairs, folding washbasin, electric-light attachment from car dash to tent, first-aid kit, a dust-proof case for toilet articles, and several other minor items cost approximately $25.

Miscellaneous: Like a good many other camping parties, this family decided that it would not be necessary to spend a penny for anything that would not directly aid with the problems of living outdoors for several weeks beside their automobile. In this particular case father already had his rod, reel, lines and flies for fishing when the red gods and the environment beckoned; sonny had his cherished binoculars; sister her small camera, and so on. But like every camper, when the time drew near for making the plunge, father discovered somehow or other that he would have to buy special spinners for those Firehole River cutthroats he was going after. Likewise, also typical, it was found necessary to purchase a larger and better camera with which to bring home the record of the wanderings. This, together with other things, brought the cost of miscellaneous articles to the neighborhood of $25. This made the actual cost of one family's outfit, which, by the way, served them admirably, reach the sum of $170.

A Sentinel of the Storms, Rim of Yosemite Valley, California

There is no denying the fact that a really comfortable camping outfit does cost good money, and for the last two seasons gasoline gypsies have become aware of the fact, time and time again after it was too late, that the best is the cheapest in the end. When a man tells me that he wants to take his family, including six small children, from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound with an outfit costing a hundred or less I have to candidly advise that he had better stay at home. A satisfactory outfit will last year after year if given ordinary care, and so the first cost is only a small part of the story. The money invested in new camping outfits by beginners alone last year amounted to $226,000,000.

But equipment cost is hardly half the story. Running expenses go even higher. Going to the same source of information as before, the price paid for day-by-day purchases of the itinerant camper was $2.05 the day the person throughout last year. This figure includes children—large and small—who were members of hundreds of the camping parties. It is evident that every automobile was worth $7.17 a day to the community or communities where the gas, oil, food, merchandise, accessories and souvenirs were acquired throughout the peregrinations of auto campers.

The average time spent living under canvas each year for thousands of camping parties was found to be thirty-three days. It includes all the short trips taken near home over holidays as well as the long vacation journey. This means that the average amount spent by each individual motor camper during the season was $67.65. Tyro campers, then, left in their wake a stream of cash that amounted to $270,000,000.

For combined camping outfits and running expenses, beginners spent for their 1924 motor-gypsy trips the neat total of almost a half billion dollars.

High and Low Cost Trips

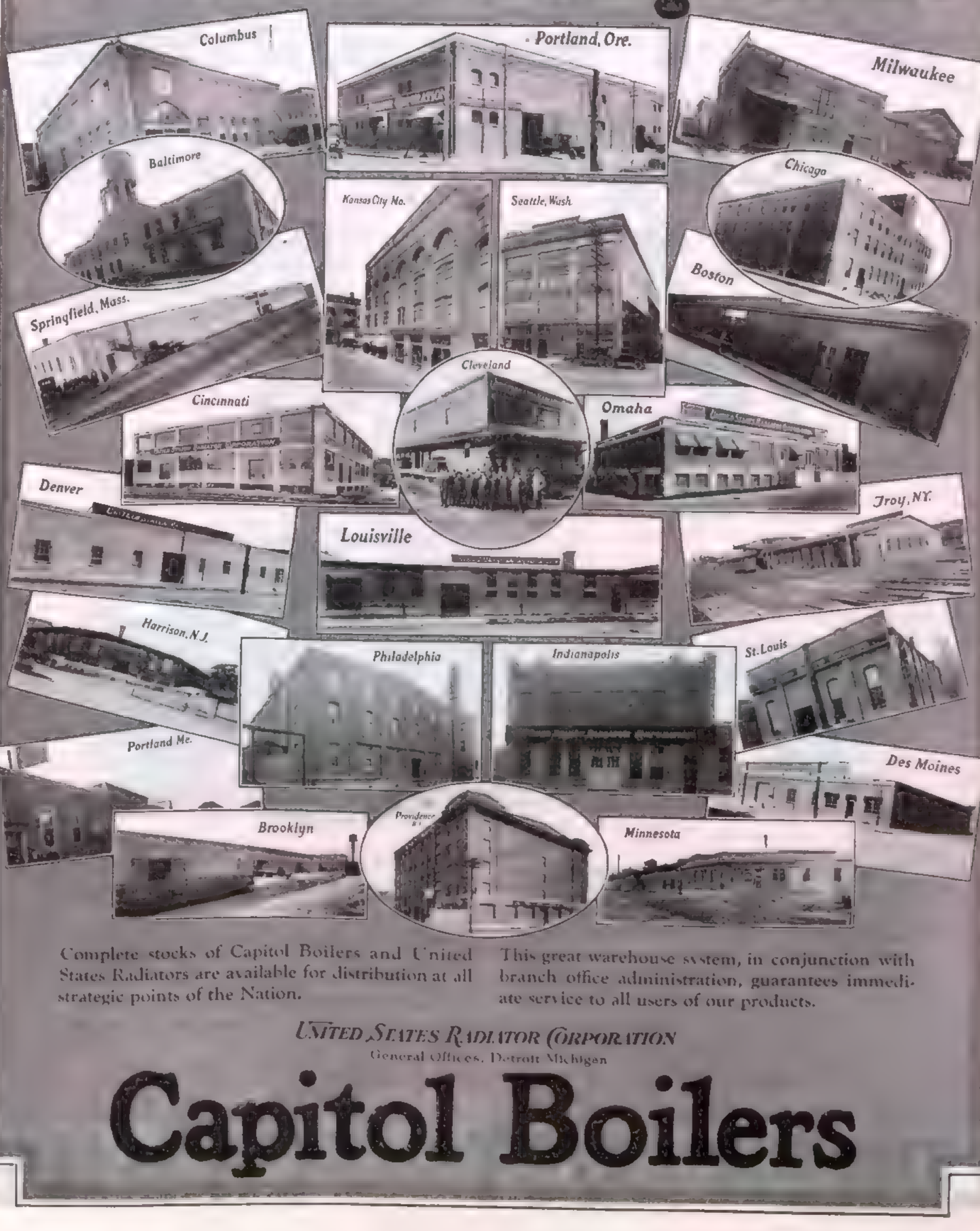
A good many campers loudly protest that they do not spend $2.05 a day and, naturally, by the law of averages they do not. Just the same, it is always advisable to carry, preferably in traveler's checks of one kind or another, this sum for each member of the party multiplied by the number of days the trip is to last.

On one camping adventure of two weeks in Wisconsin last summer, pulling a camping trailer, with three adults and two small children in the party, we kept our running expenses down to $1.25 the day the person. But this was because we were extremely fortunate; neither did we have any mechanical trouble with any part of the outfit, necessitating heavy garage bills, nor did the women folks discover any costly souvenirs that they must acquire.

On the other hand, during a trip East to the Adirondack and Catskill mountains we had the misfortune to break a rear spring, and those macadam roads in the mountains, with the rocks wickedly projecting, compelled the purchase of two new tires. Besides this Bess discovered in some curio shoppe—oh, boy, oh, joy!—just what she had spent years looking for in vain—a set of iron book ends of a special design, and the price was only $12. I suppose this was a special tourist's cut rate too. It was in the same class as $18 Indian-beaded moccasins and $10 Teddy bears that we were inveigled into buying once by the pretty savage behind the counter near our camp at The Thumb in Yellowstone National Park. At all odds, this Eastern trip, and all our Western ones, have cost for necessities something above $2 a day for each member of the party.

FRANK E. BRIMMER.

A National Heating Service



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Now, you can obtain the advantages of this new model at a price so low that you should investigate this truck before making any purchase of new equipment. Secure at no cost—a demonstration in your work!

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LOWER COST per TON MILE

FOR WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT—

(Continued from Page 15)

Old Nathan Drew himself had always delighted to irritate his daughter Emily by so appraising his son-in-law. And now that she was gone, he took every opportunity that offered of telling Paul the same thing. And, strangely, it was less sweet from his tongue than from Gladys Verner's. Paul did not like him. He had a peculiar unfearing fear of him. He answered him now in a polite mechanical voice.

"Father hasn't come home yet, grandfather. I'm waiting for him. Shall I have him come up to see you when he comes?"

"I think not, since I'm down here, thank you," said the voice reflectively.

It had a thin quality, like still shallow water that mirrors much. The slight figure moved noiselessly in front of Paul's tall one to a chair that stood in shadow between two dim paths of light from the open windows. When he leaned back, his pongee suit made him one color with the wicker chair, so that he became only a voice attached mysteriously to two still black-slippered feet that hung limply not quite touching the porch floor.

"You won't grow any taller, my boy," the voice observed smoothly, "by standing up. I watched you the other day with my field glasses when you walked in the garden with that laughing yellow-haired woman, and I noticed you were a little bald. No man can grow beyond baldness. You may as well sit down and tell me where your father is. I am quite aware that he has not come home yet."

Paul sat down, hunching his chair back from the light.

"I do not know where he is, sir. I'm expecting him any minute."

"Ah, no one knows anything. And Martha's gone off to pray for him. I told her she might better stay home and lay out his best linen. Ah"—the voice lingered, listening—"I hope she's not stopping. It's pleasant hearing Barbara play again, isn't it? Have you seen her?"

Barbara! It struck like pain—the sound of her name. It was the way his own thoughts of her always came, sudden, unwanted, beyond his control.

"Not since last October," he said quietly, wishing heartily that his grandfather were in a more rational mood.

"She's more winsome than ever I've seen her; restful-looking, like her mother. Your foolish mother had just been talking to me about you and her, when I declare if I didn't look down and set my eyes right on her wheeling Eben to the house. Eben looked up and waved. He's always spying to see if I happen to be out on the roof with my glasses. But he never heeds me unless he's perked up about something—the decrepit old realist."

"Why, grandfather"—Paul straightened and leaned a little into the light—"Barbara is in Naples!"

"Only if geography has become a variable. She's right over there, in the prettiest blue dress you'd want to see, filling Eben with vainglory because he considers her presence a personal accomplishment. He forgets she can only abide him about two months of every year. Yet he thinks his brain is better than mine. Let him. It rubs him sore enough to envy me my legs and laughter. He knows I laugh at him."

"If Barbara is at home she changed her plans very suddenly," said Paul.

Had there been music, or hadn't there?

And then it came again, the soft melody of another ballad covering the silence of the quiet night—music played slowly and dreamingly, as if for ears that loved its memories more than its melody.

"It must have been loud thoughts, my boy, that deafened you to Barbara," said Nathan Drew, and fell to chuckling.

The Ellises had been their neighbors for thirty-seven years. Now there were left only Barbara and her father's father. Her sisters were married, her parents were dead. Paul and Allen Jennings had played and picnicked with the Ellis children over the wild sage-scented hills where now gay-awninged Spanish houses spread their terraced gardens. Three generations of friendships had ripened in the two big houses, and only recently had the pathetic enmity grown between old Eben Ellis and Nathan Drew. For Nathan had irrevocably suspected Eben's horrified doubt of his sanity; and poor body-broken Eben, in his wheeled chair and decrepitude, chafed sorely under the gloating gaze of Nathan's field glasses that were so often and tauntingly trained on his otherwise sequestered garden.

Old Eben always reveled in pride when Barbara came home from her frequent journeys. She spent her modest income traveling. She had never married. Many said it was because Allen Jennings held her heart. She was a beautiful woman, quietly past girlhood, devoid of cynicism, comradely, serene; "stuck up," she was considered by those of Siesta for whom, in her freedom from false values, she found no interest.

Always she had possessed Paul's imagination and his gallant dreams. He knew that his brother loved her; but it was not this knowledge that held, unspoken, the feeling that flashed between him and Barbara whenever their hands but touched in idle greeting. The thing that killed his courage was the baffling uncertainty of him that he saw, like a reflection, in her cool deep eyes.

The sound of her simple gentle music lowered like a fog between the two men.

Finally Nathan's voice slid slyly from his chuckles—"Now that you hear her, you think you know she's there, eh?"

"I guess it's Barbara, all right, grandfather."

"Oh, yes—oh, yes. But when you didn't hear her, you didn't believe it. Just the same as you don't believe your mother's about, because you don't see her. You think I'm an old maniac because I can see and hear better than you can, but you'll do wisely, my ——"

The telephone rang, a sharp long summons.

"Well, well. If Henry's killed himself, it'll serve Emily quite right." His tranquil voice followed Paul across the porch. Paul laughed, an ease-making, dispelling laugh.

"I'm quite sure father hasn't killed himself, grandfather. There are so many other pleasanter things to do than that."

"Pleasanter for you, perhaps," allowed the thin treble voice. "But it's the first of April, the day for fools, and Henry is the finest fool of all."

As Paul took the receiver he was acutely aware of being strangely and unpleasantly excited; his impulse was to cry "Father!" into the telephone. But he said in a heavily steady voice, "Hello! Paul Jennings speaking."

It was Gladys Verner.

"Well, Bluebeard," her sparkling voice chastised him, "is this my first lesson in your brutality? I thought you were going to call me the moment you got home. Don't dare to tell me you forgot it!"

He had, of course—had forgotten her entirely in dreaming over his day of consequence at the bank. But it was rather a relief to recall her merry existence.

"Oh, Glad, hello there!" He spoke jubilantly, to reach the eerie old ears on the porch. "Sweet of you to call me. How are you?" Quickly he turned his back to the window, lowering his voice to cautious smothered words, "Glad, listen dear, can you hear me?"

"Just barely, Paul. Whatever's the matter? Your father wasn't hurt, was he?"

"Oh, no, no. But he hasn't come yet; and grandfather's down here in the very devil of a spell. He thinks he's been talking to mother again. I want to get him upstairs as soon as I can. Understand?"

"Oh, dear"—grievedly—"you poor precious. Call me later then. Be sure. 'By."

"Surely," he said, returning to the loud jubilant voice, "I'll call you after father comes and tell you how he got along. Good night—dearest."

The still black-slippered feet had not moved.

"That was Mrs. Verner," said Paul, with hearty diverting provocativeness. "And the next time you talk with mother, grandfather, you can tell her that I'm going to marry Mrs. Verner. Mother's hoped I would for a long time."

From the day of her death his grandfather had insisted on Paul's mother's posthumous presence. It had been a difficult pretense to carry on with him.

"Your mother's changed," said Nathan Drew. "But she had to die to learn what I've tried to tell her all her life. I always said, 'Emily, if you can't be loyal to them you love, no matter what mistakes they make, it's your own love that'll punish you.' And it's well she knows it now, wandering around miserable instead of resting in her grave. Mark my words, my boy, you'd best be loyal to the love God has put in your heart. Don't go marrying yellow-haired widows—not with Barbara in your dreams. For it's a man's dreams that lie deepest and outlast desire."

Paul shook off a definite sensation of dismay. The thin tranquil voice and the two still black blotches that were his grandfather's feet threatened to become an unwelcome manifestation of something deep within himself; something that, with the feel of a conqueror, he had never allowed to annoy or to alarm him. But he voiced only his vicarious indignation for his mother's sake.

"It strikes me then, grandfather, that you might better practice what you preached to mother. It's a great pity, I think, for you to be disloyal to your own daughter."

"Pooh! I'm neither loyal nor disloyal. My mind is a mirror. That's why you think I'm mad. Clever Emily! Think of her, gloating over her secret fortune, planning to get even with your father for being a failure. But what is cleverness? 'Serviceable for everything, sufficient for nothing.' You can't get even with them you love. If you do, you suffer more than they do."

"Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair."

Faintly the words filled the silence—an unwelcome obbligato to Nathan Drew's mood. Paul hated her sharply. Barbara, singing to old Eben Ellis!

"No sense trying to revenge yourself on Barbara for not loving you, my boy," said Nathan Drew, hatefully complacent. "With one woman in your heart, you'd best not take another in your arms; she'll weigh you down. And you'll find yourself in the same mess, living, that your mother's in now she's dead."

"It is ridiculous to say that mother had any idea of revenging herself on father," said Paul in slow mechanical tones, unconsciously eager to eliminate himself from the old man's analysis. "Allen was mother's baby; she always regarded him so, and her love for him never wavered through all the miserable scrapes he got into. This money may be the means of bringing him back to honor and decency. She knew father would never want while I live. I can't think of any greater loyalty she could possibly have shown."

"You never were able to think deeply," his grandfather admitted gently. "Emily gave her money to your good-for-nothing brother merely to keep it away from your father. She'd much rather have left it to you; you are her first-born and fed first from her heart. But she was clever enough to know that if she did, Henry'd be sitting here with us now with his pockets full of mortgage notes—all marked paid."

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 103)

Paul's brain becalmed, like a little puddle in the mud. Then a pebble of comprehension sent it rippling into reason. He had wasted no significance on his grandfather's remark about April Fool's Day, but he realized now that it made the distorted premise underlying his disquieting philosophies. This first day of April was the date of maturity for the Winnerheim mortgage notes.

After today, when the right winds blew, the bells in the arches of the Jennings Tuna Packing Plant would ring out the final possession of the Winnerheims. But that would make their music no less sweet in the ears of Henry Jennings. For the years of resignation had dulled any import of the day itself.

Nevertheless, now that he remembered it, Paul felt a quick sympathy for his father. He hated to think of young Winnerheim bringing out the mortgage papers and making the last talk with his father. He even felt a little resentful that his father had not sent for him or mentioned it; and then he quickly knew that his father had not wanted to interrupt the first day of his banking career. And again, perhaps there had not been any fishermen's strike at the plant; it sounded improbable, at this second thinking. More likely that young Winnerheim had sent for his father because it was the first of April.

By Jove! It *was* odd that his father wasn't home—odd.

Paul's brain returned to what his grandfather had last said—"If she had left you the money, Henry'd be sitting here with us now with his pockets full of mortgage notes—*all marked paid.*"

"But he wouldn't be at all, grandfather!" he protested, his voice sharply surprising after the disposing silence. "Neither father nor myself has the slightest wish to put any more money in the damned fish business. Father's glad to be rid of the financial worry."

"Eh?" A dart of suspicion edged the thin voice. "You won't think he was glad when they bring him in. No man endeavors half a century for one thing—and is glad to lose it."

"But father isn't losing anything today, grandfather. Things are exactly as they've been for several years."

"Perhaps he didn't lose any money today. Perhaps not. Perhaps not. But unless I miss my guess, he lost his faith in his human soul."

Barbara's music had stopped. Paul felt its absence. His grandfather fell to whistling, breathily and unevenly, a few bars of Robin Adair.

"What in the devil do you mean, grandfather?"

"More than you are able to understand, my boy. But what I'm trying to tell you is that your father has probably killed himself. A sane and simple fact."

Again Paul employed laughter to dispel the disquieting effect of his grandfather's nonchalant remarks. He was a fool to sit there and let an unbalanced old man whip his musing mind into serious and absurd argument. But his laughter sounded to poor purpose; in it he heard his own apprehension.

"Well, it doesn't sound very sane or simple to me, grandfather." He disciplined his voice by such effort that it trembled. "In the first place, there's no cause for such a thing: and in the second, father isn't a coward."

"Neither courage nor cowardice has anything to do with it," said Nathan Drew; "and neither, thank God, have you nor I. See if his pistol is in the desk."

"Of course it is. I know without looking."

But he went inside to look, and his grandfather's chuckles followed him. He would have liked to choke him. He touched the pistol and closed the drawer hastily. Dryness tightened his throat. He had no mind for premonitions of the irrational, but—there was something strange about his father's absence. Every nerve was telling him so. He crossed the living room and library and went to another telephone in the dining-room alcove.

In a bright business voice he called Irvin Winnerheim's apartment. Irvin's brother Sidney answered and somewhat excitedly gave out the confidential friendly information that his exemplary older brother was drunk—dead drunk. Sidney had got in from San Francisco at seven and found him so. Incomprehensible. Was there any message? There was none. To Paul, it was unpleasantly comprehensible.

He called the Sierra Club. His father had not been there. He called the packing plant and told Central to ring until she got the night watchman or she'd lose her job.

Finally old Jim Estis answered:

"Why, ain't he home? That's funny. Yep, I seen him jest 's I was comin' on. . . . Lord, no, he wasn't depressed; fact is I thought 's how he was lookin' more perked up than usual. Kind of a brightness on his face like there used to be. . . . Nope, not been any trouble, not 's I know of. Boys said Winnerheim went off early in a great stew about somethin'. He always is. I wouldn't be worryin' none about the old man, Paul. He's probably at a movin' pitcher."

This hearty assurance left Paul the more unassured. "Kind of a brightness on his face ——." That face swam before Paul's blurred vision—kindly; broad between the brown shy eyes that looked out unjudgingly above the big Roman nose, which by all the laws of usual contour should have been wide and Saxon; its sensitive slow-smiling mouth; the moth-eaten hair line of soft white hair about a fine high forehead; a homely face where beauty lived.

A hot desperate necessity, a personal necessity for finding his father, made Paul's hand reach for the receiver even though he had thought of no number to call. But his hand fell, for Martha's black-hatted head appeared in the half-opened swinging door.

"My lands, isn't your father home yet, Mr. Paul?" she said in a hushed cautious voice.

He knew she had been listening. She must have been long home from prayer meeting. Since his mother's death Martha had sovieted from servant to sovereign.

"N-o, he isn't, Martha." Paul looked at her gravely and unapprovingly, but something impelled him to say, "I'm worri—I'm wondering a little about him."

Martha's hushed voice became a whisper. "They—did—foreclose, did they?"

This, from Martha, was surely extraordinary. And he recalled that his grandfather said she had gone to pray for Henry Jennings. He reproved her with uplifted brows.

"The foreclosure means nothing. We arranged for it more than a year ago. Grandfather, Martha, is not a very dependable person to gossip with. Quite evidently you've been talking with him."

Martha's gaze remained more hostile than humble.

"Why, yes, so I have, same as I've talked to him every day for most thirty years, Mr. Paul. But I didn't tell him you'd left the business the minute you got your fine fortune, nor that you'd thrown down your father for old Frank Shields. No, I didn't tell him those things. I left him go on believing that you'd have saved your father if only you had sense enough. God knows his poor crazy brain's addled enough as it is. He'll be cuttin' our throats next thing we know." The swinging door swallowed her. Quickly it gulped her back again. Her face was distorted with the escaping of her long withheld grief and rebellion. "Unless," she continued her ominous phrase, "your poor father's done it for himself a'ready, like your old maniac of a grandfather thinks. Oh, it's poor trash you are! You know well in your heart what this foreclosure means to your father."

Paul stared at the place her head had been until the sound of her feet stamping up the back stairs was stilled. Sweat came out on his temples and into his palms. He rubbed his hands together. But the words that made pain in his mind were not Martha's; they were old Jim Estis'—"kind of a brightness on his face—kind of a brightness ——"

By the words of old Jim Estis he knew that his father was dead. And he felt an intensified return of the loneliness that had laid cold fingers on him as he had passed his father's empty office that afternoon. He fumbled in his inner pocket for his father's penciled note. He spread it on the small telephone table and held its four corners with his cold moist hands, but he could read no farther than "*My dear son:* When I named you Paul it was ——"

His father had named him Paul because of faith—faith; something finer than fact; something Henry Jennings had kept with every man and with himself and God. Paul saw his tears fall on the paper; he pulled it away so they might not smear the words.

"Paul!" called his grandfather's thin voice, imperative with irritation. Paul started for the porch, carrying the note, open, in his hand. The motionless black blotches that were his grandfather's feet had not moved.

"They're bringing him now," said the voice that belonged to them.

Paul walked on to the veranda door. He heard low sounds in his throat, but gave them no thought. A car was winding up the valley wall; a car with one headlight, lifting through the darkness like a Cyclops' eye.

"This will enlighten you about his being 'glad to be rid of the financial worry.'" Nathan Drew's words were the more hateful in that he intended no animosity. He was old beyond emotions of favor and disfavor, old beyond any distress of death. He knew nothing of Paul's new fortune, nor of the shining vice-president desk. Situations entertained him in their own intrinsic value; and his ignorance of the actual import of this one put added power under his tongue.

The irony of his innocence ate like an acid into Paul Jennings' armor of evasion from self-analysis, baring those deep-hidden things which, with the feel of a conqueror, he had never allowed to annoy or to alarm him; the garments of ambition that had clothed them seemed poor rags of insufficiency now that he waited the coming of that climbing car. They uncovered also the secret of Barbara's intolerable aloofness. He had fulfilled that baffling doubt in the gaze of her cool deep eyes.

It was a strange time for thoughts of her to beat in on him; intimate thoughts such as he had always sternly denied himself; thoughts that even intervened between him and the certainty of the approaching automobile. He thought of her in that near room, lying still and slender in some indefinite white garment; he thought of her soft dark hair, braided, across the pillow; of the long quiet lashes under her eyes that were closed from questioning; of her slim sweet hands whose every touch had made a memory between them; of her lips ——

The hoarse honk of the nearing car left Paul violently trembling. Love—how close it roots its many branches!

If he had not so much loved his father. Ah, that was the touchstone of his inadequacy!

The car reached the driveway and circled up under the porte-cochère. It was a ramshackle protesting taxi.

"Grandfather"—it was the seriously troubled voice of a little boy—"I—I can't get this door open."

Softly, like a shadow, Nathan Drew slipped close to his heavy body and opened the simple latch. He, too, was trembling, but not from dread or from distress; he was shaken with an exultant frenzy of the proved prophet.

The driver, his bent and furtive head lowered sullenly over the wheel, did not look up. Then the cab door sagged open and Charley got out. Something was inside on the seat. Charley's familiar stringy face was stricken with the shame of failure; after the many years of faithfulness this

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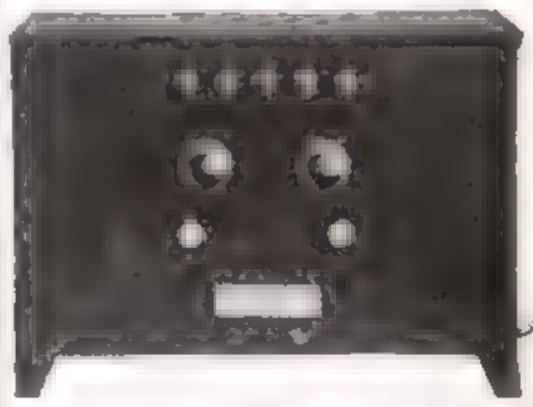

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was the first time he had not piloted Henry Jennings home, victorious, through all sorts of minor catastrophes—runaway horses, overturned carriages, rebellious automobiles. It was a pathetic face that lifted to the two men above him.

"When did he do it, Charley?" said Nathan Drew, almost pleasedly.

Charley stared at Paul.

"Near seven, sir. Mr. Paul, I done everything in my power to keep him from drivin', but ——"

"Confound it all, Charley," came the sleep-bewildered serene voice of Henry Jennings from the cavern of the taxi, "what's happened now to this relic? Le's get out and crawl home."

"Father!" The shout that tore out of Paul's throat transformed the phlegmatic taxi driver into a most actively interested Irishman. Charley, equally astonished, rescued old Nathan Drew from a helpless heap on the steps where Paul's swift passing had flung him. While Paul, frenzied with the reaction of emotion, welcomed his dumfounded father back from death. He reached for his hands and pulled at them; he pulled at his shoulders; he kept saying, "Oh, father—father! Oh, father!" And Henry Jennings, resisting him, tried to explain that he was hurt; his foot was crushed; there had been an accident—to wait a minute—wait—wait ——

Meanwhile old Nathan Drew, restored to his fragile equilibrium, was proudly paying the taxi driver. Seldom was he granted such opportune occasion for officiating with his assiduously carried pocketbook.

"Jee-hos-ha-phat! Don't give him more'n his four dollars and sixty cents, sir," Charley expostulated, seeing Nathan's graceful gesture of endowment with a new five-dollar bill. "Why, I done that much repair work on his engine jest tryin' to get up the hill!"

The driver, however, was immune to further insult. Plainly Nathan Drew was his only equal among those present. He winked at him indulgently, indicating Paul with a thrust of his thumb.

"Nut—eh?" he said.

Nathan's face flashed with keen pleasure.

"Congenital," he said; and wavering a little, but chuckling and unassisted, went up the steps and held the screen door open for Paul and Charley, who were helping Henry Jennings out of the cab. Charley, too, was staring at Paul, with a surreptitious sidewise eye.

Henry Jennings indicated the first chair.

"I'll sit here a while," he said.

"Ah, now, sir," Charley expostulated, "Doctor Holmes said you was to get straight to bed."

"I'll sit here a while first," said Henry Jennings, with unusual decision. "You go get something to eat."

But Charley stood his ground, backed against the door and twisting his felt hat, long enough to tell his story. While he talked, Paul was glad to make occupation for himself by straightening his father's bandaged foot on a stool and by putting pillows around him. Charley was graphic and unsparing. If he had been driving, it never would have happened; he'd done his best to keep Mr. Jennings from driving, but 'twant no use, the Old Nick was in him; Mr. Jennings knew he couldn't drive a car; nobody could drive a car that never bothered to look at the road; but drive he would, so fast the telephone poles looked like a picket fence.

At this point Paul, from the shadow, peered closely at his father's face. It was weak with weariness and pale from pain, and the amused eyes were heavy from the anaesthetic, but despite these things there was—there undoubtedly was just what the old night watchman had said "kind of a brightness on his face." But it was an earthly rational joy.

Henry Jennings had never thought of committing suicide. But even as the suffocating idea cleared from his consciousness, Paul knew that it was not his unbalanced old grandfather nor yet the angry Martha who had swept his senses into such irrational fear.

"If you can't be loyal to them you love it's your own love that will punish you," Nathan Drew had said.

But his father was here—here. And instead of being sick with life, his father was so glad to have escaped death that he actually glowed with rejoicing. Surmounting his physical exhaustion, defying any defeat of age, glowed a spirit as radiant as that of serious youth when it has first found love. He stepped forward impulsively and put a tight hand on his father's shoulder. His father's hand reached up and touched it, and dropped again; he was waiting, with patient irritation, for Charley to finish, and Charley went on describing the mad way they turned corners—gettin' away with it till they met some more damn fools right at Balboa Curve—then what could you expect?—well, Mr. Paul'd know how lucky they'd been to get out of it alive when he saw the trash pile that used to be their good automobile.

The word "trash" made Paul wince. "Poor trash," Martha had called him. He hated her for making naked and vulgar a knowledge he had kept pleasantly clothed with love; but even now, in the relief of his father's comfortable presence, that knowledge retreated again to its long hiding place.

Under the noise of Charley's departure slid the voice of Nathan Drew, who was sitting now in a chair against the house, where he was completely covered in darkness; even the black feet were buried; only the voice remained.

"Had you been out to Emily's grave?" it said.

"Yes," said Henry Jennings; but he spoke to his son. "I tried to find you about four o'clock, Paul, but I couldn't. And I went out to your mother's grave. Sit down, Paul, sit down. I'm quite all right. This foot's nothing. I've got some news that'll surprise you."

Paul came to him quickly.

"Don't you want me to get rid of grandfather?" he whispered.

"Oh, no; it's better to let him alone. I wish you'd get me my pipe, though," he said.

And then, in his gentle, tired, queerly radiant voice he told them that Allen had paid the Winnerheim notes; he had sent the money to George Grant, his father's lawyer. And he had sent George Grant a letter to give to his father on April first. He told them this in one long unpausing phrase, as if warding off interruption.

"Turn on the light, Paul. I'll read it to you." He had to hold the letter up close to his eyes; it was written on a long sheet of foolscap that, in his unsteady hands, made small noises, like someone whispering. But he read it in an unshaken, exalted voice:

"*Dear Father:* God knows why mother left me this money. I don't. But she must have meant me to do what I like with it. So here goes. You're to oust the Winnerheims with it so hard they'll lose their taste for tuna forever. If there's any change left, go ahead and import another cathedral bell or two, and get a couple of fountains and plant orchids round the pools. George Grant writes me that the place is sure to pay for itself now, so we may as well keep up the artistic end of it.

"I'm going back to San Francisco and take my medicine. Three years. And when I get out, I know you and Paul won't be ashamed to let the bells ring out for a very humble partner. And now don't have any fool compunctions about taking this money, father. I'm not trying to repay you for the shame—and hard cash, too—that I've cost you. I never was any good about expressing myself, but it's being able to do this that has saved my immortal soul. Now that sounds pretty strong, but it's just what I mean. And I'm sure mother won't begrudge us the old fish factory if it's able to do that.

"My love to Paul and to the grandparent and to Barbara, if she's home. Tell her I know I'm not worthy to send it, but I haven't had even the courage before. And a big April fool to the Winnerheims. Dear old father, good luck. ALLEN."

The voice stopped expectantly. But had it meant death, Paul could not have spoken. His father turned his head a little, surprised at the silence. Then he held his hand out to this son, who had neither failed nor wounded him. Oh, the transcending immunity of a believing heart! To his father, Paul could be no less than his father believed him to be. What matter if the thing believed be frail or false? It is the faith that saves. His father was merely waiting for his son to rejoice with him. And Paul could not speak. Before he could conquer or even comprehend this new sensation that usurped his love for his father, Nathan Drew translated it.

"Well, well," said the thin hidden voice, "it isn't every prodigal son who can send his fatted calf on ahead of him. But don't expect poor Paul to share your elation, Henry. His new diet is dry in his throat—jealousy for meat and bitterness for drink; inevitable rations for the prodigal's brother. Since he wasn't able to save you himself, he'll never forgive Allen for doing it. Why, he sat here arguing you wouldn't put any more money in the damned fish business no matter how much you could get. He thinks ——"

Henry Jennings pressed his son's hand before he loosed it to make a wearily irritated gesture at his father-in-law.

"Oh, father, let up, let up; you don't know what you're talking about. I could have had all of Paul's money if I hadn't taken good pains not to let him know how I felt about it." He leaned his head back and looked again at Paul. "I—can hardly believe it, Paul. I know how you feel. It took me all in a heap too."

Paul choked and turned away. If his grandfather had not been there he should have dropped by his father's chair and wept; wept like a shamed, bewildered child that has no other recourse.

But Nathan Drew, talking and chuckling, was coming slowly out of the shadows, seeming less flesh than phantom. He stared straight ahead of him and walked unfalteringly toward the door at the far end of the veranda. A faint light, like pallor, from a late dissipated moon that had edged tipsily over the mountains across the bay, shone on his strained scholarly old face. He was not talking now to the two men who silently watched him. He was talking to his dead daughter Emily, whom he saw in the dimly lit garden. He went out the door and slowly down the broad steps.

"Well, well, Emily, you did pretty well in spite of yourself. Now I hope you'll leave me in peace a while. There's no use trying to hatch up anything between Paul and Barbara. She'll give you just as fine grandchildren with Allen, and Paul'll make out very well with the yellow-haired woman. Yes, he will, I tell you. He calls her dearest—I heard him—and she can give him dollars to drown his dreams. Now don't be pestering me any ——"

The curving path took him. With a low curse, Paul started after him, but he stopped at the door, held by the silence. Why did his father keep silent now? Why didn't he speak? Had his grandfather finally succeeded in sowing suspicion? The seconds grew to minutes; the silence grew clamorous with cricket song.

A wing of the Ellis house made a mountain of shadow behind the eucalyptus trees, and from a window of the room that he knew was Barbara's a soft white curtain fluttered in the moonlight. Barbara lay there in that room—so near; slender and still; sufficing.

"It's a man's dreams that lie deepest and outlast desire."

He had sold his dreams for a desire that must go always unfulfilled.

And still, after long minutes, his father did not speak. Strengthened by bitterness, Paul turned and strode back to him.

Henry Jennings was asleep, half smiling, happy; his right arm lying out over the chair arm as he had stretched it toward his son.

The telephone rang. It was Gladys Verner.

"Hello—dearest," said Paul.

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"Service to the Northwest"

THE DEATH OF AN INFINITIVE SPLITTER

Continued from Page 25

"Well, well, well! Imagine Shaw Seminary having a press agent!"

He laughed and laughed and laughed, and Joe don't say anything, see, because he don't like this bird somehow.

"You came down with old Burdett, eh?" this Madison goes on. "He's a rich one, he is! Say, the good times I have with that old codger! You'd die laughing! You see, he hates grammatical errors, and all I have to do to get his goat is pull one or two. Sore? It runs him crazy!"

Joe just looks at him and wonders how a fellow can get so hot and red and panting without taking no exercise. He looks like he's going to go off in a convulsion any minute.

"Listen!" he says to Joe, and walks over to the wall separating Joe's office from Professor Burdett's. He calls out, "Hey, Burdett!" After a minute the old gent answers, "Well?" Then this Madison winks at Joe and calls out, "Prexy says the staff's got to very thoroughly and carefully read that new bulletin out this morning."

There isn't any answer, see, nothing but silence; and this Madison just chuckles and chuckles and chuckles and his face gets redder and redder.

"Can you beat it?" he whispers to Joe. "He's just boiling in there! Any time you want a good laugh, just split an infinitive around him. Sometime you and I'll get him together," he says, "and we'll just run him crazy, eh?"

Then he leaves. Now Joe feels he ought to let the old gent know he ain't mixed up in this little game, so he hauls off over next door and tells him he ain't, taking care to use sentences that a child can parse, so he won't make no breaks, see?

"No, no!" Professor Burdett says "I know Madison. You don't have to tell me anything about him. I know him."

"There ought to be a law against people like that," Joe says sympathetically.

"The Lord will most certainly provide a remedy some day," the old gent says. "And wasn't that my daughter calling on you this morning?"

"Yes, sir," Joe says. "She's a pip."

"Charming in many ways, but her syntax is bad."

"She'll outgrow that maybe," Joe says, a little embarrassed at this brazen discussion of something he didn't know what it was but it didn't sound like it ought to be talked about. "Anyway, I never hold that against anybody. Rome wasn't built in a day."

"You'll have dinner with us this evening then?"

Joe said, yes, sir, he would.

Well, that wasn't the only time he went out to the Burdetts, during the month he was at Shaw Seminary; and this Flora, who's a pip, and him get along swell, see? Around the house, around the old gent, she uses as slick a line of talk as you could want; but when she and Joe's out together, see, she just indulges! All her suppressions let loose and the old grammar rules get paralyzed. Joe don't care, see, because he's pretty soft on her by this time.

In fact everything would 'a' been jake with him if he'd 'a' been able to get anywhere with publicity. Only, as I say, you don't barge into a first-rate press agent every day, and Joe wasn't no first-rate press agent. The second time he sent out a story it said that nineteen members of the senior class at Shaw had got engaged to be married during the Christmas holidays, and three society editors come around to the college and wanted the names and what they was going to wear at the weddings, see, and the president of Shaw give Joe hell when it turned out to be a pipe.

Well, he dreamed a few more and not one got over, and finally he gets a telephone call from this Mr. Ethridge at the Telegraph.

"Look here, Cole," the city editor says, "we don't run a fiction magazine down here, see? I don't mind a press agent now and then, but there ain't no use your sending all your opium dreams down here, because we ain't got but two wastebaskets and they're both full now. Take a tip, old man, and be careful what you send out. Why, you're beginning to shake my faith in the veracity of press agents!"

And then comes the big break, the break that Joe ought to 've made into a winner. He won't get another such if he lives to be a hundred, see, and what does he do?

Well, it's about a month after Joe gets there, and altogether he had less than a stickful of copy printed in the papers about Shaw. He's moping around, see, and telling Flora, who's a pip if ever there was one, and she's been pretty frank with him.

"Chuck this," she says, "and haul on off back to New York. This isn't your line, so don't let it fret you. You could find something to do in New York while you kept up your writing, I'm sure."

"But," Joe objects, "I don't want to leave you, sweet—sweet ——"

"'Sweetheart' is the word you want," she says, helpful, "and maybe ——"

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe—oh, nothing now."

So Joe's sitting in his office thinking about Flora and Longfellow and Shakspere this morning I'm telling about, when he hears voices in the next room. And he makes a snoot, see, when he gets one of them as Professor Madison's, and pretty soon it's clear that he's called on Professor Burdett to amuse hisself with a little plain and fancy bad grammar.

Joe hears him laughing and laughing and laughing, and he don't hear but a word or two from the old gent, see, and he knows that the old gent can't trust his own self to speak, he's so mad. And then, after several minutes, Madison raises his voice higher than before and Joe hears him say:

"All right, Burdett, I'll leave; but—ha-ha—if ever I want to quietly and properly and with a regular observance of all demands of civil deportment walk in here again, I'll —— Burdett!"

This last was a scream, see, and in a split second Joe hears a shuffling of feet, then the heavy thump of something falling to the floor, and finally the old gent's voice: "This has all been very, very annoying!" Then Joe's outa his office, around the corridor and throwing open the old professor's door.

Well, the old gentleman's standing there, see, when Joe enters; and on the floor is a body, the body of Professor Madison, and if he's dead, which he is, it's all jake by Joe. But his first glance don't show any blood or signs of a blow or even any weapon, and Professor Burdett is glancing through a book, turning the pages idly.

"Well!" Joe exclaims. "And this is a pretty howdy-do!"

The old gent looks up.

"Oh, hello, Joe," he says. "That's Professor Madison there. He's dead, I think."

"Get out!"

"Yes," Professor Burdett says, "he provoked me again—he made a most fearful, a most unforgivable error—made it deliberately to annoy me. I lost my temper, I fear, and catching up this book I struck him and he fell down dead."

Joe went over and felt the book.

"But it's limp leather," he said in surprise. "It's soft and I don't see how ——"

"I don't imagine it is genuine limp leather," the old gent says. "Probably it's imitation. It cost me only a dollar and a quarter. However, even a dollar and a quarter for an abridged thesaurus is quite a bargain, don't you think?"

"I had a thesaurus when I got out of high school," Joe says. "Mine was a Roget's. I think it was give to me as a prize for getting the highest mark in English."

"This one was secondhand," the professor says. "You really can get some excellent bargains in secondhand bookstores if you have any familiarity with editions. I was in Philadelphia a few years ago and ——"

"But you don't mean you hit him with a limp-leather thesaurus and he died from that!" Joe interrupts.

"Imitation limp leather," the professor corrects him, "and abridged."

"Even at that," Joe says, "it was a bargain, and I'd like to get the address of where you got it later. But it seems funny you could hit a man with a limp-leather thesaurus—and it abridged at that—and kill him!"

"You know," the professor keeps on, "I hadn't the slightest idea of what I could do with it when I bought it; I just had an idea that it might come in handy some day." He glances at the body, see?

"Yes," Joe says, "you can't ever tell when you'll need something like that. I had a aunt once that found a bustle in her attic and she never thought she'd ever have any need for a bustle. And one day ——"

"But Professor Madison had some kind of heart trouble, as I recall it," the professor horns in, not paying no attention to Joe's story about the bustle, "and that was why he had difficulty sometimes in breathing."

"Well," says Joe, "that's all cured now. His troubles is over. But he certainly had it coming to him, the way he talked!"

"Yes," says the professor, "he was a menace to grammar, and the world is better without his double negatives."

III

SO THERE, you see, Joe was getting the old break. Right there in front of him was a swell story. And what does he do? He rushes right over and calls up Flora, who's a pip if ever there was one.

"Flora ——" he begins.

"'Sweetheart' was the word you used before," she butts in.

"Then, sweetheart," Joe says, "Professor Madison's dead."

"Are you sure?" she asks. "You ain't playing no joke on this here reporter?"

"He ain't moved none," Joe says, humoring the girl.

"Then that's fine," she says, and hangs up. But a few minutes later a reporter is up from the Telegraph getting all the dope.

Well, it was all excitement under the ellums of old Shaw for a couple days, naturally, because professors of history don't go around dropping dead all over the campus all the time. The coroner comes and Professor Burdett explains that he and Madison was discussing business, and that he had a thesaurus in his hand and during the excitement of the argument Professor Madison's heart gets the best of him and he's out.

The coroner's suspicious at first, see, until he learns what a thesaurus is and not a old Roman dagger, and then the physician says the autopsy showed the heart to be played out and it's natural causes that brought on the death. Then, in a couple days, it all dies down and Joe gets a summons from the president of the college.

"Mr. Cole," he says, "I been wanting to speak to you about your work before, but this unfortunate matter drove it from my mind. Briefly, sir, I do not believe I am being unfair when I say that the experiment of which you are a part of has been a failure. Shaw is not a wealthy institution and it cannot afford to continue paying for work that is not accomplished. When you assumed your duties as press agent, I subscribed to a clipping bureau. Nothing having been received from it during this whole past month except obituaries of Professor Madison, I wrote to the bureau and asked the explanation. The reply has been that nothing has been printed about Shaw except the obituaries. Accordingly I take it that you have done nothing."

Joe looks guilty, see, being's he hasn't had nothing worthy of notice in the papers; but he don't say anything.

"I am afraid then," the president says, "that we shall be obliged to terminate the agreement at the end of the week. I hope that we do not part with anything except friendly feelings."

Well, probably Joe would like to part with a coupla wallops, but he's so low he can't do anything but mumble and walk out. He drools on across the yard, and the way he tells me, he ain't sore about losing the job so much as he's down in the mouth because he's got to haul off away from Flora, see? This little pip has got him good!

It was then that he gets for the first time the story that I'd 'a' got right off, or any other first-class press agent would 'a'. It just hops into his mind and pretty soon it's just as clear to him as the nose on a guy's face. Well, sir, he just hauls off to see Flora, to talk it over with her. She listens to the idea, see, and then she's curious.

"Why didn't you think of it two days ago?" she asks.

"I didn't think of it," he says.

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Well," he says, "I didn't think of it."

"You might say, 'I didn't think of it, sweetheart,' if that's the best you can do," she complains.

"Darling," Joe says, "I wouldn't want anything to happen to your old man for the world—but I can't leave you, I can't be sent away. If I was to go back to New York, when'd I see you again?"

"You can't tell," she says cagily.

"And besides," he goes on, "he's liable to get off."

"Yes," Flora says, very solemn, but with something dancing in her eyes, "he might get off. You can't tell. So suppose you—suppose we go over and talk it over with him now."

Well, they haul on off across the campus to Professor Burdett's office, Joe very eager to start the ball rolling and Flora with a kind of thoughtful look, like she might be figuring if she could, possibly, crowd a lot of things into a short space of time. And when they reach the Administration Building the look's gone, like she's settled the problem in her own mind, and she stops Joe.

"I'll go in first and see if he is able to stand the news," she says.

He's left alone then for maybe five minutes before she's back to let him in. The old gent's sitting behind his desk looking kind of grave.

"Dad," Flora says right out, "Joe's conscience is beginning to stir. He feels that it is his duty to let the police know you murdered Professor Madison. He don't ——"

"He doesn't, dear," the professor horns in.

"He doesn't want you to have any—no—any hard feelings, and if you want to flee the country, why, Joe don't—doesn't mind a flee or two."

"The way I figure it," Joe says, embarrassed, "is that if you explain the reasons you had, how this man just split infinitives from morning until night, and always full of double negatives, why there won't be a jury in the country that would blame you."

"But you forget," the old gent says, "I didn't murder him. It was only a limp-leather thesaurus I had in my hand, and the autopsy showed heart disease."

"Father," Flora says reproachfully, "I don't think you ought to discourage Joe when he's doing only what he thinks is his duty."

Joe gets red, see, because he knows this is only the apple sauce, and he begins to wonder if he oughtn't back out; but then he stiffens, see, because right or wrong, he ain't going to leave this girlie, who's a pip. And apparently the professor don't want him to back out.

"I'm sorry," he says. "Of course, Joe is right. I was wrong to speak as I did. Go straight to the police now; I'll wait here for the officers. I do not intend to flee the country. I am an innocent man and justice will prevail. Go!"

"Perhaps," Flora says, "he'd better go by the Telegraph office first, because as long

(Continued on Page 113)

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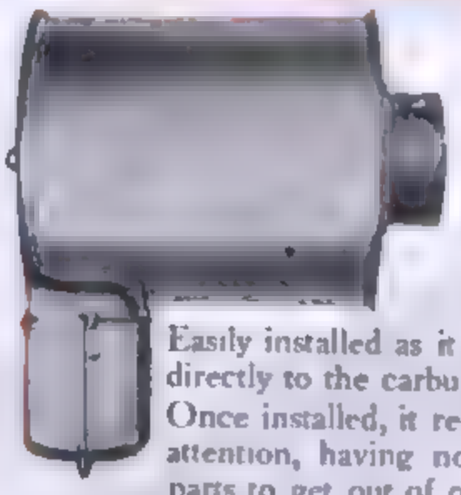

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Allen's Parlor Furnace has done away with heating problems over night. It has proved itself the ideal heating plant for homes, churches, schools and offices. Demand is taking Allen's Parlor Furnaces as quickly as they can be made. It is best to get in touch with the nearest dealer at once. The coupon brings his name and additional information without obligating you in any way.

ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Nashville, Tenn.

Please send me free information as to how I can install modern furnace heat at a saving of several hundred dollars.

.....

.....

the
Spiral Stripe
protects you against mistakes and substitution

Also look for name and year rolled in metal

Built-in Rust Protection

WHEN the French abandoned their ill-starred Panama Canal project, quantities of machinery and equipment were left to rust on the ground. Years later, among these effects, were discovered some metal sheets which bore the date of 1883. They had been exposed to the tropical elements for over 25 years, yet were in excellent condition, while sheet metal used by the American canal builders succumbed with astonishing rapidity to the same corrosive influences. Metallurgists got busy. They ascertained that the French sheet metal was genuine old-fashioned wrought iron—the same metal that has been used for over 60 years in making Byers Pipe.

To the naked eye, genuine wrought iron looks much like the cheaper metal, steel. That is why Byers now mark all their pipe with a Spiral Stripe in red, orange or other bright color. Engineers, architects and contractors everywhere are greeting this new development in pipe marking with enthusiasm. For they know that no metal obtainable at so low a cost, affords anything like the same protection against the corrosive influences in water supply, plumbing, heating, power and industrial pipe systems.

Byers Pipe today is found in excellent condition after upwards of 30 and 40 years' service in many of the best known buildings throughout the land. If you want the most economical protection against excessively costly pipe failures, in your home or business, specify and use Byers, the pipe with built-in rust protection. And look for the Spiral Stripe to guard against substitution of cheaper, short lived pipe materials.

Literature on Request

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 PITTSBURGH, PA.

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · CINCINNATI · TULSA · PHILADELPHIA · LOS ANGELES · ROCHESTER · HOUSTON · BOSTON · CLEVELAND · ST. LOUIS · JACKSONVILLE

Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 108)

as you're going to be charged with the murder, Joe might as well get a little publicity out of it. You see, dad, Joe's been gave ——"

"Given, dear."

"Joe's been given notice for the end of the week, and he thinks that if he should put over a swell story right away, prexy will change his mind and let him stay; though that has nothing to do with his decision to tell the police about you."

"Naturally not," the old gent says. "I wouldn't dream of questioning the character of a press agent's motives. So by all means tell the Telegraph. I am glad that my misfortune may be Joe's good fortune."

"Look!" Joe says, kind of desperate because in spite of Flora and the old gent seeming satisfied with the arrangements, still, charging a man with murder ain't the kind of thing you can laugh off easy. "Look, I'll testify for you. I'll be right there to show you had a good justification for knocking off this Madison. Don't get me wrong—I'm just doing what I think's right."

Then they left, and outside in the yard Flora takes charge of the affair.

"Hop on down to the Telegraph office," she orders Joe, "and call for Mr. Ethridge. I'll give him a buzz on the phone and tell him you're coming with a Christmas present. Ask him what else you ought to do. When you've finished, pop back here and I'll meet you in dad's office and we can see the fun together. Now beat it!"

Well, Joe hauls on off down Vineville Avenue to the Telegraph office, where a boy says, sure, Mr. Ethridge's in, and leads him into the city room. Mr. Ethridge is hanging up the phone.

"How do you do, Mr. Cole," he says. "I just had Miss Burdett on the wire and she tells me you've got something on your chest."

"Mr. Ethridge," Joe says, "I'm on my way to police headquarters to inform the police what I know about Professor Madison's death, and you've been so nice to me ——"

"Been what?" asks Mr. Ethridge.

"—— so patient with me," Joe corrects hisself, "that I want you to have the story. Briefly, I'll have to tell the police that Professor Madison was murdered by Professor Burdett."

Mr. Ethridge springs to his feet, see, and says quickly, "Murdered! And how—with what?"

"A thesaurus," Joe answers.

"A thesaurus!"

"A limp-leather thesaurus," Joe says, "but abridged. Professor Burdett got it in a secondhand store."

"And ——"

"A dollar and a quarter," Joe says. "It cost a dollar and a quarter—secondhand."

"But why—why did he kill him?"

"Professor Madison," Joe explains, "kept on splitting infinitives. Finally Professor Burdett got annoyed."

Mr. Ethridge looks at Joe a minute and then he says, "Cole, this is a mighty serious charge. Are you certain?"

"I can show you the very thesaurus," Joe declares.

Well, Mr. Ethridge puts on his coat. He calls another man to sit in at the desk.

"Come on," he says to Joe, "I'm going with you to the station."

On the way he asks Joe some more questions, see, but Joe sticks to his story and just asks one question back.

"It's a good story, isn't it?" he says. "And you'll print it?"

"It's a great story," Mr. Ethridge says.

The city editor knows the desk lieutenant at headquarters and he dives right in with the story.

"Charlie," he says, "this is Mr. Cole, from Shaw Seminary. He wants to tell you that Professor Madison was murdered by Professor Burdett—with a thesaurus."

"A thesaurus!" Charlie exclaims. "Roget's?"

"No," Joe says. "I had a Roget's once. This was another kind. It cost a dollar and a quarter."

"Limp leather, but abridged," Mr. Ethridge explains.

"Sounds pretty good at a dollar and a quarter," the lieutenant says. "Why'd he kill him?"

"Well," says Joe, a little puzzled by the atmosphere, "Professor Madison was all the time splitting infinitives. Professor Burdett couldn't stand it. So he slew him."

"Well, I never!" the lieutenant exclaims.

"So he split infinitives, did he?" He turns to Mr. Ethridge. "You know, Mark," he said, "I always felt there was something fishy about that bird." Then he speaks to Joe again. "You saw it done?"

Joe nods and then adds, "Practically."

"You'll make the charge?" Mr. Ethridge asks Joe.

Well, Joe hesitates. He's uneasy now, see? Professor Burdett is Flora's old man, after all; but he's gone too far, and, by golly, he's got to fix it so's he can stay in Riverside where Flora is.

"Yes," he says then, and signs the paper the lieutenant puts before him.

"Now," the lieutenant says, "you can go. This may be justifiable homicide and may not be, but that's for the courts to decide. I'll get some men right up to the college and get this Burdett in. We can't have men like that loose; why, any of us is liable to split an infinitive now and then!"

"I do myself," Mr. Ethridge says bigheartedly.

Well, Joe leaves them there together and sets out for the college. And still he can't make up his mind whether he's satisfied with the way things are breaking or not; but he knows darned well he ain't glad, see? And it ain't but one thing that keeps him from hauling on back to the police station and telling them it was a lot of applesauce—and that's Flora.

She's already in the old gent's office when he gets there, and he notices she's changed her clothes. She's wearing a coat suit and a little turban.

"Did you see Mr. Ethridge?" she asks.

"He went with me to the police station," Joe says, and Flora looks relieved. "The cops'll be up here in a minute or two." He looks at the professor sort of embarrassed. "I'm mighty sorry, professor," he says, "but you understand ——" He looks at Flora, see?

"I understand," the old gent says slowly. "Flora has been telling me about your—your conscience. I only hope that the jury will be able to see that the man had not only heart disease but also a disposition to make light of one of our sacred possessions—grammar."

"I'm sure of it," Joe says worriedly. "I'll go on the stand for you. There ain't ——"

"Isn't, Joe."

"There isn't a jury in the land that will convict you!"

Flora stands up suddenly, see? She's listening.

"I think I hear somebody in the corridor now," she says, and then, with a little gasp, she catches the old gent's face in her hands, lifts it up and kisses it. "Good-by, daddy," she says.

For a second Joe nearly cries. He ain't used to emotion, see? And it never come to him that the old gent might really have to go ——

"Wait!" he says suddenly. "I'm sorry. I'll tell them ——"

Then the door opens and there's Mr. Ethridge, the lieutenant called Charlie and three policemen.

"It's too late," Flora whispers hurriedly to Joe. "Let it go—let everything go."

The five men don't say a word at first, just come in and stand there, looking around; and finally Joe gets embarrassed, which he is a little already, and he takes it that he's the one to speak.

"That," he says in a croaky voice, as he points at the professor, "is him!"

"He, Joe," the professor says patiently.

"He," Joe corrects hisself. "That's he."

But the men don't make any move to arrest the old gent. Instead, Mr. Ethridge steps out, clears his throat and speaks.

"Mr. Cole," he says, "we—the lieutenant and I—have decided that you are, for a town of Riverside's size and quiet disposition, a little too ambitious. I speak from personal experience when I say that you are probably the worst liar in the United States, including Alaska; and Miss Burdett and I have come to the further conclusion that you would, in time, become the worst press agent in the same area. As long as your lies were pleasantly fantastic, we did not object; but, sir, when in your overweening ambition you utilize your glib effrontery to bring about the arrest of a valuable and respectable citizen on the very grave charge of murder ——"

"Hear! Hear!" Miss Burdett says, and then covers her face in confusion, as Joe, bewildered already, see, turns to her in surprise.

Mr. Ethridge's face is red, but dignified and indignant, and the three policemen are standing stiff and official.

"One moment, Miss Burdett," Mr. Ethridge says. "Mr. Cole, in other words, this monstrous lie you have told about Professor Burdett ——"

"But he told me he killed him!" Joe cries out. "With a thesaurus!"

Mr. Ethridge turns sarcastically to the lieutenant.

"Can you imagine that, Charlie? Killing a man with a thesaurus!"

"And it not a Roget's!" the lieutenant says, and laughs bitterly.

"I am sorry, Mr. Cole," Mr. Ethridge goes on. "But you have lied too often to me personally. I need only cite the Siamese-Twin story, the one about the elopements, one about a Shaw senior not knowing what the Eighteenth Amendment was, and so on. Mr. Cole," he says fiercely, "you have called wolf once too often! And now, for the best interests of Riverside and Shaw, and because no man or woman is safe while your tongue is loose here, we have decided you must leave town."

"Leave town!" Joe cries.

Mr. Ethridge looks at his watch.

"Yes, sir, on the 6:15 today. We have twenty minutes to get you to the station. You need not bother about your effects; we will send them later." He glances at Charlie. "We will wait for you in the hall while you apologize to Professor Burdett—and waste no time." Then he and the cops drool out of the room, see?

Well, Joe just stands there like he's been socked on the dome with the Woolworth Building. He looks at the professor and then at Flora.

"Good-by," he says. "I'm sorry."

Then he stops. He can't say nothing else. Then Flora's arms is around his neck.

"You sap!" she whispers soft in his ear. "You darling baby sap!"

"What was that word, dear?" asks the old gent.

"'Sap,' daddy. I called him a sap."

The professor shakes his head sadly.

"A horrible word," he says. "Really, I don't know what is going to become of you!"

"Well, old thing," she says, "you'll soon find out. We'll write to you regularly—won't we, Joe?"

Well, sir, the Woolworth Building musta crumbled all over him then, because he can't say nothing at all, just kind of croak.

"That is," Flora goes on, looking him right in the eye, "if you'll have the daughter of a murderer."

Then Joe's arms does their duty.

"I reckon I was wrong," he says, full of love. "It stands to reason you can't kill a man with a book."

"Especially," the old gent says bitterly, "a limp-leather book."

Then he turns away and looks out the window and there's a nice silence in the room. Finally he shuffles his feet and there's a little gasp behind him. Then he hears the door open, and Flora's voice.

"Mark," she calls—and Mr. Ethridge answers—"are my bags aboard?"

"Yep."

"Then call the Black Maria," she says. "The happy couple is ready to go to the station and catch the 6:15."

Helpful salesmen hired at little cost

A salesman became seriously ill. Went to the hospital. Weeks slipped by. He worried as much about losing his business as his health. Finally, the sales-manager began sending out bulletins printed on blotters.

They told how worried he was—recorded his temperature—told his customers just to send in their orders and he would get credit for them. One blotter showed him propped up in bed holding the nurse's hand.

He smiled at them from blotters and orders rolled in. He made light of his infirmity and more pink order sheets arrived. When he finally hobbled out on the road a hearty welcome awaited him. And he actually sold more while in the hospital than he ever had in a like period on the road.

A firm of contractors doing a national business realized many prospects had never seen one of their buildings. So blotters showing each new building as they complete it are sent to their mailing list. It familiarizes prospects with their work.

A telephone company uses blotters enclosed with bills showing how customers can become stockholders and pay their telephone bill with dividends.

An oculist distributes eye-test blotters to schools and is most successful in selling glasses to children who need them.

The stories of these and many other campaigns are told in the Dictionary of Blotter Advertising which most good printers, lithographers and advertising organizations have available. Many of the blotters are reproduced in a Scrap Book which we furnish them. Thru printers and advertising organizations the best information on successful blotter advertising is now available.

STANDARD PAPER MFG. CO.
Richmond, Va.

Half-empty envelopes are waste!

Use Blotter Advertising
Printed on INK-THIRSTY

Standard Blottings

They give
"More Mental Impressions from each printing impression"

Double-Thick Corn Flakes Taste the Best!

Post Toasties are the Double-Thick Corn Flakes that have that delicious flavor. Try them and get all the goodness of the corn. Flaked double-thick, Post Toasties are also double-crisp corn flakes. Their crispness and their flavor last, even in milk or cream.

Look for the famous red and yellow, wax-wrapped package. Post Toasties flavor and crispness are triple protected by an inner bag, a cardboard carton and a wax-paper seal. Ask for Post Toasties at your grocer's. They are the corn flakes that taste the best.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, Dept. 9-5

Makers of Post Health Products:
Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes).

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont

Post Toasties
Double-Thick
Corn Flakes
Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream
Post Health Products
Postum Cereal
A delicious drink made from roasted wheat and bran free from the drug caffein. Made by boiling at least twenty minutes
Instant Postum
Postum Cereal in soluble form. Made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water.
Grape-Nuts
A nourishing and appetizing wheat and malted barley food—crisp, sweet and ready to eat.
Post Toasties
The double-thick corn flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream. Always ask for Post Toasties by name.
Post's Bran Flakes
Crisp flakes of bran (with other nutritious parts of wheat). An Ounce of Prevention for everybody every day
FLETCHER

A bowl of Post Toasties with blackberries and cream is a delicious breakfast combination. Send for our free test package and make the Milk or Cream test for flavor and for crispness.

Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes

stay crisp in cream

© P.C.Co., 1925

THE POETS' CORNER

The Waster

JOY o' Life is with me now;
Joy o' Life is gay,
Twisting flowers for my brow,
Calling me to play.
Hand in hand with her I run
In the wide sunshine,
Halfway careless of her fun—
Joy o' Life is mine.

I am young. A hidden mile
Beckons to me with a smile.
Joy o' Life must wait awhile.

Joy o' Life with eager feet
Waits beside the way,
I across a meadow sweet
Waste a flying day:
Newer blossoms are the best:
Lower sinks the sun;
Upward from the darkling west
Evening shadows run.

Shadows were not meant to see;
Life and love will always be;
Joy o' Life must wait for me.

Joy o' Life is with me yet,
Though sometimes a glance,
While I ramble and forget,
Falls on me askance:
Joy o' Life is full of glee:
I have lagging grown;
Yet she tarries on with me
And is still my own.

I refuse to see the gray
On my temple while I play;
Love must wait another day.

Joy o' Life was dear to me;
Dearer than I knew,
Dancing down the hill to me
Through the purple dew;
Bringing flowers for my brow,
Flowers crimson red;
Snow is on the meadows now;
Whom have I to love me now?
Joy o' Life is dead.
—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

I Dance With Daphne

SHE dances like the thistledown
Upon a field in spring,
A little ball of thistledown,
A fairy thing.

I hold her in my arms. So light,
So very light is she!
My special bit of thistledown
In yellow dimity.
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Goblin Castle

Rocky Mountain Park

NOW the trail we followed
Ceased, and close at hand,
Glacier-grooved and hollowed,
Worn by wind and sand,
Where the fir-tree tassel
Tossed a lawless flag,
Towered Goblin Castle—
Bowlder, cliff and crag.

There the Inn-brook glimmers
Under Table Rock,
There the aspen shimmers,
There the buntings flock;
There in each embrasure
Hung with trailing vines,
Gay in white-and-azure
Dance the columbines.

Down a mossy alley
Leaps the sparkling run;
Far below, the valley
Laughs in shade and sun;
Up where nothing changes
Save the seasons' flow,
Rise the rocky ranges
Ermine-white in snow.

What of Goblin Castle,
Gray and glacier-scored?
What of knight and vassal,
Seneschal and lord?
Shall the woodmouse hiding
There behind the leaf—
May the squirrel, chiding,
Be the Goblin Chief?

Where those ledges, slanted,
Guard the donjon-keep,
Paladins enchanted,
Lords and ladies sleep.
All shall break their trances,
Steeds shall neigh and bound,
Knights shall lift their lances
When the Key is found.

Seek and be you thorough!
Find the castle key!
Search the marmot's burrow—
Wizard-like is he!
Then from vain endeavor
Rest among the flowers
Where, bewitched forever,
Goblin Castle towers.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

To Anyone Who Is Loved, From Anyone Who Loves

YOU taught me Beauty suddenly,
I know not how.
Yet this I know—you passed me by
Quickly, and now
I understand dim, lovely things
I never knew.
Unutterable thoughts I learnt,
Looking on you.
You taught me Beauty unaware,
And went your way.
The shadows deepen here; but where
You are, is day.
—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Derelicts

PEACE in the swing of the seas,
In the shout and the heave of them,
Peace after bondage to these,
After walking by leave of them;
Peace in the challenge of tides
That threaten no reckoning;
Peace in the march of the stars
That climb without beckoning.
And the feet of the winds go by
With a tread that we used to know.
And we lift our bows like blind old hounds
To sniff their heels as they go;
And we'd drop our muzzles again
To the tide that rocks and lulls.
And the peace without any remembering—
But for the gulls—the gulls!

Band after clamoring band
From the sea cliffs that breed them,
From dogging the prodigal hand
Of the liners that feed them,
Rising from desolate reefs
When we shudder and stumble,
Tapping blind bows where the shoal waters
Bellow and crumble;
Band after pillaging band
With their cry like a winch's whine,
Their rumor of creaking hawsers,
Of the bite of a sheave on a line,
Screaming the water-front argot,
The gossip of tides and hulls,
Of ports and of seaways forgotten—
But for the gulls—the gulls!

No peace in the croon of the tide,
In the cadence and lift of it,
When wallowing derelicts ride,
Plunging blind to the drift of it,
Keening with impotent bows
To their stars that forswear them,
Yearning toward vigiling ports
With the cargoes they bear them;
Sick for the reek of the harbors,
The thunder and tumult of lading,
For the hail and farewell of the sea roads,
The tilt and the joust of the trading,
For the sudden white arms of the lighthouse
Flung out to the clambering hulls—
Sick with a bitter remembering—
The curse of the gulls—the gulls!
—*Dorothy Paul.*

Trees at Night

Fantasy

Kiss Me Good Night, Dear

KISS me good night, dear,
The night has graven
And stippled with stars
The heaven's dome;
The white moon sails
To its hidden haven;
Kiss me good night, dear,
And let me go home.

The katydid cheeps,
Forever protesting,
The blind mole creeps
Through his catacomb,
The cricket chirps
Unwearied, unresting;
I'm not a cricket,
I've got to go home.

Midnight assails
The guttering tapers;
They flicker against
The conquering gloam;
I've not yet read
The evening papers;
Kiss me good night, dear,
I want to go home.

No, I'm not angry,
No, I'm not surly;
I have no wish
From your side to roam;
But I must get
To the office early;
Kiss me, darn it,
I want to go home.

Ah, Cupid is
A malicious bandit,
He plays with us
Like a spiteful gnome;
Love gives women
Insomnia; and it
Makes me sleepy.
I'm going home.
—*Morris Bishop.*

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

New-

THE UTILITY

Chevrolet introduces a new one-ton truck designed to supply quick, reliable transportation for any commodity at very low cost.

It is specially designed and constructed for commercial service. Its deep, six-inch channel steel frame is hung low to the ground on long, semi-elliptic springs so that body platforms may be placed at the right height for easy loading and unloading.

Chevrolet's powerful valve-in-head motor is famous for its ability to stand up under heavy service. Its well balanced crankshaft runs in large bearings thoroughly lubricated by a combination splash and force feed system. A standard three-speed transmission and dry disc clutch make economical use of Chevrolet power.

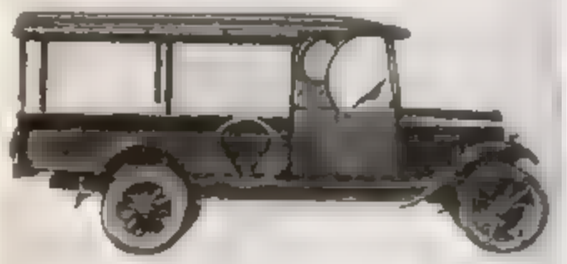
For lighter loads and quick service there is a Chevrolet commercial chassis possessing the same quality features as the one-ton unit but with a shorter wheel base and 1000 lbs. capacity. Price $425, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

The one-ton truck may be fitted with front wheels having 30" x 5" tires (same size as rear wheels) for $35.00 extra.

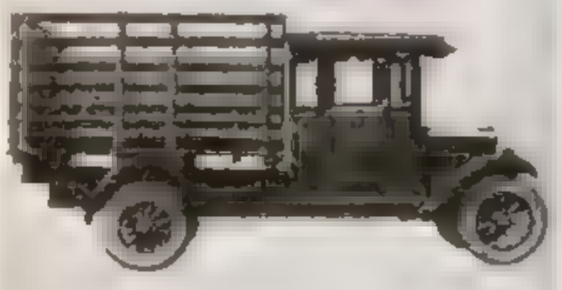
See your nearest Chevrolet dealer for detailed information

A few of the many body types available

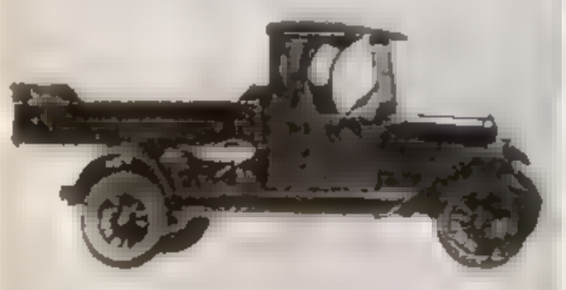
OPEN EXPRESS BODY—a type used by contractors, draymen and farmers who have bulky materials and tools to haul that do not need protection. Chevrolet's low frame makes loading and unloading easy.



CANOPY EXPRESS BODY—used by produce growers and merchants for wholesale and retail deliveries. Provided with top and side curtains for protection from the weather; can be had with screen sides to protect load from loss and theft.



EXTRA HIGH STAKE BODY—used by stock raisers and others having light unusually bulky loads. Plenty of speed and power for stock hauling and quick delivery.



DUMP BODY—used by coal dealers, building supply dealers, paving contractors, municipalities and the like. Low frame construction makes shovel loading easy. Can be had with automatic dump.

BUS BODY—a low fast safe easy riding school or passenger bus at very low cost, long easy springs, powerful motor, good brakes, full length fenders and running boards. The ideal bus for rural school districts.

One Ton Chassis

$550 *F.O.B. Flint, Mich.*

EXPRESS TRUCK

The Chevrolet truck is particularly well adapted for use in hilly country or over poor roads where second gear work is required.

The extra heavy rear axle has strong, large, spiral bevel driving gears and a rigid one-piece pressed steel housing. Wheel equipment consists of heavy truck type wheels and large tires.

This truck is built with full running boards and fenders. It has a Remy Generator, starter and distributor ignition—complete electrical equipment.

Because Chevrolet has built a truck of fine quality at very low cost, this company has become the third largest builder of trucks in the world. This new Chevrolet truck provides even greater quality at the same low cost.

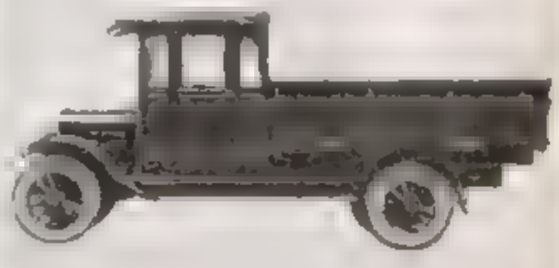
QUALITY AT LOW COST

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

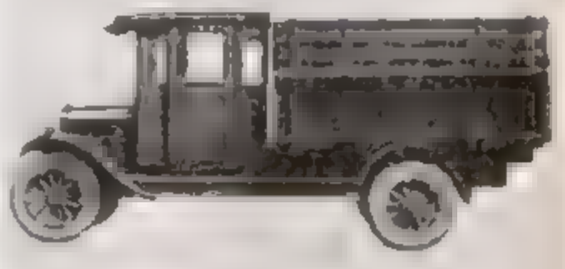
A few of the many body types available

PANEL BODY—well suited by its fine appearance and speed for the quick service required by all retail merchants Convenient height for loading and unloading large advertising space, comfortable driver's compartment.

STANDARD STAKE BODY—a general utility body adapted to a great variety of uses; available in various sizes to take different package units, stakes removable for use as a platform body.



EXTRA WIDE FLAREBOARD EXPRESS—for bulky loads not requiring protection from the weather; large capacity, a good height for loading platforms, can be equipped as shown with comfortable driver's cab



COMBINATION FLAREBOARD and STOCK RACK—farmers and stock raisers find this type of body best suited to their needs. Easy to change from one type to another.

TANK BODIES—the new Chevrolet one ton chassis has plenty of power for heavy roads and hills. This—and its capacity—make it an ideal tank truck for rural use

MACGREGOR

DURABILITY

MACGREGOR *Golf Clubs have Quality ~ and hold it*

IT is not nearly so uncommon as one might imagine for us to get letters reading something like this: "I am sending you today two clubs, a driver and a mashie, which I should like to have duplicated as nearly as possible. I have had these two MACGREGOR Clubs for nearly twenty-five years, and they are just about perfection in length and weight and balance and lie and 'feel.' But I know that you have developed many improvements in your later models—and these faithful old clubs have well earned a rest."

Perhaps they're not all worded exactly that way—but that's the gist of all of them. For always—during more than a quarter of a century—the constant ideal in our plant has been to build into each club such *quality* as will endure through the years.

The result is that MACGREGOR Clubs have achieved a reputation for *durability*.

There are important patented features and certain exclusive materials used in our Special Face Clubs today—which make these improved models just as durable as those first clubs of old which were fashioned with such loving care by MACGREGOR Golfer-Workmen, who have always been golfers as well as skilled craftsmen.

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY COMPANY
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

Which of These Shall We Send You?

1—**General Catalog.** 2—**Rule and Score Book.** 3—**"Golf, the Game of Games,"** (an introduction to golf.) 4—**"Stepping Stones to a Golf Course,"** (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course.) 5—**"Municipal Golf Courses,"** (a new booklet that will be mailed free to any one interested in public golf.)

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON O MACGREGORS

TELLING JEDBURY

(Continued from Page 10

Rosario Palacio was the last town where there were blossoms flowers. On the eastern edge of the desert, you understand, senator."

"Rosario Palacio, yes," said the senator, making a note of it.

"And of course," said Hooten, "after that, when my Uncle Orlando began to drive across the desert, the bees couldn't fly forward to find honey—they had to fly back to Rosario Palacio, and then fly rapidly to catch up with the automobile. You see, senator, the first hour out of Rosario Palacio, with the bees stopping there to gather honey, the bees at the end of an hour had to fly seventy miles an hour to catch up with the automobile—about that. And the second hour they had to fly faster—they had to fly back to the flowers at Rosario Palacio, spend some time gathering honey, and then hustle like the dickens to catch the automobile. And the next hour they had seventy miles to make to reach Rosario Palacio and about one hundred miles to catch up the car."

"Their wings strengthened rapidly," suggested Gregg.

"They do, in a hot climate," said Hooten. "But by the time Uncle Orlando was three days into the desert, driving thirty-five miles an hour for ten hours a day—say, a thousand miles—the bees really had to hustle to get to Rosario Palacio and get back to the car before the honey soured. They made it in about an hour, Uncle Orlando said—say, roughly, two thousand miles an hour. The bee is a wonderful insect."

"It adapts itself to conditions, doesn't it?" said Carter.

"To some extent, yes," agreed Hooten. "My Uncle Orlando's bees had to, so they did. But three hundred and fifty miles a minute was just about the best speed they reached. Unfortunately ——"

"What are you pausing for?" Jim Overman asked.

"I hate to go on; I'm coming to the sad part," said Hooten. "High-speed bees are all well enough in a desert, but they're a bad thing in closely inhabited communities—a very bad thing. When my Uncle Orlando reached Corduna, in California, and unloaded the beehive, the bees couldn't get back to their low speed again. The very first day, high-speeding out from the hive like rifle bullets, Uncle Orlando's bees hit a herd of cattle, and six hundred and eighteen bees went through the hides and flesh and bones of those cattle. Killed the whole herd dead! Yes, sir, killed absolutely dead thirty-seven as fine head of cattle as you ever saw in your life. And the next day, when the deputy sheriff ——"

Senator Jedbury here closed his memorandum book and put it back in his pocket.

"When the deputy sheriff came to warn Uncle Orlando," continued Hooten, "a high-speed bee shot out of the hive and hit the deputy sheriff full on the breast, perforated him instantly, and the poor man fell dead where he stood."

The senator looked at the ceiling and coughed again.

"And, of course," said Hooten eagerly, "that made a lot of trouble for Uncle Orlando. There was a trial and eminent counsel and all that sort of thing, and some wanted Uncle Orlando hanged. Fortunately the jury disagreed, but the judge warned Uncle Orlando severely. He warned him that he must reduce the speed of his bees or get out of California. So for a week or two Uncle Orlando tried to get the bees to reduce their speed, but he was quite unsuccessful until he thought of the only way to do it. The bees could not fly forward any longer except at rifle-bullet speed, so he induced them to do the only thing that could possibly reduce their speed, which was to fly backward."

The senator moved uneasily in his chair and coughed several times, but Hooten went right on.

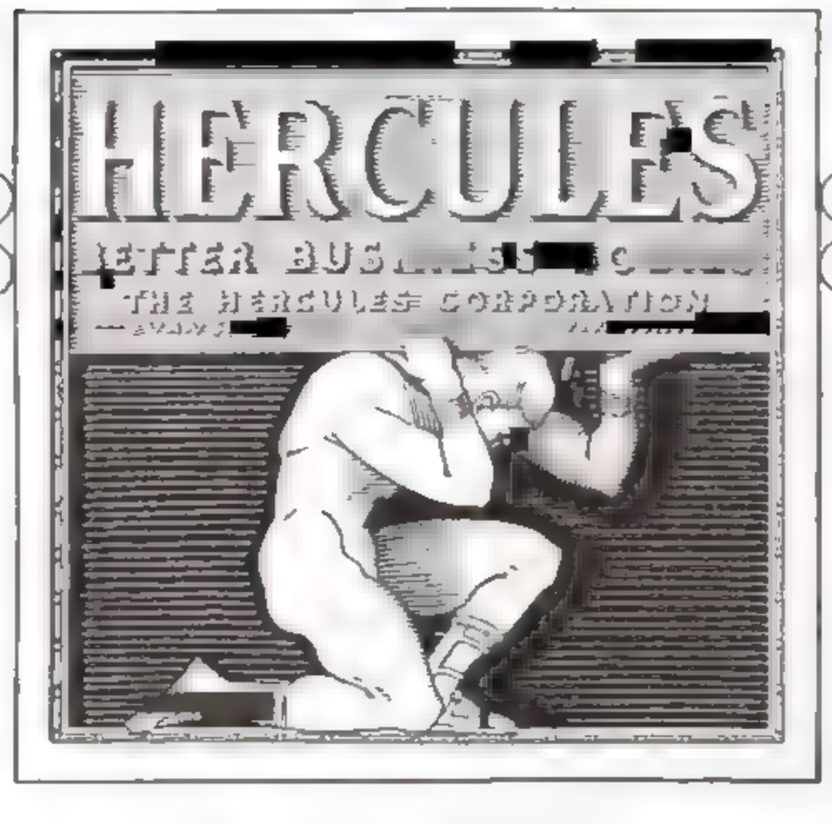
"And that," he said, "was almost worse than before. You see, sir, when a bee is flying backward it cannot see where it is going, and it happened that there was a Sunday-school picnic at Corduna, and you know what a bee carries as a rear-end protection. Well, sir, a thousand or so of Uncle Orlando's bees started out from the hive, bee line for a field of flowers, guided only by their sense of smell, and ——"

It was at this point that Senator Jedbury turned to me.

"Ah, by the way," he said to me, "what was it you were saying about the League of Nations? I am deeply interested in the League of Nations."

So you understand why I am grateful to Hooten.

How the Servant Who Used to be Employed by the Van de Peysters Makes You Feel



New-

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Again Hercules has matched the fine appearance of the new Chevrolet truck chassis with new Hercules Better Business Bodies.

Again Hercules has provided a complete line of bodies—suitable for every line of industry—designed and built—not adapted—for the Chevrolet chassis and that chassis only.

Again—only to a higher degree than ever before—the new Hercules bodies emphasize the handsome lines of the Chevrolet truck chassis and provide a perfect unit of business transportation—a complete *ensemble* instead of a makeshift *assembly!*

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The new Hercules-Chevrolet bodies are built as only Hercules builds—from the finest materials and of the staunchest design. Every principle of Hercules construction which has been time-tested by so many thousands of Chevrolet truck owners in actual use, is found in this new line.

Ask any Chevrolet dealer to show you Hercules equipment, and to demonstrate the features that have made the great Hercules organization America's finest builders of Better Business Bodies.

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Division of Automotive Sales—General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
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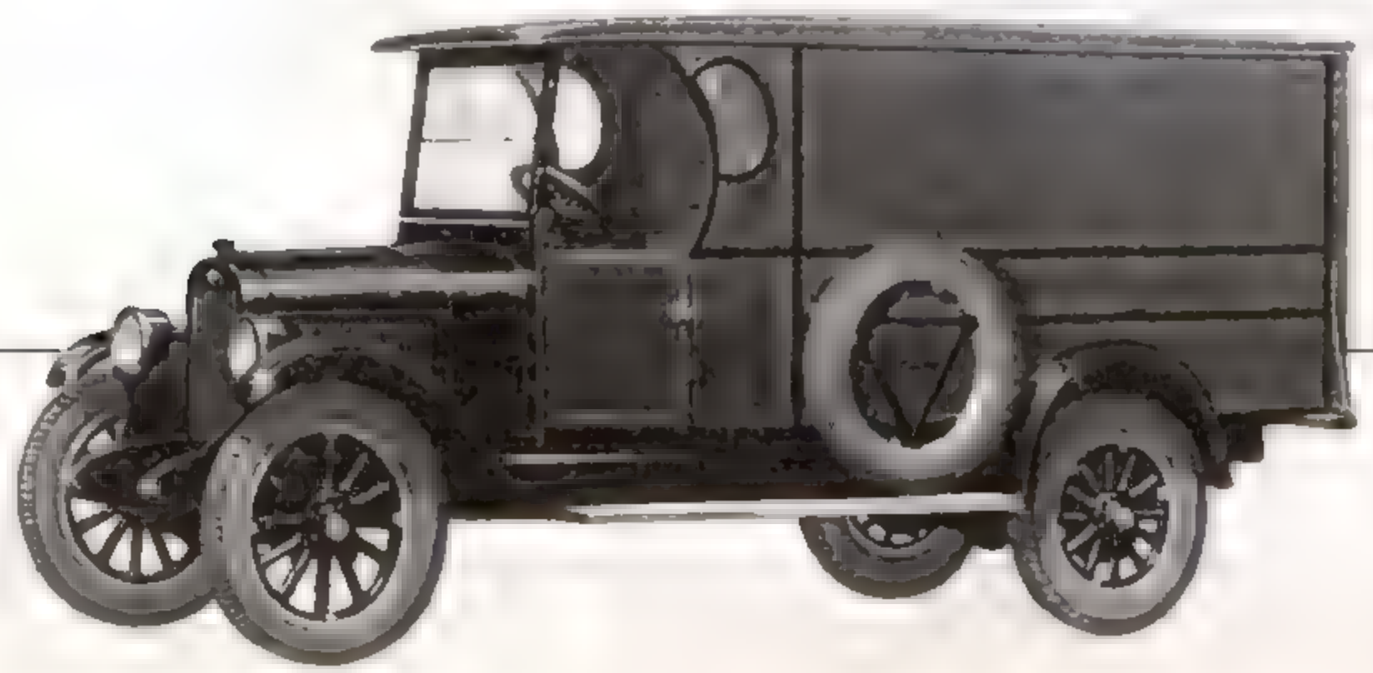


Rain causes rust. Rust causes leaks. Leaks cause trouble and expense. The way to reduce this is to use ARMCO Ingot Iron.

Look for this blue and gold ARMCO label on washing machines, stoves, ranges, refrigerators, enameled table tops and other articles. It represents a standard of quality and purity in iron the same as the Sterling mark on silver.

Fifteen places in the home where *pure* iron can save you money

Because ARMCO Ingot Iron metal lath (Herringbone-ARMCO) is practically free from the foreign substances that cause ordinary metal to rust rapidly, this metal lath is particularly desirable. It is used in many of our most important buildings.

On every floor of your house, you'll find something made of metal—from the furnace, down in the basement, to the gutters and flashings up on the roof.

Fifteen such places are mentioned here. There are many others in most homes.

Some of these things are obviously metal—the furnace and its piping, gutters and downspouts, the kitchen stove, garbage and ash cans.

In others, the metal is hidden, but no less important—things like refrigerators, table tops, kitchen cabinets, bathroom cabinets and the metal lath inside your walls.

All in all, they are a considerable investment—an investment that you naturally want to protect.

Here is the sure way to get the utmost of service from all these metal parts: See that they are made of ARMCO Ingot Iron.

ARMCO Ingot Iron is the purest iron made—practically free from the impurities that cause rust in ordinary iron.

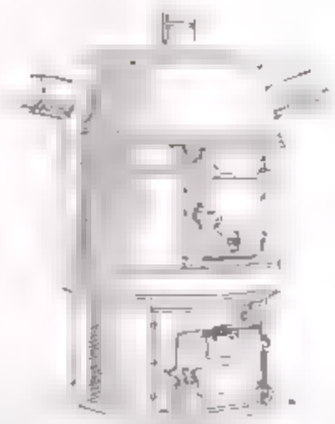
And also because of its purity, a base of ARMCO Ingot Iron means fewer imperfections in enameled ware.

That is why it will pay you to insist on ARMCO Ingot Iron in every metal thing where long usefulness and low cost are desirable.

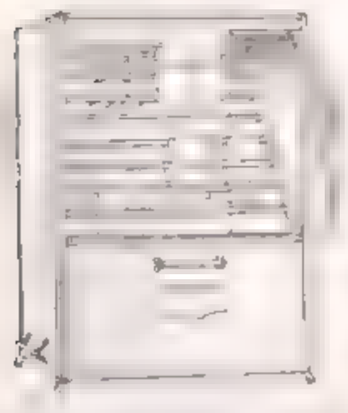
To make sure of articles made of ARMCO Ingot Iron, look for the blue and gold label shown above.

You will save both money and the trouble of repairs on your house and its equipment if you always ask this question—

"Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?"



Furnace casing and pipes are subjected to soot, smoke and corroding gases. Insure longer service by insisting on Ingot Iron. Practically free from the impurities that cause other metals to rust, ARMCO Ingot Iron resists all sorts of corroding influences.



A clothes dryer is constantly exposed to moisture. Wet clothes are put into it. Basement moisture is ever present. When you buy a dryer be sure it is made of ARMCO Ingot Iron, the iron that resists rust.

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(Export) THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
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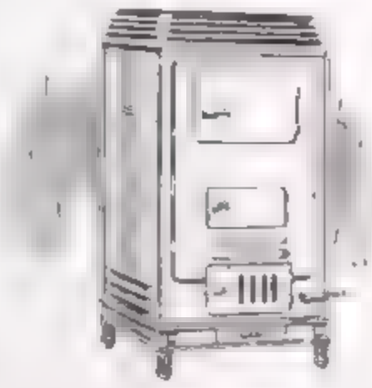

The porcelain enameled casings in your cabinet heater are made from ARMCO Ingot Iron, which takes a fine finish and is practically free from the impurities that cause other metals to rust.

ARMCO INGOT IRON

TRADE MARK

The Purest Iron Made

IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON? *Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring household articles by asking this question*

AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 27)

dine on her own fame in a public place. Many people will not believe an author shrinks from committing this act of sublimated cannibalism, because so many of them do it, especially the English writers imported by our women's clubs. But I cannot be made to believe they enjoy the performance. One must have spent a while in England, realized how repressed their enthusiasms are, for Americans to understand how these speakers must suffer from our goggle-eyed reverence for their voice culture, their outrageous pronunciations and their perfectly exquisite intellectuality. Nothing, I believe, but a sense of financial duty to themselves brings them to us.

Meanwhile women are now the best public speakers in this country. They have something to say, and they are saying it with charm and courage. Heaven forbid that I should ever expose my old ruminating mind among them on the stage! What I mean is this: When you write you may take infinite time and patience to say what you want to say. You write in ten different ways. You efface it and begin again and again until the breathless, speechless idea you had lives and shines. This is how slow the pen-traveling mind may be; but try fumbling the ball of your thought like that before an audience and see what happens to you! The reporters would be justified in publishing the news that you had a stroke which rendered you practically inarticulate soon after you began your address.

As for preparing an address and delivering it with your eyes and spectacles fixed upon the page instead of the audience, I know this is intolerable, for I have been in many an audience on similar occasions and it has frequently occurred to me that the offending person might have chosen something much better from a book to read.

That which so many people strive to win must be a good thing, but I am simply telling you what fame costs. Once you grow accustomed to being famous, you do not realize it, but you are never quite your humble, honest self. No matter how tight you keep the lid on, there is some watered stock of vanity inside. You are always in danger of the thing's coming off and of giving yourself an air or two. No man or woman was ever so distinguished that this exhibition does not make him ridiculous, especially to those of meaner minds.

But the final and most depressing part comes in the evening of your great day when you are no longer great. Your career has ended. Fame fades like a withered rose in your hair, and you are forgotten even if your works are not. Other writers, who you naturally feel are not doing so well, are popping up in the public eye.

I am still sufficiently able-bodied in my mind and spirit not to notice the crowding forward of these youngsters yet; but I have a sort of presentiment that after a while, when I am no longer strong enough to practice nobility of mind, it is going to hurt some to do without the praise and admiration they get. I am dreading the time when I shall be so lonely, so much in need of a little recognition that I may be anxious to accept an invitation to sit on the stage behind the speaker of the evening.

I can feel myself like a pain sitting up there, very old and gray, maybe a little soft in my head, but so pleased to be present and face foremost to the audience! I am waiting for the speaker to conclude his oration and for the applause meant for him to die down. I am hoping like a poor old hungry child that a few people in the audience will recognize me as the author of A Circuit Rider's Wife, or the woman who wrote My Book and Heart many years ago. I am all in a flutter lest no one presses forward through the crowd about the speaker and clasps me by my old palsied hand to say how glad he is to see me, and how well I am looking—not a day older! How do I manage to keep so young? And they will never forget when this or that circuit-rider story came out. And how they love My Book and Heart! Maybe they have just read it all over again. I shall be hoping they will say something like that. Meanwhile I am glowing with childish pleasure at this spoofing, but trying to maintain the air of dignity I used to have when I really was myself

Heavens, how I do despise those people, now in the strength of their years, who look with contempt or indifference upon the old children we become!

This is the lightning of fate already flashing in my sky. For I have observed the weather at the end of more than one distinguished career. It rarely is very warm and bright. You have outgrown the normal mediocre sense of yourself, and you are no longer able to keep up the intellectual expenses of your reputation as a famous person.

I am wondering how a literary critic would go about reviewing the mind of an author instead of his book. He would probably decline the assignment. He is a judge of the material, the copy a writer produces, but he is no mental mechanic to pass judgment upon the amazing motor of our faculties. The best he could do would be to write an illuminating essay upon the times in which an author lived; the effect, by inference, of that particular period of civilization upon his work; whether he was well and in good circumstances, or wrote under the pressure of ill health and poverty.

But none of these circumstances would account for the main fact that he became an author instead of, say, a fishmonger or a banker. The great majority of poor people or sick people never take it out on the world by writing books. Neither does their state of health determine their literary style or their choice of material to convert into copy. Robert Louis Stevenson was an invalid, suffering from an incurable malady. By all the laws governing such a life he was due to die early without accomplishing anything. But he sat up in bed and wrote the healthiest, most entrancing stories of his time, and died later.

The mind is something else, not us. It is an instrument set up in us, controlled by spiritual forces which reach it through the medium of our emotions. It can be well and powerful when we are weak and ill. "By my spirit," thus also sayeth such a man. On the other hand, the mind is frequently ill to the point of dissolution when we are enjoying perfect health. Witness the sickly slime copy produced by a decadent writer who may be an athlete physically. "By my spirit," also says such a man who has adopted his powers and principalities of darkness. My notion is that it is a choice between spirits which determines the quality of your thinking, but not the power with which you can do it. That, I suppose, is the personal equation in the whole phenomenon and would depend upon the strength of your emotions and the capacity of your mental motor.

It is not for me to venture into the realm of metaphysics with my cheerful flat-footed ignorance of this subject, but I am now writing the record of my own mind in relation to my work as an author merely from experience. The conclusions I have reached in this manner may be erroneous from the standpoint of the professional students. But I have frequently erred with the happiest practical results in my own living and achieving.

I remember being very much upset upon learning that poetry, religion and sex animation were all products of the same emotional reactions. This was a serious matter. If I could not dispose of it in a manner satisfying to my mental and moral platform in living, it would take the luster off my thoughts and render me some sort of automaton in spiritual consciousness. You are not really the author of a thought which splashes up like spray from a wave of emotion which has its origin in sex. This

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NOW *try* 10 *with it*

How many times have you shaved? About 5000, if you're 35 years old. Wouldn't you like to make your next 5000 shaves more pleasant?

The coupon brings FREE *bottle*

WE'VE been scheming here at Williams to make a good shave better. And now we've succeeded. For we've matched our famous Shaving Cream with a new preparation, Aqua Velva, for use after shaving.

The purpose of Aqua Velva is this: after your morning shave with Williams Shaving Cream, your face is soft, velvety, comfortable. You want to *keep* it that way—even when you are exposed to wind and sun. Aqua Velva will do it.

The secret of Aqua Velva is that *it conserves the skin's natural moisture.* The freshly-shaven skin needs its natural moisture retained. Preparations which dry the skin have precisely the wrong effect.

Besides keeping your face velvety smooth all day long and protecting it against weather, Aqua Velva gives the skin a complete care:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
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—it protects the face from sun and wind
—it prevents face-shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

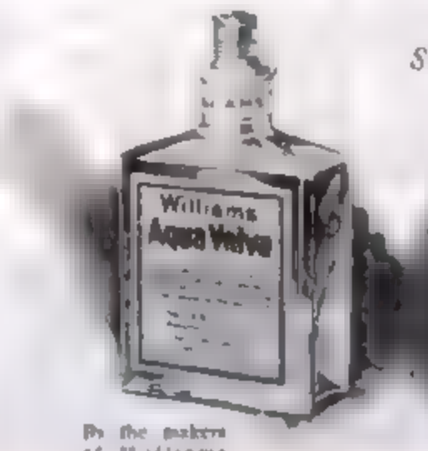
Aqua Velva is a clear, sparkling liquid—not gummy or sticky. Nothing to wipe off; no hot towels needed. Try it after your next 10 shaves. We'll send you a 150-drop test bottle free. Mail the coupon or use a postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva costs 50c (60c in Canada). *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.* Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

Williams

Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING



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I want to try Aqua Velva. Please send me a 150-drop test bottle.

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Illustrated: Pompeian Coffee Pot, Sugar and Cream. Below: After Dinner Coffee Spoon, reduced size.

A pattern that lends enchantment to the coffee hour

SHE is a wise hostess, indeed, who selects Pompeian for the coffee hour. For this is one of those rarest of patterns that has the quality of being ornate, minus the tendency to obtrude itself upon one's consciousness.

Only the skilled hand-craft, for which Reed & Barton have been famous for over one hundred years, could have put this appealing beauty into Pompeian.

Ask to see this pattern at your jeweler's today. Made in flatware as well as hollow ware, it is a fine example of Reed & Barton quality in silver plate.

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REED & BARTON
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ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

information was too diminishing. Also, I prefer to believe in God, not because of my sex, even if I were of the other sex, but because I have a spiritual consciousness which only the idea of Providence can satisfy.

Still, I had a squeamish feeling that we probably were made precisely by this economical pattern, one emotion carrying all our sensations; thrift in expenses being one of the axioms in creation as I have observed it.

Any sensible person must have reached the same conclusion I reached, provided he did not consult too many learned authorities, but stuck like a leech to his Scriptures, which was something like this: By nature, delicacy and decency, by all prayers, every hope and noble ambition, the sensations of sex are so mixed in us with the highest emotions of religion, eloquence and every sublime imagination that we have been for ages the parents of spiritually minded beings instead of brutes.

I suppose this was the only way to insure such a phenomenon in an apparently physical and carnal world. We are thus born convinced of immortality by that admirable device of the Almighty. I am ready to stretch a neck ahead of the current animal propaganda concerning sex and contend that it is probably the basic principle of the instinct we have of immortality. How else does the lowest type of savage also arrive at faith in God and keep company with ghosts and spirits? Superstition is the name we apply to that, when it may be a much sounder, though more elemental faith than we have ourselves. In any case, how do you account for the character of his superstitions or for his ability to produce them at all? He has no Bible, no literature, neither theologians nor scholars to direct his mental processes. But he has his emotions. He is some kind of stick-in-the-mud poet, and he arrives at the idea of God because he is a man. A dog cannot do it, though he has the same procreating instinct, but is not informed with the spiritual sense.

These conclusions have given me great satisfaction as a writer. I am never embarrassed if a particularly entrancing thought comes to me. I do not attribute it to the inspiration of my gender, but to the spiritual quality of the mind produced by gender in general, if you will have it so; not that I am personally disposed to dig down to the rudiments of my thoughts. Some mysteries are sacred so long as they are hidden, but shocking when they are exposed. It seems to me that the tendency of our times is to suspect sex of something which is really good, but that we are inclined to make something bad of what we suspect.

I had been writing ten years before I discovered the amazing capacity even the ordinary mind has for creating from experience and memory, and that its powers of production are limited only by one's courage to think, and by the amount of physical strength and endurance one can afford to spend on the performance. After The Circuit Rider's Wife was written I was in the gravest state of anxiety lest I should never muster the material for another book.

About this time I met an old friend who was also a professor of metaphysics. I may have given some intimation of my despairing state. In any case, he instructed me in the laws governing mind. He drew a diagram of my mind on a piece of paper and showed me how it worked. I had only one consolation as I studied this thing—that he did not know or suspect the thoughts I was thinking about him at that moment. They were not complimentary.

I rejected his theory, but I could not get the picture of his infernal diagram out of my mind. Every time I sat down to work at my desk, I could see the lines and segments of my mind on that piece of paper and the dot where a thought would probably appear. The result was a hysteria of self-consciousness mentally which made thinking impossible. Quite by accident that great student hit upon the method of obstructing thought. The mind turned like a worm on itself!

In my opinion it is wiser not to fumble with this delicate piece of machinery, no matter how much you may find out by tearing it to pieces. What I know is that he who peeps at his mind will never have the use of it. It is wiser to leave not only your mind but your gender severely alone if you hope to do good spirit-level thinking. It would not surprise me at all if these were the bonds which do somehow bind us to God, to be accepted, but not understood.

After all is said and done and taught that we can possibly learn from others, every man faces his own problems and solves them the best way he can. The lawyer learns law, then he practices law according to the bias of his own mind and character. Maybe he is a shyster. Maybe he has an honest legal sense. It all depends on the kind of man he is. The same thing is true about a certain type of physician. After a while he gets his own mental habits of diagnosing our complaints and diseases. If his mind catches and holds some fixed idea about neurasthenic tendencies, apt as not he will diagnose your case accordingly, although you may be having fits on account of an ulcer in the stomach. In any case, he finally works out a system of favorite prescriptions. Then he fits us to his medicines, and his methods as he grows older, no matter how new our disease may be. He cannot help it. His mind has made him and it is too old, inelastic, to add another cubit to his wisdom or courage as a physician.

Preachers are often the same way. They see God according to their lights, make sermons until they exhaust their vision. Then they go on preaching this same body of thought as long as they live under various texts from the Scriptures.

Mothers are especially methodical. Love makes them and tempers their minds in the beginning. They find out how to love each one of their little children differently, then they settle down in their maternal formulas of affection. These children grow up, their natures change, but this makes no difference. The mother remembers that Thomas was a sensitive little boy and had to be treated tenderly. So she goes on making allowances for his beautiful, sensitive nature, although he may have grown up into a cold-blooded wretch who has made his fortune on a widow's mite.

By the same token, she never forgets that her other son was a normal hard-headed youngster who must be disciplined and required no petting. So she goes on giving him the lick and the promise of a sterner affection, although he may now be a broken-hearted man who has failed on account of going into business with the meaner, more excitable brother, and is very much in need of tenderness. But she apportioned her affections between them like an estate she willed them long ago. Now she is too old and *non compos mentis* affectionally to change her will.

Many authors do their work the same way. They find out how to write. They get their own method, a certain set of characters, and they stick to this method and these characters, with a few lay figures added here and there in different stories. What I mean is that their leading heroes and heroines show a marked family resemblance to one another in every succeeding book. And why not? They are all out of the same parent mind. I should recognize a certain author's heroine anywhere on earth, even if she escapes from all the stories in which she figures. She is a young woman who usually works her way up, when the reader has every reason to believe she is bound to fall. I have not seen her lately, but she used to make me very anxious on account of her threadbare skirt and having to heat a can of tomato soup over an alcohol burner behind her washstand screen. I do hope she has kept her good name and married well as usual these late years, since I have been too busy to keep up with her

(Continued on Page 125)

Why the Leading Motor Car Manufacturers Use "Perfect Circles"

WHEN high-speed motors and high-pressure lubrication came into general use it was found that the old-style piston rings were not equal to the new burden put on them.

Originally designed to hold compression, and unchanged in principle since the first automobile was built, the old-style rings could not control the flood of oil delivered to the cylinder walls. Excessive oil consumption and oil-pumping became almost general.

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Write name and address in margin and mail for valuable piston ring data. Indicate whether Repairman ☐ Car Dealer ☐ or Car Owner ☐

THIS HAPPENED TO MR W T T IInd
—and then he got his Philco!
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had with ordinary batteries?

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Mr Sayre M Ramsdell
c, o Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sayre:-

I picked up a magazine at Manheim the other day and saw your Philco advertisement headed -- "and then he got his Philco!" It reminded me of an incident that brought me my Philco.

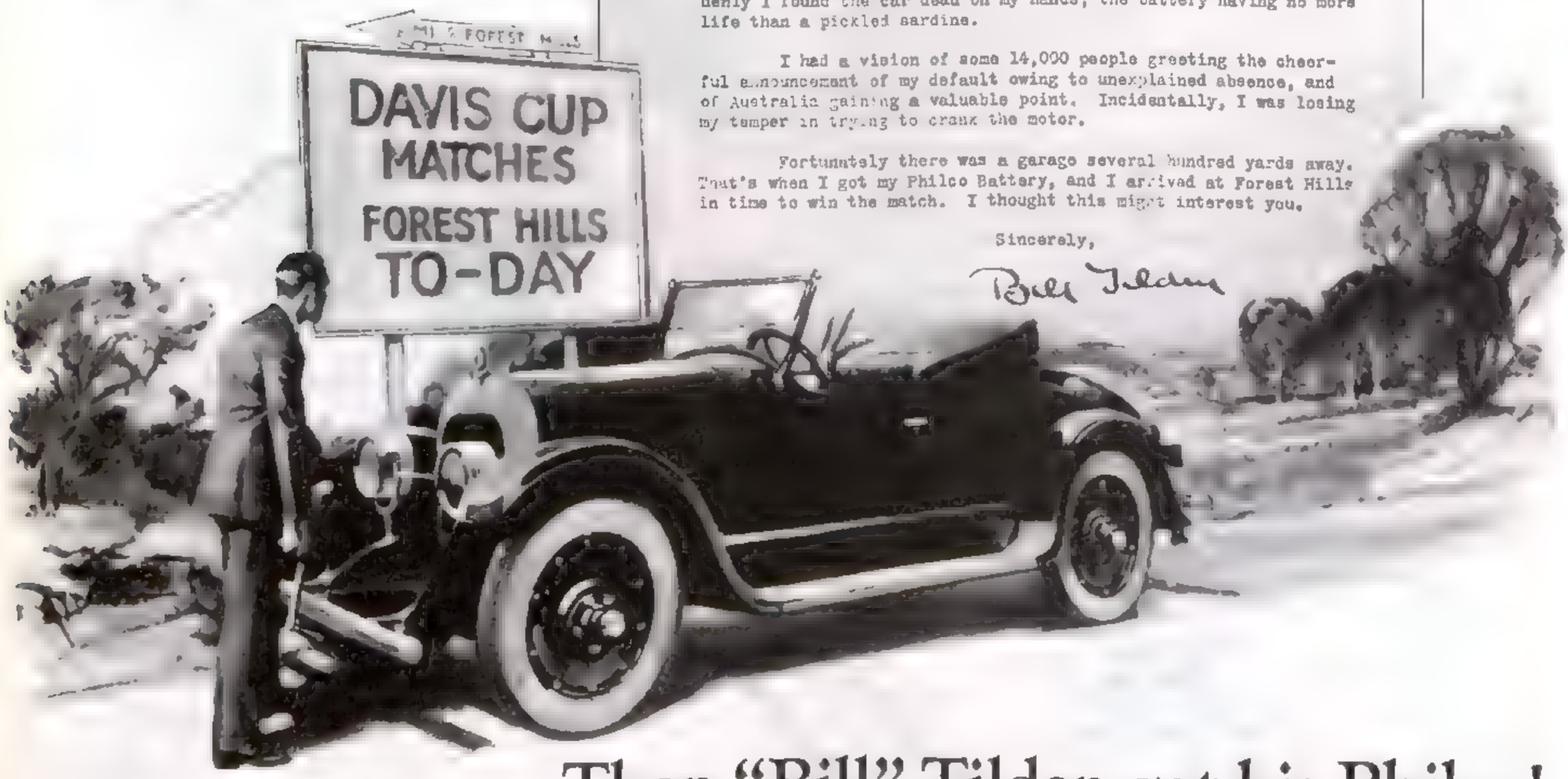
I was on my way to Forest Hills to play in the 1923 Davis Cup match against Australia. I hadn't any too much time. Suddenly I found the car dead on my hands, the battery having no more life than a pickled sardine.

I had a vision of some 14,000 people greeting the cheerful announcement of my default owing to unexplained absence, and of Australia gaining a valuable point. Incidentally, I was losing my temper in trying to crank the motor.

Fortunately there was a garage several hundred yards away. That's when I got my Philco Battery, and I arrived at Forest Hills in time to win the match. I thought this might interest you.

Sincerely,

Bill Tilden



Then "Bill" Tilden got his Philco!

High-powered, dependable batteries today are just as important—just as necessary for safe, comfortable driving—as dependable brakes. Veteran car owners know this—thousands from bitter hand-cranking experiences.

The new super-powered *Drynamic* Philco Batteries have the tremendous power and punch needed for starting modern high-compression motors. Also the OVER-SIZE capacity that means steady, white-hot ignition—therefore full engine power and gasoline mileage.

Play safe! Guard yourself and your family against the embarrassments, humiliations and dangers of battery failure. Your *Drynamic* Philco—with the famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Philco Retainers and a two-year guarantee—will cost you no more than just an ordinary battery.

PHILCO Farm Lighting Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

See the acid poured in!

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED. Being dry, they cannot deteriorate while in shipment or on the dealer's shelf. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. You are certain to get the full life of the battery.

Ask for Philco *Drynamic*—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery.

RADIO OWNERS—You can now run your radio from your house current—just as easily, just as conveniently, as turning on your electric lights. No hum—no distortion. Philco Dealers will gladly show you the new Philco Radio "A" and "B" Socket Powers.

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 122)

struggles. She was a model and an inspiration then to every working girl without a job. Which, when you think about it, is very high praise for her creator.

I had been one of the most diligent unknown authors in this country for ten years before circumstances thrust me into the written rôle of A Circuit Rider's Wife. It was then that I seemed to have found myself as an interpreter and at last capable of producing that literature of the heart which is peculiar to all of us. I am not wholly in my right mind in any other character now. She knows the very gist of everything I feel or know about men and women.

I would not attempt to tell how earnestly and unsuccessfully I have tried to be a younger, lovelier and more attractive woman in fiction. Being a youthful coquettish heroine is frightfully hypocritical and embarrassing. If I am compelled to play that rôle, I always put that dearer, wiser old woman in as a neighbor to the girl so that I may rest and dwell in her for a scene now and then.

I am far removed these many years from the circumstances that made the Circuit Rider's Wife. She was very poor and enjoyed her economies; I am now no longer poor, but cannot bring myself to commit an extravagance. She walked very softly before the Lord, and I walk even more softly before the world, on account of having attracted some attention from that quarter which she never had. She was always anxious for the peace and fate of her circuit rider; now I am lonely for the lack of these cares, and Lundy has passed away into what may be called the literature of my soul. She went to church every Sabbath day, and I do not go. Nevertheless she constrains me. Sometimes even yet the mind she had comes back to me like a song and I am tempted to sit down in the amen corner of my years, tell everything that is comforting to know, sing a hymn and try to lead us all in prayer! I seem to slip off into that same old-fashioned tenderness for men and women we used to feel for mourners kneeling about the altar during a revival.

Then the woman I am now looks about me and takes a more sensible view. What the world really needs is to have its emotional nature disciplined and trained even more carefully than we take the pains to develop the purely mental faculties. Praying alone will not meet this emergency.

My hope is to get at least ten strides ahead of this woman I used to be in the record I am now writing of my mind, which has changed considerably since she managed its downsittings and uprisings.

The question is whether I can do it. As we grow older it seems to me we break none of the bonds that formerly bound us; we simply add to them. I doubt very seriously if there is any such experience as liberty. It is a notion we get from not remembering for a moment the habits that bind us no less in the spirit than in our more obvious affairs.

I should be slow to advise the most gifted person to enter the literary profession. It is a life of infinite labor and hardship. The rewards are commensurate if you win them. But comparatively few who strive to enter it do so. Nobody lacks the sense to write, I believe; but most people lack the intuition, that hidden truth out of which romance and poetry and all literary illusions are made.

Very few people who read books know or suspect the literary casualties in an author's life. The most successful, as the least renowned of us, suffer amazing losses in labor and a corresponding depreciation in self-confidence. You may buy a seat on the stock exchange, get a ticker and do business there according to your own secret information about the market. But you cannot buy a seat among the editors in this country if you are a writer. Neither can you discover the ticker in their mind which determines the worth or unworthiness of your copy. They also are taking a chance with the public which reads. It is a fickle public, apt to change its mind any time.

Nothing is less profitable than to study a magazine with reference to producing copy peculiar to it. You are almost sure to make the mistake of writing something similar to the article or story you have studied, when your common sense should warn you that the editor will not want to repeat that dose. You have been subtly guilty of a repetition of the motive back of the story you took for a pattern, which is reason enough to expect that the thing will be refused.

An editor must have a kaleidoscopic mind. He cannot tell you with any degree of accuracy what he wants, because he does not know very far in advance what his readers want. But he can tell you as quick as a flash what he does not want, because he has more past experience than you can imagine to guide him in rejecting unavailable copy.

The best bet, I discovered long ago, was to find out what was true and vital in the experience of the greatest number of people and to write that. As a rule it is so old and elemental as to have become identical with them, like a man's ribs. He rarely thinks of them. There is such a body of thought and emotion in all of us of which we no longer speak. We have lost the words to do so. But when we see them written out it is as if we had recovered some dearer speech of ourselves.

The language we use is for the obvious, the things we do and say, or for the impressions we wish to make upon others. We have ten thousand dialogues for lovers, a considerable vocabulary for speaking piety and eloquence, and we are not short on narrative sentences; but I challenge any man to prove that it is easy to tell in words what is going on in his mind which is peculiar to him and not to be told. He is thinking them in the same way he breathes to live—by way of being mentally conscious. He is registering himself in every emotion, motive and desire faster than these mental sensations can be translated into words.

Language is artificial. We only use it to be heard, or to be seen in the written word, or when we are so moved that we are practically talking to ourselves. The greater part of the thinking we do is so mixed with feeling that it is like a circulatory system of consciousness, therefore the only absolutely veracious mental versions of what we really are.

To set down as much of this copy of us as possible has been my particular business as an author. It requires a sort of loving cunning in the use of words, which has been the most fascinating feature of my work. Mere words will not do. They must convey the color, charm and pulse of life. They must have a private twinkle of wit in them that makes a good-natured noise like laughter through the keyhole of the reader's mind. If you take pains, make every one count like a stroke in the picture of a secret trait which is peculiar to all of us, the individual reader gets the same shock of surprise that he would have if his mother had been eavesdropping on his mind. It makes him nervous, wondering how much else she had heard.

As to that, it is like seeing God: you cannot do it without being pure in heart. So I doubt if we could interpret the secret hearts of men and women without feeling very close to them in love and sympathy. My observation of meaner-minded people is that they never really understand other people, only what is evil or potentially evil in them. I reckon it is a blessed provision of Providence that we only see through the glass, darkly, when our deeds are evil. Otherwise the wicked would have a frightful advantage of the innocent and good.

One of the most profitable experiments I make along this line is to write out good impulses peculiar to people who are not good, but have a perpetual hankering after their might-have-been virtues.

They invariably rise like woefully undone children to the bait. I get a batch of letters from sinners the moment such a

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This Genuine

RITE-RITE

Automatic Pencil—

the pencil the world has been waiting for—

10¢

Get Yours Today

Pencils, 10c
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A mechanical pencil at a sensational price

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Handsome, nickel-trimmed, gold-stamped, light and perfect in balance—for 10c. And—a new idea—the new 555 Combination—3 Pencils, 3 colors of Lead—all in a tidy box. Write with **Black**, Check with **Red**, Mark with **Blue**. Makes any office more efficient and cuts pencil bills 50%. We prove it!

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Bell Tel. Co. bought 175,000
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By our new, patented, exclusive process, we make lead that slips across the paper like magic—no gritty spots, double strength—wears down smoothly.

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Send only 50c for the New 555 Combination —3 Pencils, Including 3 Colors of Lead

1 black pencil for black lead, **1 blue** pencil for blue lead, **1 red** pencil for red lead. We include 12 sticks of Black lead (any degree of hardness) and extra **blue** and **red** leads—all for 50c. No extra charge for packing and mailing.

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Don't pass up this remarkable offer, three pencils—three colors of lead—for less than the cost of one good pencil. See your dealer now or send the coupon. Now is the time. Act!

Retail Dealers
Rite-Rite Week
Aug. 29 to Sept. 5
Our advertising is working for you. Be ready. Phone or wire your number for stock or write us. Now.

Five Colors of Lead
Seven degrees of hardness. Improves any mechanical pencil.

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Remember, we pay postage and packing on this new offer. And satisfaction or your money back. Don't pass this up. Three pencils, three colors of lead, for less than the cost of one pencil. You'll be surprised at the wonderful value. Do it now. This offer may never appear again. Remember, satisfaction or your money back!

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

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With every order for $1.00 or more, we will send free 5 fine Rite-Rite erasers. Specially made for us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

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Send me your special 555 combination offer, carrying charges paid, consisting of 1 Black Rite-Rite Pencil, 1 Red Rite-Rite Pencil, 1 Blue Rite-Rite Pencil, 12 sticks of Black lead, also extra Blue and Red Leads. If you want extra sets for your friends, enclose 50 cents for each additional set.

How many — Amount

No. 555 Combination at 50c per set — $
Extra Rite-Rite Pencils—10c each. (Any Color)
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I enclose $ in full payment of above, including packing and shipping charges.

Ask about Rite-Rite Imprinted Pencils for Advertising Purposes

paragraph picture of their futile goodness appears in print. Some of them very smart and bitter, but feeling that soothing plaster I have laid on the wounds their sins have made in them. Others are low in the dust. They do not expect to rise. Still, they want me to know they have enjoyed the relief of a few tears on their cheeks.

I do think this is a dear thing about men, even the worst of them—how they will confess their tears of grief or regret to a woman in whom they believe or whose confidence they desire to win. If she is an elderly person with some wisdom of their sex, she knows that these are histrionic tears, shed to move her. Still, it is an artless sort of compliment they pay her good old simplicity. But if we should tell how many men and which men we have seen weep, the world would never believe us! The poor things are driven to it as we are driven to little hysterical manifestations with our dearer men which we should never try to put over on another woman. Before other men they must play the part of pride, strength and courage, even if they have no such attributes; but once in so often the last one of them will break down before one of us, quiver his chin and let his tears flow, because he knows that we know he is really a child who never grows up, begging for cake when he is a boy and for sympathy when he is a man

Very few lost and undone women ever show up, but now and then one comes in a letter, lays her head on my Circuit Rider's Widow's knees and whispers that she remembers when she felt like that, referring to some paragraph, say, in My Book and Heart. This is as near as one of them ever comes to admitting that she no longer has the right to feel like that. And none of them ever sign their names. Thus they let you know they do not expect an answer. It is their sad way of walking like ghosts for a few lines close to what they believe is a kind heart.

It must be fearful not to be good if you are a woman, because you never can forgive yourself, while a man can and will do so with the least encouragement from you. If the woman he loves shrives him, he will rise up and strut like a spiritual peacock without ever taking the trouble to lay his case before the Lord in prayer. He is the greatest economist in contrition the world ever saw.

But when you think about it, this only goes to prove how transparent they are. I am by men as I am by the more occult Scriptures—they are not difficult to understand if you have the right mind toward them, not antagonistic or suspicious.

But I am always careful never to let one know I am reading him. Nothing upsets a man so quickly as to realize that you are seeing him maneuver in and out of sight behind the lines of the rôle he is reciting so well to you. He is offended. He takes his leave of you like a puppy with its tail between its legs, or he goes off with a prideful stride. Presently he tells somebody that he does not like that woman. But he does. He simply dislikes the glimpse he had of himself mirrored in her old Sea of Galilee mind.

I never answer such letters. Let them read Paul's epistles! But I do feel closer kin to them than one ever does to the comfortable saints or to the brazenly virtuous.

When you have been a mother and known such richness of hovering love as that, after you are childless the wings of your heart do feel strangely empty. I have sometimes considered adopting a bunch of bad grown-up children and starting them all over at their A B C's of morals and decencies. But it would never do. This whole countryside would be working presently with runaway children.

I have a vague suspicion that I am not an easy person to live with. I have a hot and heady temper, and exacting standards acquired in these lonely hills where there is no world to obstruct or soften my convictions about what is right or wrong, and about the exceedingly early hour when dutiful people should get up and go about their tasks. As the stepmother of sinners I might be rather terrible in my manifestations. Besides, I could not love them as a real mother loves. I should lack that essential wisdom in dealing with them. So I have abandoned the idea, except to think about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cathedral Island, Nova Scotia

Wherever people live, let living be at its best. Remember the influence of paint and varnish.

"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

GLOOMY surroundings breed gloomy minds; unsanitary surroundings endanger health; neglected surroundings destroy self-respect. They depress body and mind and the value of property. Paint and varnish fight darkness and dirt and deterioration. They help the home-maker. From their systematic use come the large rewards of preservation and beauty—a home that's more valuable, more attractive, more cheerful, healthier, and easier to keep clean. "Wherever people live" it is true that when you "save the surface, you save all."

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Ask your painter or dealer for a copy of Save the Surface Magazine

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

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BLADES

The Gillette New Standard
In gold plate, $6.
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Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

UNBEATABLE BETTLE

Continued from Page 21

"I've got to finish this ad by noon," said Ward, and bent over his work.

Ward and I lunched together that day. Bettle was lunching downtown with someone he described as a big Wall Street man who had been annoying Bettle to enter his firm.

Ward ate silently for some time; then he broke out, not taking his eyes from his scrambled eggs.

"I've got to tell somebody," he said. I waited. "I couldn't tell Bettle," he continued. "He'd only kid me if I told him I was in love with Mr. Kendrick's daughter. He'd tell how he almost married the daughter of the president of the refrigerator trust."

"So that's it?" I said. "Miss Kendrick! Well, Art, I've heard she's charming and I wish you all the luck in the world."

"I'll need it," he said gloomily. "Why is it that with all the millions of women in the world a fellow picks the one who can't see him with a telescope."

"How do you know she can't? Did she say so?"

"No," he admitted. "As a matter of fact, she's very nice to me. But that's the way Paula is—nice to everybody—even me."

"Art Ward," I said, "you don't deserve to win her."

Instead of getting sore or demanding why, he mournfully agreed.

"I know it."

"And you never will until you get over that ingrown modesty of yours."

"I suppose not." He miserably picked at his huckleberry pie. "She's—well, she's just too wonderful for me."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, you know—beautiful and intelligent and young and—and feminine."

"Most women are feminine."

"What I mean is," said Ward, "that Paula isn't the bold modern type of girl. She's sympathetic and sort of shy."

"Didn't I read in the papers last summer that she did some remarkable stunt—like saving a bunch of kids from drowning? She may be the clinging-vine type, but that sounds as if she had a streak of the sturdy oak in her."

"That was Paula, all right. It was a brave thing to do."

"I hope you've told her so."

He was slightly horrified.

"Oh, no!"

"You should. She's probably quite proud of it, as she has a right to be."

"Perhaps she is." Dejection was on him. "Oh, Lord, what a dummy I am! Here's the thing I want most in the world, and I don't know how to get it; and even if I did, I wouldn't have the nerve to do it."

"Think," I said, "what our friend Bettle would do in a case like this."

"I'm not Bettle."

"Do you consider that hard luck?"

"I do," said Arthur Ward seriously. "Bettle has belief in himself. That's what puts you across in business or in love."

"You're quoting him."

"Yes," Ward acknowledged, "I am. And it's true. You know what they call him around the office?"

"No. What?"

"Unbeatable Bettle."

"Perfect," I said.

"If I had said my sister's mice were big as guinea pigs, Bettle's would have been as big as Pomeranians."

"Even if they weren't."

"Facts have nothing to do with it. Bettle would honestly believe they were. He'd sell you the idea they were because he believed it. You can't beat a man like that."

"He'll get an awful tumble one of these days," I prophesied. "Some day somebody will have some experience Lester can't beat, and the blow will wreck him the way a lighted cigarette wrecks a toy balloon."

"Would you like to bet on that?" Ward was in earnest.

"Sure! I'll bet you a hat," I said.

"You'll lose," said Ward, as we shook hands on it. "You don't know Lester as I do. Lord, if I only had his gift!"

"Art Ward," I said, "I've got a pain in the neck and you give it to me. I've seen you play tennis. I saw you with the score five-love against you and the other fellow blazing them over like skyrockets. I saw you battle back until you'd fought him bow-legged and finally beat him 17–15. I've seen you do it more than once too. When your back is to the wall you do your best work. Don't tell me you're not a fighter. Go after this girl the way you go after a man on the tennis court."

He shook his head.

"I guess I do all my fighting with a tennis racket," he said. "That's the way I try to make up for being such a boob—in other things."

It looked like a hopeless case, and I was sorry for Ward. I was still sorrier when I got back to the office and heard the news. Bettle was there, beaming.

"Little Lester's fixed it," he announced.

"What?"

"For Sunday. We're all going out to Big Tree Farm. Old Boy Kendrick himself asked us. For a business talk, he said. You know what that means."

We did. It was the accolade. An invitation to the president's estate back of Greenwich was the first step to high rank in his company. Mr. Kendrick believed in the personal touch in business. He was the sun in an extensive solar system, but he knew all his minor planets. What a man!

The common picture of a big business man who has swarmed up hand over hand from piano polisher to president is that of an aloof and pitiless pirate with iceberg eyes, a tyrant surrounded by timorous underlings who scurry to cover whenever he raises one frosty eyebrow. This had been my mental picture of Matthew Kendrick till I met him, and found him to be a plump, rosy old fellow, who looked like Santa Claus' brother, and who talked to me not of smashing business rivals but of the pleasures of trout fishing, his hobby. It seemed all wrong. He never roared at anybody, never beat on a desk, was never in a hurry, and had time to be on friendly terms with everyone in his big organization down to the apprentice boys. He violated all the traditions as to what the head of a giant concern should be. After our first meeting, I was rather worried about him. I hated to think of such a nice old lamb being devoured by the wolves, with which the woods of business are infested, according to popular belief. Bettle whooped with laughter when I told him this.

"Take a look at the financial page," he said. "Notice what Kendrick Common is quoted at."

"It's 209," I reported.

"It was 176 a year ago, when I bought some. Now feel sorry for poor old Kendrick. Say, that lamb would laugh the pelts off a peck of wolves and make them like it."

Mr. Kendrick had a way of asking specially favored groups of men from his company out to his country place, ostensibly to discuss business, actually to do business with niblicks, bridge tables and quantities of excellent food.

"Well," exclaimed Lester G. Bettle, "why don't you give three cheers for little Lester? I suggested to Mr. Kendrick that he invite you."

"I'd already been invited," said Arthur Ward. "I was out there last week."

For a second Bettle's face fell, but only for a second.

"Of course," he said, "I've been out there—often. Last summer, when Mr. Kendrick's family was in Europe, I almost lived out there. He had me break a horse of his nobody else could seem to ride."

He stopped.

"Say, Wardie," he questioned, "how did you happen to be out at Big Tree Farm?"

LOOK FOR THE
Red Handle
WITH THE
Black Head
(Color Combination Registered as Trad Mark U. S. Pat. Off.)
EXCLUSIVELY
PLUMB

Away with loose heads on hammers

HAMMER heads loosen because time always shrinks hickory.

So, sooner or later, nature makes the heads of all hammers get loose.

A loose hammer head is always a bother and a nuisance—and sometimes it is a danger.

But we needn't use loose-headed hammers any longer.

Plumb Hammers, and all Plumb Tools, are tight-headed. By virtue of a real improvement, —the Plumb Take-Up Wedge.

Just a turn of the wrist makes the head tight again—keeps the whole hammer new.

There is no hammer like a Plumb Hammer, anyway.

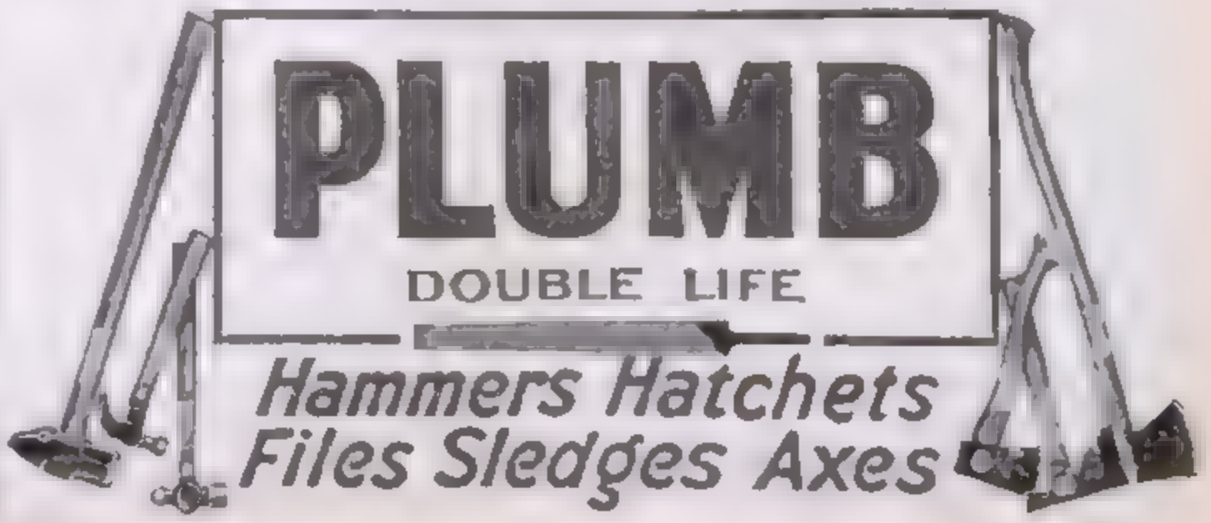
You need it for better work.

It has a larger face;—accuracy. A shorter neck;—balance. Its claws pull without effort. The whole head is tempered hard for service, tough for wear.

You can tell this tight-headed hammer by its color; black head, red handle.

It's $1.30 (except in Far West and Canada) at any good hardware store.

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.



"Oh," said Ward, "I happen to know—the family."

"But Mr. Kendrick has only one daughter. Do you know her?"

"Yes."

This nonplused Bettle—but only momentarily.

"I practically know her," he said. "Only last week I was up at the Number 3 Factory and she was there with her father. Guthrie, the factory manager, said 'Les, would you like to meet the big chief's daughter?' But I was busy just then. I'll meet her Sunday though."

From Ward's face at the moment I gleaned the idea that he did not look forward to a restful Sunday.

"Say, Wardie, how did you happen to meet Miss Kendrick?" Bettle persisted.

"She and my sister were roommates at Vassar," Ward replied.

"Oh, I see," said Bettle. "That's how you did it. I wonder if Miss Kendrick knew my cousins, Leah and Lila Prout. They were captain of the Vassar basketball team in 1922."

"How could that be?"

"It was unusual. But, you see, they were twins," explained Bettle. "Nobody could tell Leah from Lila or Lila from Leah. Well, they were both such good players, and both so popular, that the girls elected them both captain. Vassar didn't lose a game that year. I must ask Paula if she knew them. Nothing breaks the ice quicker with a girl than finding you and she have mutual friends."

A mildly savage silence descended on Arthur Ward.

Big Tree Farm was a cozy rural place, with sixteen master's bedrooms, a thriving crop of golf holes, acres of barbered lawns, blue-blooded turkeys, solid-gold Berkshires and a most hospitable atmosphere. We were sitting on the broad veranda, Miss Kendrick and I, when Lester G. Bettle arrived. He thundered up to the door in a giant and costly car. Carelessly, in the ducal manner, he tossed some words to the uniformed chauffeur.

"Come back for me at eleven tonight, Jerome."

Then he sauntered up the steps, a brilliant figure in a new country-squire outfit of lavender-tweed plus fours. As I presented him to Miss Kendrick, I found myself speculating about Jerome and that dazzling new car.

"Did you drive out from the city?" Miss Kendrick asked him.

"Oh, yes—if you call thirty-three miles a drive," responded Lester G. Bettle airily.

"One of father's chauffeurs once made it in forty-nine minutes. Father almost discharged him."

Lester smiled.

"I hate a poky driver too," he said.

"Do you mean to say you came out faster than that, Mr. Bettle?"

"Forty-two minutes and eight seconds," said Mr. Bettle. "But, of course, I don't consider that fast. The traffic held us up. You see, I used to be a racing driver myself. Thought of taking it up as a career—that or aviation. A girl persuaded me to give them up. But habits are hard to break; and do you know, Miss Kendrick, to this day I'm not comfortable unless I'm doing better than fifty."

"Oh!" She was impressed.

"But if you think it is dangerous," said Mr. Bettle, "I'll never drive that fast again. I'll give Jerome orders never to go over thirty."

When Miss Kendrick left us for a moment, I turned to Bettle and said sternly, "See here, don't try to kid me with that Jerome stuff. I know him and his car. Five dollars an hour."

The composure of Mr. Bettle was not ruffled in the least.

"Four dollars an hour to me," he said. "The manager of the renting agency is a personal friend of mine."

He lit one of his monogrammed cigarettes. The monogram on this lot was K. S. W.

"I'm thinking of buying a car like that," he said, "if I like it—and if things go the way I expect them to."

Arthur Ward arrived just then. Paula Kendrick was unaffectedly glad to see him. He played nervously with his hat and twiddled his tennis racket. Of course, they asked him to play tennis; and that was the way he spent most of the day, playing with some of Mr. Kendrick's more ambitious guests, who were terrible rabbits in the tennis sense of the word, and who must have caused anguish to Arthur. He didn't show it. He patiently returned their puny taps and called "Good shot!" whenever he had a chance, and often when he didn't. How he hit the ball at all I don't know. His eye wasn't on it. It was on Paula Kendrick and Mr. Bettle, who were sitting on the lawn some distance from the court and who were not paying much attention to the tennis. Bettle was talking and she was listening.

Bettle could talk. He'd had practice. He had a hearty, masculine voice and there was something about his high-spirited assurance that was engaging. There was nothing faint-hearted about Mr. Bettle.

At dinner, Paula Kendrick elected to sit between Bettle and Ward. Ward didn't eat much. His hunger was all in his eyes, and they were on Paula. From time to time he tried, hesitantly, awkwardly, to talk to her. She encouraged him with her attentive smile, but he hadn't a chance. Few men could steal a conversation away from Mr. Bettle, and Ward was certainly not one of them. Lester was in excellent form. He knew how to tell a story, and did. He knew how to switch to the low-voiced earnestness and the personal talk girls like—and did. In such a duel Arthur Ward had the chance of a sparrow at a hawks' convention.

After dinner, when we were all dancing, I looked for Ward and found him in a secluded corner, very alone. He could have posed for a statue of a young man just about to jump off a high bridge without changing in the least his expression.

I tried to pluck him out of his coma of gloom by whispering, "Get in the game. Take her for a walk in the moonlight, and don't dare to come back till you've said something."

"Too late," he muttered. "She's already gone for a walk."

I realized then why the party seemed so comparatively quiet. Bettle was gone too.

At the office next day I noted that Bettle was in even higher spirits than normally. He poured out a rich and copious stream of conversation. He was going to take up polo. The game, he had been told, was made for him. He was going to begin to play the piano again. He had been something of a virtuoso at eighteen, I gathered. He told me where I should have had my hair cut and promised to introduce me to his tailor. He fizzed like soda water all day. Arthur Ward was as dumb as a goldfish.

At four Bettle left the office.

"Got an engagement," he explained. "Out of town."

At five Arthur Ward got up from his desk, pulled his hat down over his ears and slumped out.

Knowing Bettle, I was not unprepared for the news when, some weeks later, he thrust his hand out at me and said, "Put 'er there. Little Lester is buying the perfectos today."

"So you did it," I said. "Well, congratulations."

"We're to be married in two weeks," he said. "Mr. Kendrick hemmed and hawed and suggested we wait a year; but I said, 'Nothing doing. My brother Bigelow was engaged for six years once—and the wedding never came off.'"

"You're a lucky fellow," I told him.

"Lucky? Yes, in a way. But I don't believe in what you call luck. I manufacture my own luck right on the premises. Remember what I told you some time ago?"

"It seems to me you've told me a number of things."

"I mean about the Lord loving a go-getter. Well, when I decided that Paula was the girl for me, I didn't waste any time, did I?"

"You certainly applied high-speed efficiency methods to love," I said. He was greatly pleased.

"Didn't I though? Do you know the most important thing in the world today?"

"Love?" I hazarded.

"Salesmanship," he declared. "If you have that, you can get all the rest. Once I was sure Paula was the girl for me, it didn't take long to convince her I was the man for her. Two reasons. I believed in the goods I was selling and I understood her. I saw at once she was the sort of girl that had to be courted hard and plenty, and little Lester is a hard and plentiful courter. Wardie is going to be my best man. Will you be an usher?"

I assented. Arthur Ward was sitting at his desk, staring out of the window. I noticed that his brown hands were closed so tightly his knuckles were white. He turned slowly from the window.

"Bettle," he said, "I may not be best man."

"No? Why not?"

"I may be the bridegroom."

Bettle's laugh sounded through the office.

To me he said, "Didn't I always say Wardie has a sense of humor? I know these quiet fellows. My brother Bigelow was like that. Not a word out of him for days, and then he pulled something that showed he was a born comedian. When my cousins, Leah and Lila, were married—they married twins on the same day—Bigelow never said a word at the wedding. Just quietly drank punch. But when they got off on their honeymoon they found he'd taken all their things out of their trunks and had filled the trunks with sawdust."

"I mean what I said." Ward was not smiling. "I thought it only fair to warn you."

The idea amused Lester G. Bettle inordinately. His laugh said plainly that he too had a sense of humor and he intended to prove it.

"Atta-boy, Wardie," he chortled. "The race is over, but you can enter it if you want to. Glad to have a little competition."

Arthur Ward didn't say anything more that day. He fiercely attacked a pile of work. Several times I checked myself on the point of saying, "Art, forget it. You're too good a fellow to suffer for a lost cause. A month ago you had a chance. It's too late now."

I didn't say it. He was miserable enough without that. He was in a fog until the day of the wedding. He'd sit for hours, looking at the calendar tacked over his desk. Bettle was away.

"Shopping for my trousseau," he explained.

The wedding was arranged for a Friday afternoon at five—a rather informal wedding at Big Tree Farm. We all gathered there in the morning, for there was to be a rehearsal before lunch. We sat about on the porch—the bridesmaids twittering, the men talking motor cars.

It developed that Mr. Bettle had conceived the idea of balloon tires four years before any motor manufacturer had thought of it, but he had been too busy to do anything about it.

A little group of us was sitting at one end of the veranda—Mr. Kendrick, Paula, Ward and I. We were talking of the zinnias in the garden—that is, three of us were. Ward was saying nothing.

I was surprised to hear him break his silence suddenly, and say in a husky but rather loud voice, "Mr. Kendrick, how big was that trout you caught in Lake Latrell?"

As we were talking of zinnias, which are dissimilar to trout, I decided that Ward had been drinking—though I knew he didn't drink.

Mr. Kendrick beamed like the noonday sun. I had heard his pet story several times; so had Arthur. But to Mr. Kendrick it was always a fresh and fascinating tale.

"Well, sir," began Matthew Kendrick, as usual, "you won't believe it—but if you don't, step into my study and over my desk you'll see Mr. Trout, stuffed and mounted by Harry Keys, the best fish taxidermist in the country."

Lester G. Bettle had pricked up his ears.

"Mr. Kendrick," he said, "I know Harry Keys is rated pretty high, but he's weak on trout. He can do a good job with a tarpon or a swordfish, but when it comes to trout, the man to go to is Aleck McNab, of Baltimore—a friend of mine. Next time you want a real job of trout mounting done send it to McNab—and mention my name."

"I'll make a note of that," said Mr. Kendrick. But he didn't. He continued: "Well, I was casting lazily one day and not getting a nibble, when suddenly something hit the side of my boat—bop—like that. It almost knocked me flat. Pierre, my guide, gave a yell. '*Mon Dieu!*' he cried. 'It is ze king!' 'What king?' I said. 'Ze most beegest feesh in Canada!' he said. 'For years we try to catch heem. He is hongry. He smell our lunch. He butt ze boat wiz hees snoot.' I laughed. Thought it was one of those guide stories. Well, sir, I leaned over the side of the boat to put a frog on my hook. My hand was a foot out of the water. Woosh!—a fish shot through the air and snatched the frog right out of my hand."

He paused. We all made noises of amazement.

"They'll do that every time if you give them a chance," said Bettle.

"Never happened to me before," said Mr. Kendrick, "and I've been fishing forty-five years. 'Well,' I said to Pierre, 'I'm going to stage a surprise party for the king.' I lay down in the bottom of the boat so he couldn't see me and baited a hook with a frog the size of my fist. Then I bent over the side of the boat and made believe the frog wasn't on the hook. I held him in my hand and—woosh!—the king darted eighteen inches out of the water and speared the frog. Away he went—but he was hooked. Well, sir, I fought him the better part of an hour. Finally landed him. He weighed exactly nineteen pounds and four and three-quarters ounces."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Ward. "What a monster! I never got one that weighed over seven. Did you, Bettle?"

Mr. Bettle smiled—a tolerant, reminiscent smile.

"My brother Bigelow and I were fishing up in Canada one summer," he said. "We discovered a lake. We called it Lake Bettle. We'll go there some day, Paula."

"Will we?" said Paula. She was watching him intently.

"Well, we fished Lake Bettle all day. No luck. Oh, we did pick up a few eight and nine pounders, but we threw them back. We noticed a funny thing about that lake. All along the shore were the skeletons of small animals—rabbits and what not. We pitched our pup tents by the shore and went to sleep. At midnight I was waked by a tremendous commotion on the shore—a terrific splashing and thrashing. I ran down and what do you think I saw?"

None of us ventured to say.

"I saw," said Mr. Bettle, "a big lynx trying to pull away from the water. He was howling with fear and pain. He'd come for a drink and a fish had grabbed his nose. What a battle! The fish hung on like a bulldog. The lynx was badly bitten up. I put the lynx out of his misery with a kick and the fish let go and flopped back into the water. He looked enormous in the moonlight."

"I'll bet he did," said Mr. Kendrick.

"Well," continued Mr. Bettle, "I shouted to my brother Bigelow, 'He's a meat eater! I'll get him.' So I baited a hook with a piece of lynx as big as two fists and no sooner had I tossed it out when bang! The fish hit it. I fought him all night. At dawn I finally got him. Even in the boat, he fought so we had to shoot him with a moose gun. Do you know what he weighed?"

"A ton," said Mr. Kendrick. His tone was what is sometimes described as dry.

(Continued on Page 135)

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(Continued from Page 130)

"Twenty-three pounds and fourteen ounces," said Lester G. Bettle.

"And you had your trout-stuffing friend mount him?" inquired Mr. Kendrick.

"No; something strange happened. Bigelow and I had just weighed him when an animal sprang from a tree and tore the fish to shreds. It was a female lynx—the mate of the one the fish had attacked. From the way she did it I knew it was a case of revenge."

"I'm going in the house," said Matthew Kendrick.

We were all silent. Again, surprisingly, Arthur Ward spoke up.

"You swim, don't you, Bettle?"

"Do I? Played water polo in college."

"Paula loves to swim. Don't you, Paula?" said Ward.

"You know I do, Art."

"She saved some lives once. Didn't you, Paula?" said Ward.

"Oh, that's ancient history"

"We'd like to hear about it," said Ward. We all said we would love to hear her own version of it.

At last Paula responded to our urging and said, "It's nothing much. Four kids were out in a canoe on the Sound. A squall tipped them over. I swam out and dragged them ashore."

"Good work!" said Lester G. Bettle. "Paula, you and I should go into the life-saving business."

"Why?"

"My brother Bigelow and I were life guards one summer at Asbury Park. My father sent me down there to study the piano, but I preferred the outdoor life. One day a fishing boat turned turtle. It was loaded with people. Bigelow and I managed to haul them all ashore. While they were pumping them out—there were eleven of them—Bigelow and I slipped away. Didn't want to let our names get in the newspapers for fear our old man would find out we were neglecting the piano. Don't kids do queer things?"

"Some do," said Paula Kendrick. There was an odd look on her face. "I'm going to pick some roses," she said. "Lester, you stay here and be entertaining. Art will help me. Come along, Art."

We assembled for the rehearsal in the flower-decorated living room of the big house.

"It's hardly necessary," said Lester G. Bettle. "I've been to so many weddings. I know all the tricks."

"All right, Lester," said Paula. "I've got an idea. Suppose you go in the music room and play the wedding march. I'll ask one of the men to walk through the performance with me. Perhaps you'd do it, Arthur."

A look that seemed to me slightly malicious came over Bettle's face.

"Go ahead, Wardie," he urged. "Here's your chance. Remember what you said."

I hardly dared look at Arthur Ward. I knew what must be going on inside him. I must say he acted his painful rôle like a good sport. He was even smiling a little as he and Paula stood before the improvised altar while Lester, very badly, picked out the wedding march on a Kendrick Grand in the next room.

Paula's uncle, the bishop, nervously cleared his throat. Hurriedly he read the ceremony.

"This is unusual," I whispered to Mr. Kendrick.

"So is Paula," he whispered back.

The last "I do" had been said when Lester G. Bettle came hurrying in from the music room.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I didn't know you were going to say the words. Why, it might take!"

"It has taken," said Paula.

"What?" said Lester. "You're kidding!"

"I'm sorry, Lester," said Paula. "Terribly sorry. Please don't blame Arthur. I made him do it."

"But it isn't legal. He hasn't a license."

"He has," said the bishop; "properly filled out."

"Well, well, well, well!" said Lester G. Bettle.

The eyes of all of us were on him. The blow had fallen. None of us would have blamed him a bit if he had collapsed beneath it. Mr. Kendrick, who was perspiring freely, felt he must say something.

"Lester," he got out, "this is a most remarkable occurrence—the strangest thing I ever heard of ——"

Then Mr. Bettle found words.

"Yes," he said; "it's remarkable, all right. But, of course, I'm not really surprised. I had an idea Wardie was up to something. That's why I went into the music room—to give him a chance." He was a picture of composure now. "An even more remarkable thing than this happened to my twin cousins, Leah and Lila," he said. "They married twins, you know—the Pennock boys from Providence. Well, what do you think?"

We were much too astonished to think.

"The darndest thing you ever heard of!" said Mr. Bettle. "They'd been married two days when they discovered they'd married the wrong twins. Leah was engaged to Ken and by mistake she got married to Stuart, and vice versa. Of course, there was nothing to do about it then."

Arthur Ward looks well in the new hat I bought him.

AIRY ADRIENNE TAKES THE AIR

(Continued from Page 13)

"Listen, widget," I ultimatumed him in an aside one day, "you stand under Brooklyn Bridge and wait for it to fall. If you can catch it, you'll have practice that will come in handy when you try to catch that lady hippo."

Why, I'd sooner throw Mount McKinley at Bobby than have Addie plop on him!

After about a week of this monkey business, Addie got so that she could nearly do her new business. Bobby's interest waned, since there appeared to be no more need for him showing his protective instinct. It looked like the Countess Eau Claire, who was getting his attention in spurts, would be getting it exclusively again.

Another lucky break for Airy Adrienne. Her cold developed into laryngitis and she got so hoarse she couldn't say a word above a whisper. What a change that was! The quiet that would suddenly come over a foundry that installed rubber rivet pounders was what fell over the houses we played.

It was lucky for her, because it aroused Bobby's sympathy a little bit again. His chief interest still centered in the countess, though, because he was expecting her to declare her love for him any day. The sap! Nothing was farther from Eau Claire's mind.

On the Sunday that we closed in Cleveland, we expected to open next day in Columbus, but a telegram came from New York in which the Great White Father of the circuit rerouted us to play three days in one tank town and three in another. Then, said his telegram:

"Saturday night closing will leave you all near Hanksburg, Ohio. That is home of Marty Madden, one of veteran stars of Two-a-Day who now is destitute. If you will join us in staging benefit performance in Hanksburg for Marty will be deeply appreciated. God bless you all.

"GREGORY."

"Who," asked Bobby of me when the Cleveland house manager had read the wire, "is this old-timer Madden?"

I never had heard of the bird. Neither had anybody else on the bill. Anyway, we all voted to go to Hanksburg at the end of the week and pitch a Sunday-night performance for the down-and-outer. That's the way you feel in the show business. You may be a down-and-outer your ownself some day. I feel it keenly, seeing as how Bobby's my partner.

Besides, everyone is always anxious to please Mr. Gregory, the big sausage of the circuit in New York. He's great for spreading the Big Brother racket in vaudeville.

"Always help the other fellow," is what he says. He wants you to feel he has a personal interest in you. "You have to, in this era," he says at each annual banquet in the Fitzmore Grill, "give the public service and you have to give the artists service." Apple sauce? He has tubs of it. Once when I demanded more dough for my act by wire, he telegraphed back:

"Sorry cannot hoist the ante. God bless you.

GREGORY."

That's him. But it's beside the point.

Airy Adrienne, the Countess Eau Claire, Boyd & Butler, a xylophonist as musical as a dog fight and a sleight-of-hand jobby who—no fooling—is too bad for even the pop-house time showed up in Hanksburg Sunday evening for the benefit.

The opery house there had not been used since a state senator made an election speech there during the Roosevelt-Parker campaign.

The manager's regular racket was acting as crossing watchman and he told us he'd have to desert us twice during the show, once to help the 8:35 for Cleveland and again to help the 9:17 to St. Louis go through Hanksburg.

The house was a sell-out. But the less said about the show the better. The only train we could grab to Columbus left there at 12:30 in the morning; and so, having nothing else to do, we ad-libbed plenty and dragged the benefit out until about ten. We had this livery stable of a theater to ourselves after ten o'clock.

Eau Claire decided she could use the hours till train time practicing a couple of sonatas on her harp. That meant, of course, that Bobby would park hisself there, too, and admire her.

"Bobby," Addie piped up, "if you'll give me a hand with my apparatus, I think I'll practice my balancing a bit too." Her laryngitis was so bad by then that you could hardly hear her whisper. She turned to me with a coy smile and said, "Practice makes perfect, doesn't it, Mr. Boyd?"

"Yes," I cracked back; "I haven't had to practice for the last nine years."

I walked around Hanksburg and then killed time until 12:30 talking with the yokels around the railroad station about the future of the drama in America. Pretty soon before the train showed, Bobby appeared with the countess in tow. I saw him ordering the crossing-watchman house manager around as that butter-and-egger put Eau Claire's harp down on the platform where the baggage car would stop. Then Bobby parks the countess on a mail truck and began telling her what a wonderful improvement she was over Liszt, Beethoven, Wagner and Saint-Saëns. That left me nothing to worry about, because I saw he would not miss the train. When the rattler rolled in, I got aboard.

Monday at the matinée in Columbus the bill had to shift Raymonde's Rink Racers roller-skating turn from closing to opening spot because Airy Adrienne, who was billed to open, didn't show.

"What do you suppose became of Addie?" I asked Bobby.

"I don't know," he came back, stopping to smile prettily at Eau Claire, who was passing. "Didn't she grab the rattler out of Hanksburg this morning?"

"How should I know, you halibut?" I demanded. "I don't keep my eyes trained on the molls the way you do."

(Continued on Page 137)

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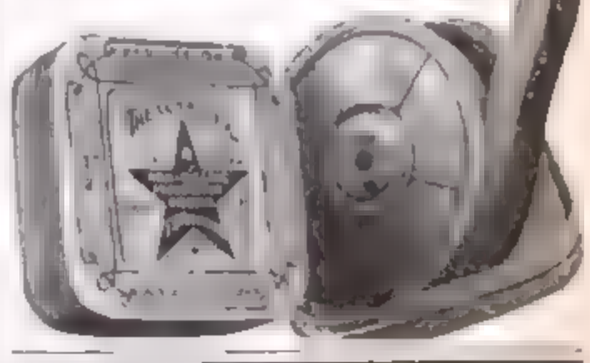

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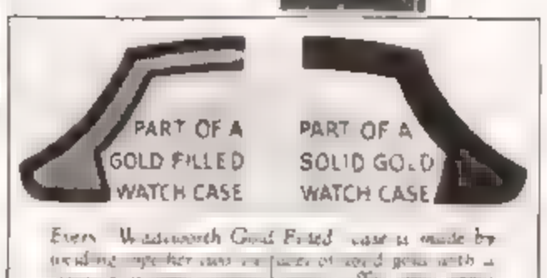

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It is dictated entirely by a growing recognition of the strap watch's greater convenience when no vest is worn.

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Wadsworth Cases

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THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.
Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

(Continued from Page 135)

"Maybe she was taken sick—she had laryngitis or pneumonia or something, you know—and stayed behind."

"Rats! She would have said something to somebody."

The Columbus house manager got Hanksburg on the long-distance before wiring to New York, but the crossing-watchman stage manager said there was no sign there of Airy Adrienne. I was a little afraid, because, though I know Bobby's no hot-headed man of violence, it occurred to me that Addie might have annoyed him until he petted her with a fire ax.

"I don't know and I don't care," he barked at me when I pressed him with questions about where the lady boilermaker might be. "Why ask me? I'm not her nursemaid."

All that week there wasn't a sign of Addie. I gave it up as one of life's mysteries. Another week passed and still not a word about Airy Adrienne. I had an awfully guilty conscience. I thought maybe she was an emotional woman after all and might have drunk a gallon of arsenic in her disappointment over Bobby.

The mystery ended in Pittsburgh, on the Monday we opened there. The matinée was not yet over, when who walks in the stage door but Addie. Back with her was her voice.

What a sight she was! She looked like she had just gone through the Battles of Shiloh, Lookout Mountain, the Oise, the Aisne and the Argonne Forest.

If there wasn't ninety yards of bandages around her head, there isn't a Spaniard in Spain. She had her left arm in a sling and the other draped over a crutch. She was on third speed when she came in; but when she saw Bobby talking rot to the Countess Eau Claire in one corner backstage, she threw everything into high and started toward him.

"Oh, hello," Bobby said, a little confused. "Where did you come from?"

"From where you're going to, you little snake!" Addie yells, and socked him over the head with her crutch.

If they haven't filled in the hole Bobby's head made in the floor, somebody's going to stumble into it one of these days and break forty or fifty ribs.

Addie was a fast worker. Her left arm suddenly found it didn't need a sling any more. She picked Bobby up off the linoleum and stood him against the wall. And what a kicking and a slapping she gave him before Professor Juan de Ruiz y Ruiz, the lion tamer, could drive her away with one of those big sharp prongs he uses in his arguments with his lions.

Bobby had no broken bones, but he looked the same as if he had been sleeping on some spot in a street that five or six trucks wanted to roll over. At the hospital they said he'd be able to be around and about in another ten days.

After a dozen people had quieted this lady baboon down, I asked, with one eye on the nearest door, what Bobby had done to Addie to make her so fretful

"What did he do? What did he do?" she yelled with her old voice. "He tried to bump me off, Mr. Boyd—that's what he did."

"Tell me all about it in your own words, Miss er—Addie," I said.

"All right. All right, I will. He hasn't been treating me right, Mr. Boyd. You know that. High-hatting me and acting uptown for no reason at all. Just because I had a friendly interest in him, I guess the little tramp thought I was in love with him."

"No," I interrupted, thinking of the way she wound that crutch around Bobby's skull, "I don't think he believes you love him. At least not now, Addie."

"Anyway," she rambled on, "after that Madden benefit, I wanted to practice my new balancing stunt, you know. So I asked him if he would help me rig up a makeshift trapeze high in the flies and Bobby said yes he would. Most of my junk was packed and trunked and on its way down to the station.

"That old fossil of a house manager said he had to go down and keep the crossings clear for the trains that dash through—honest, Mr. Boyd, I believe the engineers must shut their eyes when they have to whiz through that burg—and that he wouldn't be back that night.

"In Bobby's presence, Mr. Boyd, if you please, the house manager said, 'Folks, make yourselfs at home. I've locked up everything but the stage door. We won't have another show here for maybe a year. Just snap off the lights when you leave, folks, and close the padlock on the stage door when you go out.' Bobby heard him say that, Mr. Boyd."

"Uh-huh," I assured her.

"So, with Bobby's help, I threw a rope over the trapeze and had him hold the two ends and steady it while I climbed hand over hand to the crossbar. Then he pulled the rope back. It was so high, would you believe it, Mr. Boyd, that any fool could see I could never drop down without being hurt. So I told Bobby, hardly able to whisper, that later, when I was finished, he was to toss me back the rope so I could slide down.

"Well, I want you to know that after working out for a hour or so, I decided to drop down and rush for the train. I looked around for Bobby, but no Bobby was there. I kept sitting there, thinking he would show any minute. Finally I heard a bell clanging, Mr. Boyd, and a whistle blow and then I knew I had missed the train for Columbus. That, you'll remember, Mr. Boyd, was on Sunday night—or Monday morning, rather.

"Well, would you believe it that I was still perched up there under the roof Thursday afternoon? I couldn't get down. The manager thought we had locked up and gone, and the theater was deserted, my dear."

"Why didn't you yell for help?" I asked her.

She gave me a look in which you could have fried a three-inch steak.

"Why didn't I yell?" she shouted at me. "You fool! I had laryngitis so bad I couldn't even whisper. It wasn't until late Thursday that my voice came back strong enough for me to call for help, when I heard some kid passing in the alley behind the theater.

"The door was unlocked, you know, and the youngster came in. I sent him after that little house manager. Well, you can imagine the shape I was in. Very weak, Mr. Boyd, from not having anything to eat. I was afraid to trust myself to sliding down.

"'Listen, pop,' I told the little manager when he traipsed in, 'I'll tie one end of that rope you're going to throw up to me around me and you hold the other end and lower me down.' If I hadn't have been weak from hunger, my mind would have worked better than that."

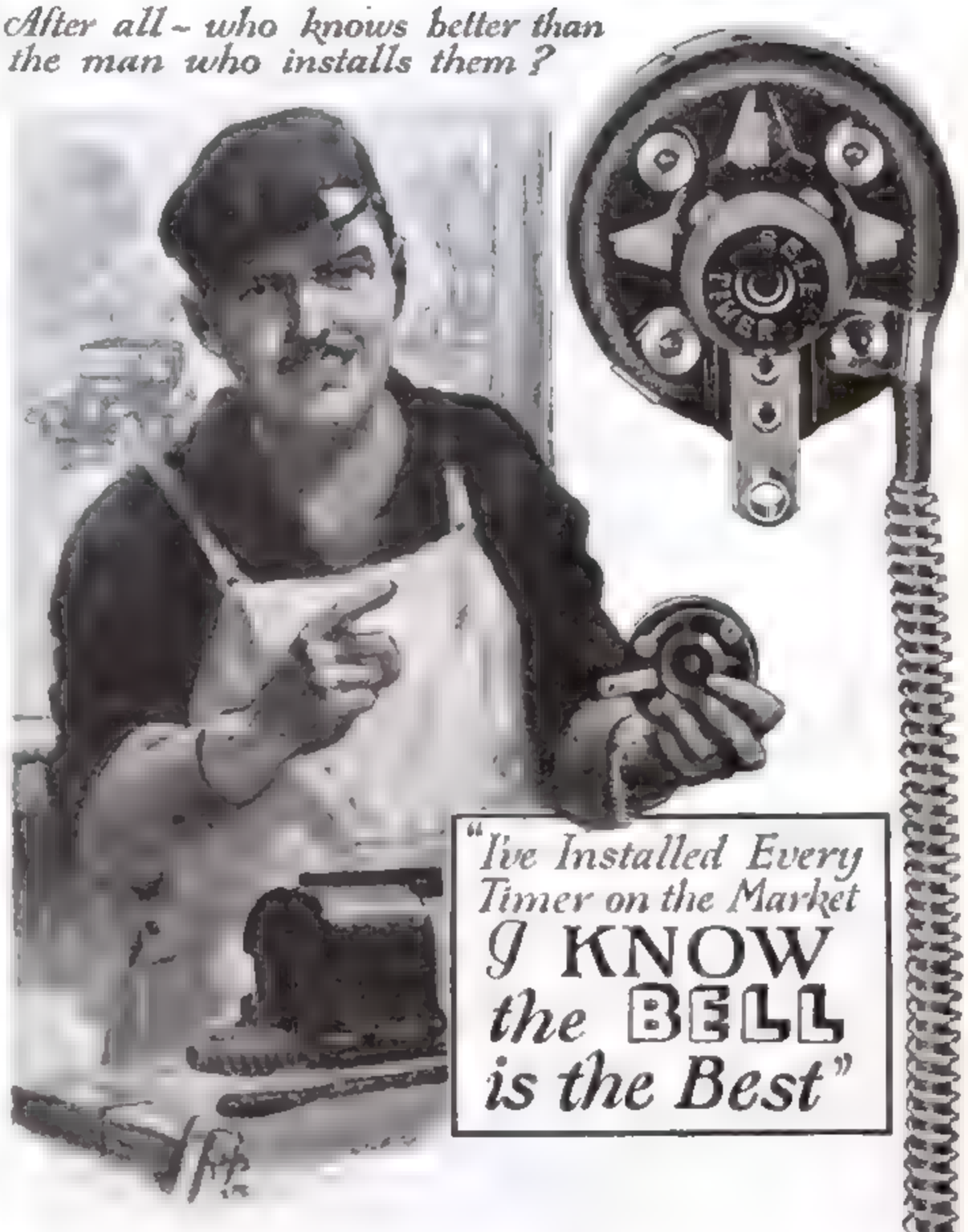
Addie, as I've told you, is used to plenty of groceries at regular intervals.

"If you remember, Mr. Boyd," she continued, "that house manager is an undersized runt who doesn't blow away with the wind because of the weight of that plug of tobacco he packs around in his pocket. So the minute I let go of the trapeze, me weighing more than him, I crashed to the floor and bruised everything I've got except for a spot as big as a gnat's paw on one shoulder. The little bimbo holding the other end of the rope shot toward the ceiling and dangled there.

"I was dazed, Mr. Boyd, like any lady would be under the circumstances, and unthinking about the half-pint hanging up in the flies speechless, I struggled out of the rope that I tied around me. As soon as I released it, the little bimbo fell, of course; and, my dear, he fell smack on top of me. I'm a wreck. Believe me, I'm a wreck, Mr. Boyd. And not only am I too crippled up to go back to my work soon, but I lost so much weight in those four days that I lived on a trapeze and had nothing to eat but air that my figure is all shot."

Gee, I did feel sorry for the lady gorilla!

After all – who knows better than the man who installs them?



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"Well, Addie," I asked, "just what did Bobby do?"

"Do? Do? In his chase after that harp whanger he plumb forgot me and the fact that he was going to throw me a rope."

Bobby is a little forgetful that way, especially when he's got some dame on the brain, as I've said.

Addie gave the countess a dirty, dirty look.

"Yes," she said angrily, "I wouldn't be surprised if you put him up to it. I think you're in love with him and jealous of me."

"I in love with that little man?" said Eau Claire haughtily. "Don't be ridiculous. I think he's a bore. I thought he loved music at first, but his musical education has fitted him for a wonderful career as an egg candler or a carpenter's helper. I think he did you a dirty, rotten trick, dearie. And when I see him again I think I'll slap his face."

The two dames went away arm in arm.

"Is there anything I can do, Addie?" I yelled after her.

"Yes," she said; "strong-arm me whenever that partner comes near me."

When I visited Bobby at the hospital that night, he asked if I had found out what made Airy Adrienne dislike him so suddenly.

"Gosh!" he remarked, after I told him. "That's right. I did promise to let her down. I guess she don't love me any more." Then he stared at the ceiling. "Well, the countess does. That's something."

"Listen, Bobby," I told him. "Eau Claire has the identical intense love for you that she has for yellow fever. She told me to tell you so."

"I guess you're right," Bobby grunted. "Both of them are fickle." Then, after a pile of thinking, he said, "Golly, how I ache! Buddy, send a wire to Georgia for me and tell her I love her more than ever."

"I already did," I told him.

"Good old Buddy," said Bobby, nearly in tears. Then he grinned. "I guess it does a guy good and brings out his true love to meet a tornado like Addie now and then."

Yes, sir! Cupid may use a bow and arrow now and then, but he's handy with meat cleavers and clubs too. Anyway and anyhow, he gets his work done.

SYSTEM—By Newman Levy

"THE trouble with this household is that there's no system," said Mr. Peebles to his wife at breakfast. "Waste, waste, waste! Nothing but waste. Now if you women would only try to learn something of business methods ——"

"I'm doing the best I can," said Mrs. Peebles.

"Well, that isn't enough," said her husband. "If I ran my business the way you run your home I'd be bankrupt in a week. Why don't you learn a little business efficiency?"

Mr. Peebles arrived home from his office that evening, tired and hungry.

"Mrs. Peebles is in a conference and cannot be disturbed," said the maid as he entered the living room.

"But I want my dinner!" Mr. Peebles exploded.

"Have you an appointment?" inquired the maid. "Perhaps you'd better take a seat. Mrs. Peebles will see you presently."

About fifteen minutes later his wife entered the living room with a sheaf of papers in her hand.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," she exclaimed cheerfully, "but I've been rushed to death. Just closed a big deal with the butcher for tomorrow's dinner. One minute and I'll be with you."

She pressed a button on the desk and the maid entered.

"Take this, Miss Slopnik," said Mrs. Peebles. "Memo of conference with Mr. Jacob Epstein of Eureka Market *in re* tomorrow's dinner. Discussed subject of broilers and was informed they are not in season. Closed deal on two pounds of sirloin, terms thirty days net. Make three carbon copies, Miss Slopnik, and have the cook file them in that new cabinet I bought."

"I'm nearly starved ——" Mr. Peebles began.

"One thing more, Miss Slopnik. Make a note in my diary of an appointment with Mr. Wohl, the delicatessen man, for tomorrow at eleven, *in re* Sunday night supper."

"What's the meaning of all this?" said her husband.

"Oh, just a little business efficiency I'm introducing in the household," said Mrs. Peebles as she led the way into the dining room. "Now what was that proposition you were discussing? Oh, yes. Dinner. Have a cigar."

"Don't be absurd," sputtered Mr. Peebles. "You know I never smoke before dinner. I'm nearly starved to death after a hard day's work at the office, and you start all this nonsense ——"

Mrs. Peebles rang for the maid.

"Here, take this," she said, scribbling something on a pad. "This is a requisition on the cook for two plates of soup. See that an entry is made of it in the daybook."

"Do I get anything to eat or do I not?" exclaimed Mr. Peebles. "I'm going out to a restaurant. I'm ——"

"Did you hear the one about the two Irishmen named Pat and Mike?" said Mrs. Peebles. "It seems that there were two ——"

The story was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Slopnik carrying two plates of hot soup on a tray. As she placed them upon the table Mrs. Peebles examined the soup critically.

"This soup is full of errors!" she exclaimed. "Take it back. I distinctly wrote 'plain soup' and this is full of noodles."

"Never mind. I'll eat it this way," cried Mr. Peebles desperately. "I like noodles ——"

"No, it's the principle of the thing," said Mrs. Peebles, filling out a correction form in triplicate. "I can't tolerate sloppy work around the plant. It would destroy all the morale of my organization."

"The devil with your morale!" said Mr. Peebles. "I want something to eat. There'll be a murder here in about four minutes."

"Why not adjourn this conference three or four days? In the meantime I'll have my research department assemble all the data on the subject—sample menus, market prices, and the like. Then we could arrange for a meeting some night in the near future and go into the matter intelligently. There's no use tackling a proposition like this with insufficient data. Miss Slopnik, get my diary and see what evenings I have free toward the end of this week."

"Damn it," shouted Mr. Peebles, "I'm nearly ——"

Miss Slopnik returned, carrying the diary.

"What do you say tentatively to Friday night of this week? That would give me time to go into this dinner proposition thoroughly. Take the question of fresh asparagus, for example. Miss Slopnik, bring me the fresh-asparagus file, will you? I've been trying to put through a deal all day with the grocer for two bunches of fresh asparagus. He's asking forty-five cents a bunch and I've been holding out for thirty-eight.

"I'll bet I could close at forty-two this minute, but I had a tip this morning that the asparagus market will have a slump before next week and I'll be able to get it at my own price. And that's just one item. Then there's artichokes ——"

But Mr. Peebles had fainted. Mrs. Peebles smiled grimly as she rang once more for Miss Slopnik.

"You may bring in the dinner, Lena," she said.

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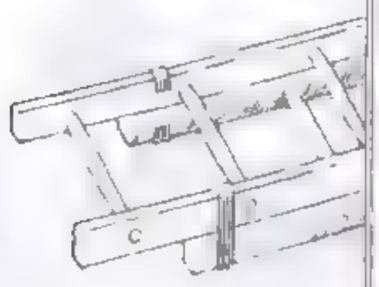

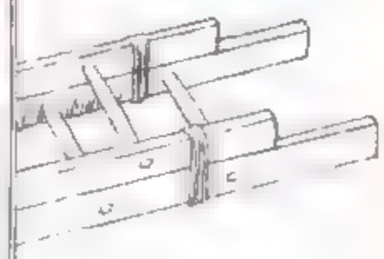

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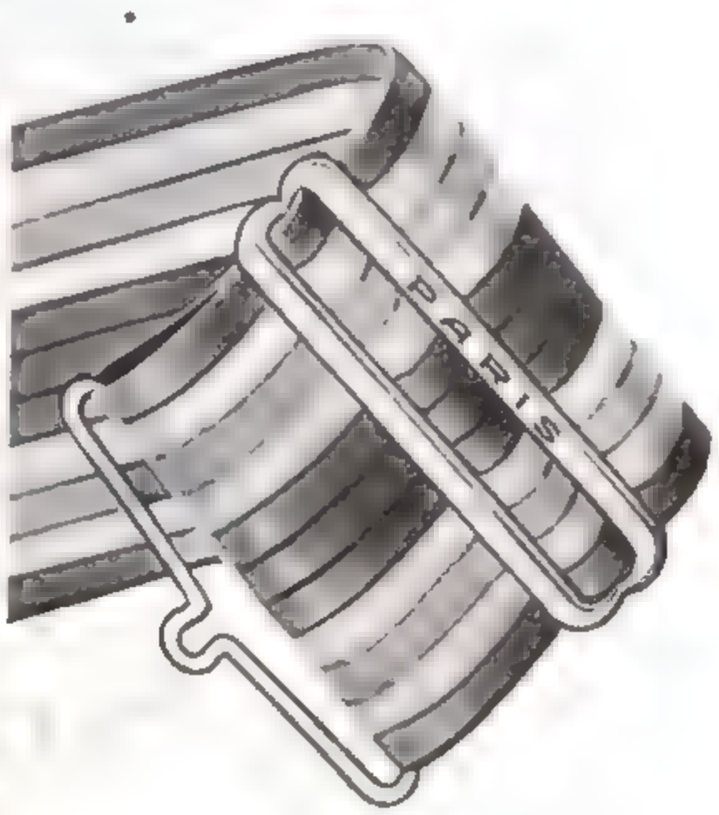

Since we first said *"If garters were worn around the neck, you'd change them frequently"*, many women have thanked us. "It's the one thing Jim is careless about" .... "Otherwise Tom is as neat as a pin" .... "I tell Fred that when his garters are slipping, he is, too". Of course, women realize the importance of little things in dress. That's why they're placing so many surprise packages of fresh, clean PARIS garters on dresser tops where Jim and Tom and Fred will find them. A commendable conspiracy to give forgetful husbands the security and satisfaction of a new pair of PARIS.

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CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

PARIS

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ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 29)

great spectacle for me even now. The next day a member of the Chicago Fire Department told me that so large a proportion of the department had not been called out to any conflagration since the great fire.

To see the rushing streams of water turned to steam as they entered the flames, to see the great oil tanks heated one after another until they sent off huge clouds of black smoke, and then to see them burst into soaring beacons of flame, rising away above the surrounding buildings, laughing at the puny efforts of the firemen to control them—it was a marvelous sight. I feasted my rural eyes on it until it had begun to burn low and its spread was under control, and then went back to the hotel. I had seen something that none of the rest of the party had witnessed—an immense crowd at a Chicago fire, and one of the most spectacular conflagrations of the time.

One of our party was Jimmie Harding, a Mason City business man. He left us one day to meet a girl who was coming in from the East, and to see her safe across the city to her train taking her on to Mason City. By the time I had returned she was there visiting her cousin, Mrs. George Brett; and there was I, all unconscious of the fact that my future wife's path was crossing mine on my first visit to Chicago. I was conscious, however, of a stimulation within me of the contact with that modern marvel—the great city.

I Meet My Future Wife

Nothing in an autobiography is more important than the marriage of the person writing it; yet it may easily prove less interesting to the reader than things of vastly less import. My father and mother were both unfortunate in their first marriages. It may be that we are constitutionally born short in the ability to choose mates; or possibly we are a difficult folk with whom to live. The latter theory has found some advocates. The fact that I have lived happily with my wife for some thirty-five years must be taken as a proof of her capacity to overlook faults and to make the best of what might easily have been a bad bargain—and that without ever betraying the fact that she has repented of it. I am sure that if she had half the faults of most wives I know the alliance would have been a failure.

People who lived in Syracuse, New York, thirty-five to forty years ago may some of them remember a rather small, dark-haired young woman who sang in quartet choirs in the central churches, made funerals just what they should have been as to music, and was the mezzo-soprano in the Marsh Ladies' Quartet, which had a fine reputation in Central New York. Her name was Ella Corey. It is now Ella Corey Quick. She is the party of the first part in the marriage above mentioned, and the girl escorted across Chicago by Jimmie Harding that day when I was taking in the sights of my first trip to a great city. She was seeing Iowa for the first time. When we were married I became an alumnus-in-law of the University of Syracuse, from which she had received her degree. I got even with her recently, however, by having conferred upon me by the same institution the honorary degree of doctor of letters. Her last church work in Syracuse was that of soprano in the May Memorial Unitarian Church, of which that eminent divine S. R. Calthrop was pastor. The basso of this choir was E. N. Westcott, the author of David Harum. He was then, all unknown to the public, writing this phenomenally successful book, which did not appear until after we had gone to Sioux City; and, sadly enough, until just before Mr. Westcott's death. My wife has often told me that Westcott was in the habit of leaving the choir by a back way after the services were opened, and, after a game of billiards in a club near by, returning for the music near the close an eccentricity of genius with which I heartily sympathize.

The Sunday before our marriage Mrs. Quick sang in this choir, with Anna Doll as alto, E. H. James as tenor, E. N. Westcott as bass and Grove L. Marsh as organist; and when the Unitarian services were over, went over to St. Paul's Episcopal Church to sing an Easter anthem solo. So, you see, Ella Corey was somebody in musical circles there.

All this, however, was long after our meeting, which took place in Mason City. I merely happened to be coming out of the post office as Ella and her cousin, Mrs. Brett, were emerging. Mrs. Brett presented me and I was asked to call. I did so, with the results known to the world—and some not so known. I had never been invited by Mrs. Brett to call before. She had never presented me to any of her feminine friends. If I had not happened to meet them at that particular time, I feel sure we should not have met at all. So much for fate or coincidence.

There lived in Chicago then a man remarkable in the field of music, named C. E. Leslie. He composed much music and published many musical books. His chief work was that of stimulating a popular interest in music, and in this he was an extremely useful person. He earned a part of his income by organizing musical festivals in different parts of the Western country; and when I met my future wife he was carrying on such an affair at Clear Lake, just ten miles west of Mason City, and already then the watering place for the larger town.

Whether Leslie carried any musical staff with him I don't remember; but I think he built up his entire organization on the ground, trained his chorus locally, found his soloists wherever he could, and was remunerated by the series of concerts which ended the festival. He discovered that in Ella Corey there was visiting in Mason City a lady who could sing, and induced her to appear as a soloist at one of his concerts. I happened to be at Clear Lake that day and heard her. She had a remarkably beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, which she used in rendering music which called for no staccato work or other stunts. It was one of these solos which are admired by the hearers just in proportion to their knowledge of and love for music. I had much more of the latter than the former; but I was impressed—much more so than by anything in our acquaintance up to this time. So when we both returned to Mason City I gave myself the privilege of becoming better acquainted.

Almost an Editor

The next Sunday I took her to the First Methodist Church, where Professor Huntly had asked her to sing a solo. She sang that very simple, pathetically sweet song by Blake, After Toiling Cometh Rest. As I waited for her at the front of the church Huntly said in my ear, "That's the best done of anything ever sung in this church." All these things constituted little fillips to an interest which grew so long as she remained with us, which was only a few weeks; which resulted in a correspondence, and finally, after many months, in a visit on my part to her home in Syracuse; and then in marriage.

And marriage is, of course, the beginning of the story, in real life, and not the end, as it used to be in the story books. We haven't reached that part of it yet. I must get myself admitted to the bar and make myself a nook in some law office somewhere before that.

There was nothing, by the way, in my own amateur and crude musical activities which brought us together. Fortunately for my standing with her, I had not yet shot like a comet athwart the musical sky of Mason City. I could never have satisfied her critical musical taste. After we were married, of course, she had to make the best of my singing—as of many other eccentricities and weaknesses.

Life sweeps down upon the young man like a wave. He must either turn his back to it, plunge boldly into it—or be swept away by it. He may turn its seismic power to his own advantages, or merely allow it to roar by as he clears his eyes; or he may be upset by it. If he endeavors to use its might he may commit all sorts of errors; for he is always meeting it for the first time. Fortunately, if he makes bad work of one wave, there will always be others; each of which may be an opportunity or a disaster or neither; with which he may make a mess of things—or succeed.

In the late 80's I began to feel that my crucial struggle was on with this tide of existence. So I plunged in. I was not altogether wedded to the law as a career. I was taking to it because it seemed to be the most convenient course. An acquaintance of mine, D. W. Walker, was at that time conducting a system of educational magazines at Charles City, in the next county east of Mason City. He was a good business man, and his publications were prosperous and seemed to promise greater prosperity. He said there was work in this business for a good writer on educational themes and suggested that I join him. I forget just what the financial inducements were; but I thought so well of it that I wrote him a letter which I considered an acceptance of his proposal. I thought of myself as leaving the law and becoming an editor. I expected a letter from him asking me to come on to Charles City, but never received it. I was a little offended at what I considered his change of mind.

A Misunderstood Letter

Many years after, Mr. Walker came to Sioux City on affairs connected with the excursion business which he was very successfully conducting for one of our railways. My acquaintance with him was renewed. One day, just to answer a question which my mind had so long been asking, I spoke of our old negotiations and asked him what had changed his mind.

"Nothing changed it," said he, in a tone which showed that he, too, had been not altogether satisfied with the way our negotiations had terminated. "I told you what I'd do and you accepted. I looked for you for a while to come and go to work, and then concluded you had changed your mind. There was nothing for me to write you. It was up to you to come on and get on the job."

Now here was another watershed of circumstance. If I had understood that we had had what the law calls a meeting of minds, I should have gone over to Charles City and become a citizen of that prosperous town. I should never have met my wife. I should probably never have been admitted to the bar. I should have been embarked in editorial work. Nothing would have been the same if Walker had used some different word in his letter or I had fully understood what he wrote. As it was, I went on with my law studies and confronted the time when I should open an office and begin the long waiting for clients.

I envied Duncan Rule. He had had three terms as clerk of the court and had been able to buy a house and support a family, take a prominent place in society and in affairs; and when his term of office ended, all he had to do was to take his bar examination at Des Moines and walk into the office of John Cliggitt, in which I was studying, and become a partner in the firm of Cliggitt & Rule. He was established. His problem of getting a start was solved. Then the idea occurred to me that I might become his successor in the clerk's office. I, too, might have four or six years as clerk, with all the honors and emoluments—which then seemed very great to me—and

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I, too, might at the end of this time have some opening ready, leading right into a practice. Why not? I was well known in the county. I knew all the insiders in county politics.

I talked with my nearest friends—Klinefelter, Duncan Rule, Tom Miller, Charley MacNider, Jim Blythe and others. They said they would stand by me if I ran for the office; but had I talked to Jim Rule? I had not; but I expected to do so. He was a friend of mine. He had put me in my principalship in the schools. Well, said they, I had better speak to him. It was early, and no other candidate had appeared. So with a good deal of trepidation, I spoke to Jim Rule, the man who had more to say about our politics than anyone else. He was a very handsome, distinguished, dark-bearded man, with sparkling black eyes, which twinkled a friendly twinkle as I told him of my ambition to serve the people as clerk of the courts when his brother, Duncan Rule, should vacate the office.

"Why," said he, with no hesitation, "I think that would be a fine thing. It would be a fine thing for the office, a fine thing for the people and a fine thing for you. I am for it. I don't want to be quoted; but you go right on and build your fences. It looks to me as though you're as good as nominated. Success to you!"

We shook hands on it as I thanked him. I went forth, as I left him, more in the possession of a real, definite hope than I had ever been in my life. With the men back of me who had enrolled in my forces in Mason City, I had every prospect of carrying the town, which dominated the county. And I had another advantage: I was a country boy. I could appeal to the rural townships as one who had worked on the farm among them and taught in their rural schools.

I worked day and night. I drove myself at such a pace that when I tried to sleep my heart or nerves played me strange tricks; and I used to awake with the feeling that I was smothering, and would rush to a window for air. I did not allow myself to rest in confidence that the influential men of the county would put my candidacy over to success. I took the parts of the machine which looked useful and then I built my own machine. I had too much at stake to take any chances.

Vacillating Support

Then the word came to me that I had a competitor in the field in the person of Absalom Gale, a bright young man who had taken little interest in politics theretofore and who looked like an easy man to defeat, had it not been for one thing. He was a brother-in-law to Jim Rule. I felt a sense of danger in this. I talked to my friends about it.

"Ab Gale's a nice enough fellow," said they, "but where's his strength? Jim Rule's for you, even if Ab is his brother-in-law. You go right on the way you're going and we'll take care of Mason City. Ab hasn't a ghost of a show outside the city. Just you keep at work; you're all right."

But thinking of the predicament of a man whose wife's brother is asking for help, I was uneasy in my mind as to Mr. Rule's position. So I went to him and talked about Absalom's candidacy.

"I advised him not to go into this," said Jim, "and he has no claim on me for a particle of support. His candidacy makes no difference with my attitude. He won't get far. Go right on with your campaign and don't worry about any change on my part. You're all right, Quick."

I couldn't see that Gale was making any headway anywhere, especially in the country precincts. There was some evidence of support for him in the city; but even this sign didn't seem important. Township after township elected instructed delegations for me in the rural districts. Finally the time came for the Mason City caucus. If I won there I should be nominated on the first ballot. If I lost, nobody would have a majority and it would be a real convention fight.

A day or so before the Mason City caucus Jim Rule stopped me on the street.

"I'm in a difficult position," said he. "You know Ab is my brother-in-law, and it's going to be hard for me to come out actively for you as against him."

"Well," said I, "I don't ask you to do anything that will embarrass you. If it will do that to be active in my support, why, I'll release you from any obligation to work for me."

"Thank you," said he.

"What do you suppose this talk means?" I asked at the first opportunity of Duncan Rule, his brother.

"I think," said Dunc, "that Jim is against you, and for Ab. If he goes his length, it's going to be a job to carry this town against him. He's the president of the City National Bank and he has been in the habit of having his own way in town politics. I think we can put you over; but work, my boy, work!"

Of course, this sort of thing is an old story in politics. It was an old story to me then, for I was no tenderfoot in the game. There was some advantage to me in the feeling which began to pervade our little political world that Jim Rule was turning against Quick and trying to put his brother-in-law in the clerk's office. For Jim had his political enemies.

Losing the Mason City Caucus

This advantage, however, was in no way equal to my loss when Jim was forced out into the open in support of Gale, as he eventually was. My friends made the fight so hot that he saw he had no prospect of winning without showing his hand. When the Mason City caucus met, everyone knew that a struggle was on between the Rule and the anti-Rule forces, with Ab Gale the candidate of the former and myself of the latter.

I remember that each side had its printed ticket for delegates to the county convention. As I remember the facts, the caucus met in the armory to which the city caucus had adjourned to give me the theme for two or three cantos of poetry in the Hughes-Sirrine contest. I have one of my tickets before me. On it are the names of ten old friends which call up a throng of memories. It was as good a roster of ten as any candidate ever had to stand for him, and looked like a very hard ticket to defeat in those days. But it was defeated. We had our tickets passed around the hall and the men filed past a ballot box and voted. Then the balloting was closed and the votes were taken out one by one and counted.

I stood by Judge Cummings, who sat by the box and scrutinized the ballots as they came out. We were a little ahead when I found an opportunity to ask him how he thought it was going.

"I think we're done!" said he.

I was not ready to believe it; but by a few votes, done we were. Ab Gale and Jim Rule had carried Mason City. This gave him ten votes in the convention; and news came in before we had adjourned that the same forces which had given him the Mason City delegation had won for him in what we called outside Mason, which was the township outside the city. This made thirteen votes which I had fully expected to have of a total of fifty-one. Yet so strong was my vote in the rest of the county that I went into the convention very hopeful still. My spirit rose to the conflict. I was not beaten by a darned sight!

The convention assembled at the courthouse on October sixth—the month I was twenty-seven years old. I can yet see that gathering of well-dressed men from the city and farmers in their Sunday suits. I can feel the tension as the roll was called on nominations for clerk. I noted with anxiety the vote for Gale of some delegations instructed for me; all from localities which had been controlled as to personnel by Will Peedan for recorder. It took no diagram to prove that the astute Jim Rule had made a trade with the Peedan forces. They

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 142)

were to nominate Gale and the Gale forces were to nominate Peedan.

But the deal was not yet in sight of success; I had seventeen votes to Gale's twenty. Burnap had fourteen.

Ballot after ballot was taken. Outside of trading stock, the strength of the three of us stood, I think it is fair to say, at Gale thirteen, Burnap fourteen, Quick fourteen. Sometimes Gale's vote ran up to twenty-five—within one vote of nominating him; but whenever there was any danger of this it dropped back to twenty-three—his real strength of thirteen plus the ten he had traded for. It was breath taking for me, as the balloting droned on and on, until the sun sank low and the courtroom began to grow dark.

Then Gale came to me and asked for a conference. I went into the jury room, just off the court room. He proposed that something be done to break the deadlock. The convention had balloted one hundred and thirty-nine times.

Breaking a Deadlock

"Well," said I, "I'm ready to break the deadlock in any way that will give me the nomination."

"Why," said he, with an attempt at a laugh, "that isn't reasonable."

"I'll be reasonable then," said I. "I'll flip a coin with you or draw straws to see who has the office."

"No," said he, "that isn't reasonable either. I'm within a vote or so of the nomination. But we can fix it so that sometime in the future you can have something."

Thus was dangled before me the bait which has wrecked so many lives on the reef of chronic office seeking. I could see myself accepting this offer of "something in the future," hanging about from year to year, denied from time to time, and gradually sinking to the position of a political cast-off of the Jim Rule machine. I laughed in Ab's face.

"You talk as if you would have things to give!" I taunted. "I think you're mistaken about that. And this office is the last thing I shall ask of this county. And mark my words, if you don't accept my proposition to settle this in a way that gives me an even chance with you, somebody will be nominated on the next ballot—and it won't be Ab Gale!"

Without another word he turned and walked back into the convention. I followed him. The next ballot nominated W. A. Burnap, of Clear Lake. My friend, Tom Miller, had something to do with this result. He had been defeated two years before in his efforts to be nominated county superintendent. The Gale forces had been largely responsible for his defeat. And now, as I released my delegates from their allegiance to me, Tom got even by turning them over to Burnap.

"One by one the roses fall!" sang Tom as he counted up the scalps he had taken for his defeat, adding Ab Gale's to the string.

I was defeated, though one delegation from Mount Vernon township refused to vote for anyone else even after I had released them. But Jim Rule was defeated too. I think I am correct in saying that this defeat marked the end of his domination in the politics of that region. He and I were always good friends afterward. Ab Gale was a fine chap and did nothing to defeat me that I should not have done if I could to beat him. He went into banking, became a bank president and one of the important men in Northern Iowa. He was ever a friend to my sisters who continued to live in Mason City. We were always friendly, after that first bitterness wore away.

This convention is a very good example of the sort of trading and trickery which finally damned the caucus and convention system. We now have the primary system. It has not altogether met the expectation of people like myself, who labored for its establishment. It was expected to equalize political opportunity to some extent, as between men of money and those without. Yet under the primary system the wealthy candidate has as much advantage over the poor one as before.

We have lost something and gained something by the change. I feel sure that while political action now is far from accurate in representing the will of the people—because in most matters the people have no will to exercise, and for other reasons—we have lost something in the average ability of our political bodies. Select groups of men naturally tended to choose abler men than the democratic methods of today are likely to fix upon. But this greater ability was not used with as much care for the public interest as the public sees it. Special interests had a better chance to dominate the men chosen by the old system. On the whole, the change has been from public officers with great ability, acting for selfish objects of their own and of other influential classes, to men of smaller powers mainly devoted to better purposes.

There are more exceptions to this rule than are needed to prove it. Some of the most pitiful failures ever seen in public life were lifted to high positions by the caucus and convention system, and many men of great ability are chosen by the primary system. Our present plan sometimes picks representatives of selfish interests quite opposed to the public weal, and under the old plan we elected many whose devotion to the public interest was pure and shining. On the whole, however, I believe the strong points and the weak spots in the two plans are as I have tried to indicate. I would not go back to the caucus and convention system; but I wish the direct-primary plan could be improved. The improvement indicated is, of course, a more intelligent interest in public affairs on the part of the voters. I am afraid we shall have to stumble and blunder along as we have done in the past for quite some time yet.

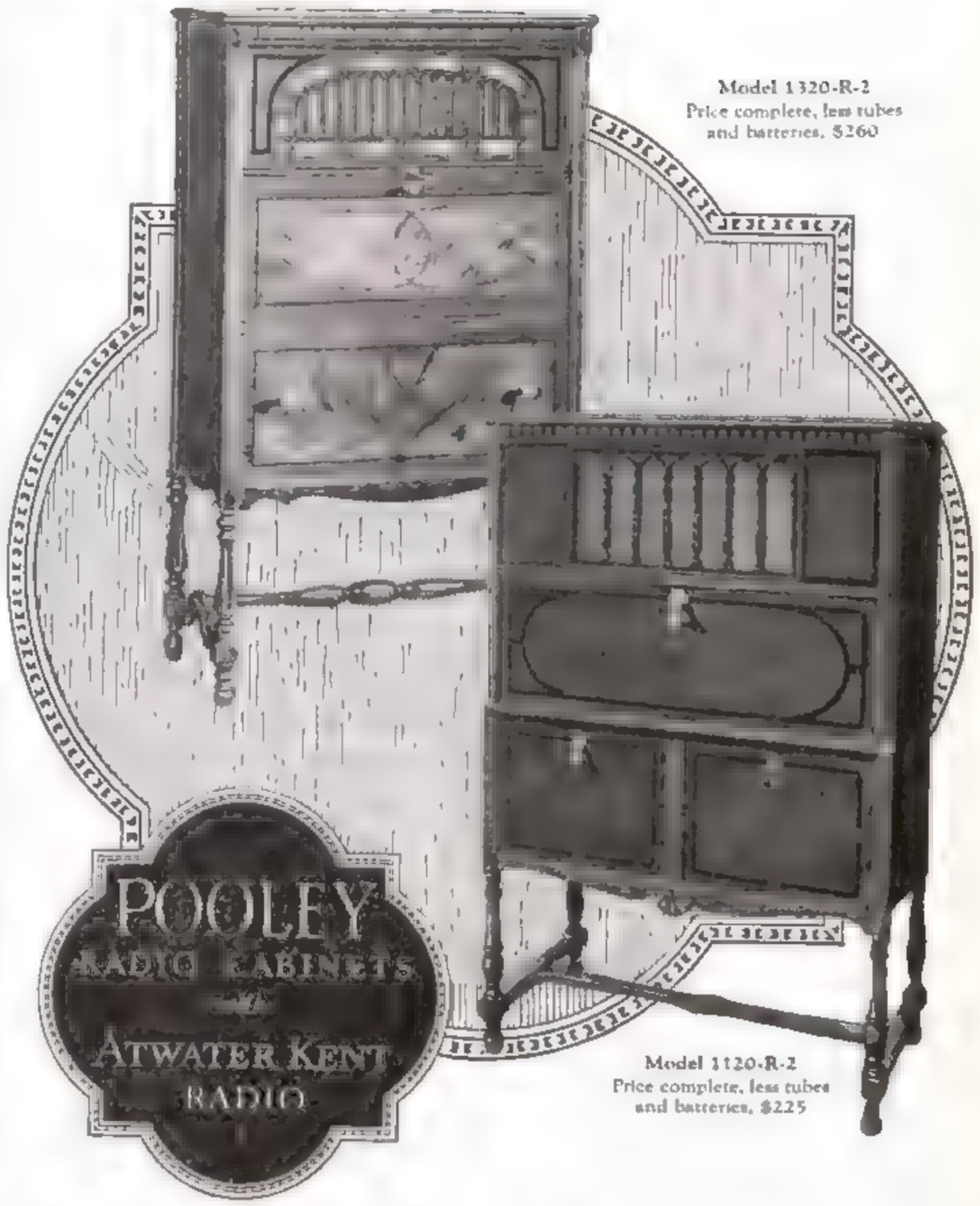
When this convention was over I do not remember that I was very much depressed. To be sure, my high hopes for an immediate place in the world were dashed to the ground. I had spent all my savings for the expenses of traveling about the county, but they never had amounted to much anyhow. I had had a most interesting and valuable experience. And I was inured to seeing my best plans defeated and my dreams dissolve down to their cloudy foundations. It had happened so often.

Back to the Study of Law

I resolved that henceforth I would make such plans only as could be carried out by my own abilities, such as they were. I had shrunk from the prospect of the years of waiting and maybe wanting while a law practice came to me; but there seemed no way now of avoiding or evading the ordeal. So I went back to John Cliggitt's office, dusted off the neglected law books and recommenced the perusal of the romance of torts, choses in action, *res judicata*, *stare decisis*, and the rest of it. There was little tang in it after the excitement of that darkening court room with its nearly one hundred and fifty ballots, and the thrill of rejecting Ab Gale's proposal for putting me off on his own terms. But how I wished I could have had the sensation of flipping a coin with him—he might have had to furnish the coin—with my whole future at stake! That would have been a game worth the candle.

My plans for devoting myself to the public service having met disaster, I went back to my school and my devotions to that jealous mistress, the law. I really studied hard now, for next spring Duncan Rule was going down to Des Moines to take his examination for admission to the bar, and as I had already spent more than the time required by the law, I planned to accompany him and take mine at the same time.

My good, honest, serious preceptor, Mr. Cliggitt—whose precepts, if few, were always sound—was evidently doubtful as to my past devotion to the jealous mistress.



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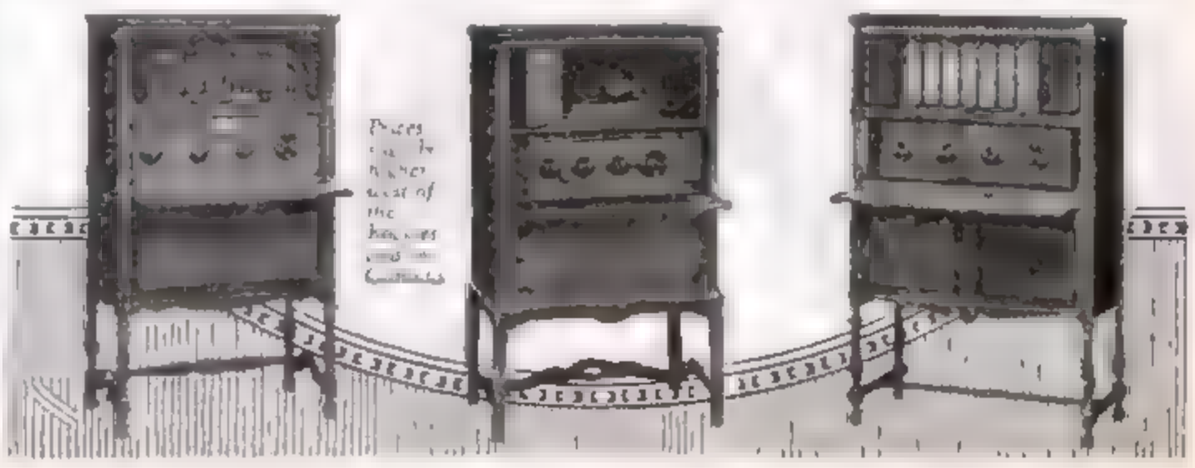

He was called upon to certify that I had faithfully pursued my course of study; and though the length of time I had been on its trail had been sufficient to satisfy the law, I could not claim that my reading had been anything like uninterrupted.

"I don't know," said he, when I mentioned the certificate to him. "There have been a good many temptations to which you have yielded. Of course, we expected that you would do your school work; but operas, choir meetings, excursions, politics and this, that and the other have cut into your evenings a lot. Some doubt, Quick, as to whether I can conscientiously give you the certificate."

I didn't argue the matter. I just looked mournful and turned away. The fact is, though I had read more than he had observed, he had a good basis for his doubts. I was relieved therefore when, after a few days' consideration, he handed me the certificate stating that I had pursued the course of study in his office required by law. Armed with this and what knowledge I had acquired, I went with Duncan to Des Moines. Mrs. Rule went with us, accompanied by her sister, Miss Addie Thompson.

On the way back we went to Colfax, already a considerable watering place. I took some embarrassed pride in the fact that there grew up about the place a rumor that Addie and I were the first of the spring crop of bridal couples. It was now nearly two years since the event of my meeting the girl from Syracuse; but I had not seen her and no understanding had been arrived at between us. The journey with Miss Thompson was a sort of dress rehearsal for a wedding tour. I think we both rather enjoyed the joke.

When we reached Des Moines we were informed that the examinations would begin the next day at one P.M. The class taking the examination consisted largely of students from Drake University or Coe College. I do not remember which. They organized a quiz class as a sort of warming up for the next day. A quiz class was a new thing to me. Duncan and I sat in. As I noted their apparent familiarity with everything legal, their quick responses to the questions and their fluent use of the legal patter in which their recitations had trained them, my spirits fell. "Surely," said I to myself, "I am far from being as ready for the test as are these boys. They know more law than I do. I shall fail! Cliggitt was right!"

A Five-Hour Handicap

However, there was no use in worrying, so our little party spent the next forenoon seeing the sights, and at one o'clock Duncan and I strolled into the room where the written examination was to be held. Our young legal geniuses and the rest of the candidates were already hard at work. They had been at it, we were informed, since eight o'clock that morning. A change of which we had not been informed had been made in the hour of starting in. We had only five short hours for the work which was supposed to take all day! While we had been loafing, the others had been at work. Horrors!

I never have done a harder afternoon's work than that. If my prospect with the full quota of time was as bad as I had feared, what chance had I when the time was cut in half? Nevertheless, after a few moments of panic, I worked steadily and with all the intensity I could command, and turned in my last question at a little past six. It was a form of indictment for some crime or other. I was fearful it was something itself in the nature of a crime.

Next morning we went before the supreme court of the state for an oral examination conducted partly by the attorney-general and partly by the justices themselves. We sat about that room in which we all hoped soon to appear as counsel, facing the imposing gentlemen of our court of last resort, now rather timid sufferers under our first trials there. Questions were put. I have no memory of any of them but one. This was solemnly propounded by Chief Justice Rothrock, as I remember it.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let each of you suppose that when you open your law office a client appears and states the following case to you." And then he went on to outline a dreadful problem in the law of real property. It involved a conflict between state and Federal law. It comprised a construction of the law as to a puzzling set of facts, with Federal land grants and state land grants overlapping. It included a doubtful service of notice by publication. It had about everything in it to set lawyers and judges by the ears. It was, in fact, a statement of an Iowa *cause célèbre* then before this same supreme court, and one on which these very judges had several opinions. Judge Rothrock was asking us to decide on the spur of the moment the most complex of the celebrated Des Moines River land cases, which filled the courts for years, had called for the conflicting decisions in the land department at Washington and finally vexed Congress with bills for the relief of plundered settlers.

One hapless candidate for admission after another was called upon to answer, and one after another was bowled over by it. I slunk lower in my chair for concealment, for I felt that if this were the riddle of the sphinx, that was my day for destruction. I knew no more than the dead the answer to the question.

The Right Answer

I cowered down in vain, for Judge Rothrock looked at his list and said, "What would you advise a client in this case, Mr. Quick?"

"I should find out, Your Honor," said I, after pulling myself to my feet, "how much time I could have to study the question and ask him to come back for his answer."

Judge Rothrock and one or two other justices applauded. A ripple of applause ran about the room.

"That's exactly the answer I should give in such a case," said he. "It is the only safe position for any lawyer to take, no matter how profound he might be."

I had answered in all sincerity, and with no idea but that of getting out of a bad hole; but it impressed the other boys in the class as a very acute bit of work on my part. Some of them congratulated me afterward. A friend of mine who was employed in the office of Attorney-General Stone at the time said to me afterward that Mr. Stone told him that I had passed the examination with the highest score of any candidate in the class; but I would be willing to wager that he based his judgment on that one answer rather than on a full examination of my papers. However that may be, I went home carrying in my pocket a certificate permitting me to practice law in Iowa.

I may add here that I never in my life was called upon to show this certificate. I went to Sioux City in time, entered upon the practice, was active in the courts for a good part of twenty years; and so far as I know, no court ever took the pains to see whether I was a licensed practitioner or not.

I think I could have gone there quite unadmitted and done the same thing, if I had dared. In all my experience at the bar I never knew of a lawyer being called upon to prove his admission.

I practiced in Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota and in many counties of these states, as well as in Iowa, and in every court I could have gone on with my cases without question. Whether this connotes a deserved confidence on the part of the courts in the men appearing before them and claiming to be lawyers, or laxness on their part, or a feeling that it makes little difference whether a man has a license to practice or not, I do not venture to guess. A profession is only a form of labor union anyhow; and our courts seemed to act on the open-shop principle, though I never heard of their confidence being abused.

I was glad to show my certificate of admission to Mr. Cliggitt, you may be sure, and to plan for getting to his ears what Attorney-General Stone had said of my examination. I wanted to relieve him of such doubts as he might have harbored as to my devotion to the jealous mistress.

As a matter of fact, I have the sort of mind which is sure to make good in the law so far as examinations are concerned. I have a retentive memory and the ability to draw distinctions. Many minds of very mediocre capacity have these qualities in a high state of development. A man may be an excellent lawyer without having a very high type of mind; but he must have a good memory and the logical faculty of drawing distinctions. And these two faculties lie at the base of most great intellects. One can imagine greatness without them in certain fields. I suspect that Richard Wagner was lacking in them. But he worked with instinct rather than reason. It may be urged with much force that no man can be a great lawyer unless he possesses most of the elements of a great mind. He may have these and still fall far short of being a great man. Whether he is or not will depend on the difference in the meaning of the words "most" and "all" or "nearly all."

After some experience in the law business, I began to see that my answer to Judge Rothrock was not one which experimentally covered the ground. In the matter of getting time for the legal mind to consider the case and make a guess at the law, it was correct; but it was a bad answer for the mind of the client; and the man who expects to make a living in the law must always have in view the impression he is making on the client's mind. No, my bald statement that I should take time to study the case would have been an unwise one. What I should have said I would do was something like this:

"First, I should look as profound as possible and drop a few remarks about the similarity of this to other cases in which I had been retained. I should spend some time in looking over his papers, if he had brought any; and if he had not, I should ask him to bring them in. This would in itself give me time. If he brought them in I should do a little prating as to the necessity for more papers and the need of looking at the records themselves, thus getting more time. I should grow indignant at the almost criminal nature of the attack on his rights and say that if there is any truth in the statement that a court of equity seeks the very right of the cause, there could be no doubt of our success. I should say 'our' as often as possible so as to identify myself with him and his interests. For a client warms to the lawyer who grows hot in his partisanship. Many a client would rather lose in a bitter-fought trial in which his lawyer takes the hide off his opponent and the counsel on the other side, than win through subtlety and by gentle methods."

The Matter of Confidence

"I should thus fill my client with confidence in my devotion to his cause and with hope for success. And I should never, never hint to him that the law was anything but clear to me. All my delays would be ostensibly based on a desire to get all the facts. While thus stalling, as I believe some people call it, I should delve deeply into the law, and thus prepare gracefully to back out of the matter if I found the authorities strongly against me. But at that first interview I should strive to convince the client that my heart was with him, and that I knew the law, whether I did or not."

On this answer I should have deserved applause from a gathering of practical legal minds. I could not have told Judge Rothrock what I really should have done after I had studied the case so far as to develop its real questions in my mind, because all that came to pass afterward. I should, however, before giving my client his answer, have strolled across the hall some day and talked to Col. J. H. Swan about it. He was the best real-property lawyer I ever knew. He would have looked up at me over his spectacles, thrown his Lincolnian legs over the table, with his feet dangling clear over on the other side, and given me—just as a kindly favor to a young fellow—more real, vital law in a few minutes than I should have been able to find in the books. He would have had it coördinated. Having found him in agreement, or after taking his views into account in the reexamination of my case, I should have advised my client with as much confidence as could be possible in such a case. Confidence in what? Merely that if I were puzzled, the counsel on the other side would be equally perplexed. Isn't that confidence enough? What are courts for except to make the last guess?

Some reader will say that I should have told the chief justice that I should exact a retainer from the client first. Theoretically, this seems vital; but in all my career as a lawyer I don't remember ever to have received a retainer. Retainers were things of which we read in books; but we did not receive them from the common, run-of-mine client. We were glad to get our fees after we had earned them. A lawyer acquaintance of mine in Sioux Falls once did get a windfall retainer; but that was from a rich gentleman from the East who knew no better, who was there getting a divorce at the time when Sioux Falls ran a great divorce mill.

My friend, whose name I shall not mention, was a briefless young lawyer whose money was exhausted and who was about to abandon the town, and probably the profession; a failure. On the train one day he fell into conversation with a traveler who asked him about hotels in Sioux Falls. The young man was very courteous and seemed to make a good impression. As they parted the stranger asked for his card. Within a day or so he turned up at the law office and stated his case. He was seeking a divorce and would like to have his new acquaintance represent him.

Manna for the Young Lawyer

Now nothing was much simpler than a divorce case there at that time; and the facts were soon jotted down, the advice as to residence given and all was prepared for lapse of the rather short time required.

"And now," said the stranger, transformed into the sole client of the office, "it is only proper to give you a retainer. I should be glad to know what sum would be correct."

"Oh," said my friend, "I'll leave all that to you. There will be some small expenses, filing fees and the like, but they are not heavy."

As the client sat down with his check book his counsel hoped for a hundred dollars; but he would have been satisfied with twenty-five. I think he is entitled to great credit for not asking whether a mistake had been made when he was given a check for two thousand. This showed that he had the real stuff in him, which has since made him a prominent figure in his state. It was a life buoy thrown to a man going down for the third time; but he took it with those thanks only which good business manners called for from a man accustomed to such retainers.

Time passed. Its lapse finally gave the client his divorce. As he rose to bid the young lawyer good-by he asked for his statement of account. Now the young man had already been paid five times the fee with which he would have been satisfied, and he really did not have the nerve to ask for more.

"Well," said he, "I think I'll leave all that to you."

The client drew another check—this time for four thousand dollars, making a cold six thousand for the fee. It put our friend on his feet and closed the era of his hanging on by his eyebrows. Such things never came to me however. And my experience in the law offices of my friends had already so far destroyed the retainer myth

(Continued on Page 151)

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Continued from Page 146

in my mind that I could not have been expected to think of it in my examination.

So here I was all dressed up in my new diploma and nowhere to go. I began casting about for a location. Somehow I came to have a correspondence with a lawyer named Rosenberger at Muscatine, and almost determined to go there. My friend, Judge Sherwin, took an interest in finding an opening for me, and interceded with a law firm at Allison, Iowa, down next to my own native county of Grundy. Wm C. Tompkins, our county treasurer and a man of influence, thought I could do well at Clear Lake, and promised me that if I would open an office there his bank would throw all the business possible to me. Any of these connections might have done quite as well as the one I finally chose, and they show that I had some good friends.

But when a young man has identified himself with a certain calling as I had with teaching, for ten years, beginning at the age of sixteen, the leaving of it is a wrench. Even after I was admitted, I kept on teaching for a year. The inertia of status held me; I had no money. I still answered the bell at eight o'clock in the morning and went back to my schoolroom on the South Side.

Another call, however, filled me with an urge to heed the bell no longer, but to break loose from a profession in which that barrier of lack of full equipment stood in the way of advancement. I could not see myself proposing marriage to any woman until I was, potentially, something more than a grade teacher; and such a proposal was in my mind.

The Magnet in the East

I began to speak to my friends of a desire to see the East. My pretext was a visit to my friend Dick Montague, who had left Mason City and was in the legal department of a mortgage company which had taken him first to Kansas City and then to New York. Some of my friends wondered, I think, why I was so keen to see Dick. We had been good friends, to be sure; but there had been months and months in the past when I had been able to endure a separation from Dick with perfect fortitude.

I did not confide to them that I longed to mingle in musical circles in New York—not in the city, but in Central New York. To be exact, in Syracuse, where lived the young lady whom I had met several times two years before, and who had sung After Toiling Cometh Rest at the Methodist church that Sunday.

I was now free to desert the jealous mistress of the law, as far as systematic reading was concerned, and to devote myself to another. I made a gesture of practice in Mason City; I had letterheads printed on which appeared "J. H. Quick, Attorney at Law." I had some business intrusted to me—all of it bills of dead beats, which I made strenuous efforts to collect. If I collected any, save a few delinquent taxes, which Judge Cummings put into my hands, I have forgotten them. I recognized this effort as not even a beginning, and I decided to leave Mason City; so there was nothing to prevent me from pursuing a musical career for a few weeks. I broke across the mystic line dividing the East from the West at Chicago and invaded the Atlantic Seaboard.

On my way I dropped into a place on Michigan Avenue in Chicago which bore some sign showing it to be an art gallery. It was the collection now grown to the occupancy of that beautiful palace on the lake front. It seemed to me the most wonderful collection of objects of art in the world. I spent hours there, feeling a return of those thrills which had moved me so long ago when as a boy I had read the art essays in my old copy of Harper's Magazine. A rusty-looking elderly German answered a question I ventured to ask, and then devoted the afternoon to showing me the pictures and talking of them to me. I liked him. He was so intense, so wildly glaring at times and so tearful at others. I had never seen anyone before who dared to let himself go. When I pleaded that I must tear myself away if I would catch my train, he put both hands on my shoulders and almost embraced me.

"Gott bless you!" he exclaimed. "You haf a nople soul!"

And I give you my word that the real basis of this encomium was naught but the fact that I had let him talk to me uninterruptedly about a subject in which he was, heart and soul, wrapped up. The perfect listener is always a "nople soul." I was, as a matter of fact, uplifted by the old German's discourse; for there was about him something distinguished and inspired, which was quite unaffected by the traces of beer and pretzels on the rounded front of his threadbare waistcoat.

I was on the lookout for differences between the people I met on this journey and those of Iowa. I was rather surprised to find them a good deal the same. They ought to have, I felt, an air of higher culture, an aura of gentility, to which we of Iowa were strangers; but the traveling men on the train and the people on the station platforms displayed nothing of these. The stories told in the smoking room of the Pullman sank to the same perilous levels of the risqué as of old, and approached no nearer to the expected Shandonium mingling of elements which immortalize with wit that which in the absence of the touch of genius would be merely smutty, than did the same sort of conversation between Mason City and Chicago. And when the train stopped at Batavia I looked out and saw a bareheaded man chasing another person who was hurrying to board the train. The quarry carried a hand bag, and when he came into my car he was red-faced and panting from the exertion of carrying it at a rather fast trot.

His pursuer leaped on the train and followed him in. I gathered from some words which interrupted the flow of profanity that the Hound of the Baskervilles was a hotel keeper, and that he had had a difference of opinion with the traveler about a bill.

The difference seemed to lie outside the field of diplomatic discussion; for the publican picked up his prey's hand bag, seized him by the shoulders, pushed him out through the door and landed him somehow on the station platform, where his hat was knocked off. I had read in Motley the stories of the unconquerable character of the Batavians; but I was astonished to see this specimen of that great Nordic race pick up his captive's hat and while carrying it in one hand and the hand bag in the other, herd, shoo and haze the almost-but-not-quite-departed guest back to the hotel—where, let us hope, an amicable agreement was reached.

"Surely," said I to myself, "this incident, and others which I am observing, shows that Americans East and West have much in common; for this Batavian occurrence belongs rather to Abilene or Carson City than to the effete East of which I have heard." I felt more at home.

A Helpful Policeman

When I reached New York and disembarked at the Grand Central Station I crossed the street and registered at that old Grand Union which was for so many years so prominent a landmark. Montague's office was at 208 Broadway. I knew nothing of distances in Gotham, and went to a policeman out in the street to ask my way. I thought it would be amusing and instructive to walk.

"Two-o-eight Broadway?" said the officer, looking me over. "You can't walk it, sir. It's four miles down that way"—pointing off to the south. "You can get a car over on Broadway that will leave you right at the door. Broadway is four blocks over that way"—pointing west. "A block"—looking me over again—"is the distance from one street to the next."

I wonder what there was in my appearance that seemed to call for a definition of a block. Or maybe he said "square." He was a conscientious officer. I really knew, however, what was meant by this urban unit of distance; but I may not have looked it. I told Dick the joke. He laughed and repeated it to the fellow at the next desk, who endeavored to suppress his laughter; but Dick tried to spoil the humor of the thing by explaining that there were some alleys or something of the sort which strangers were in danger of mistaking for streets. This, however, was what is now known as bunk. Then he went out with me to show me something interesting. It was a tombstone in St. Paul's churchyard just around the corner—a brownstone tombstone erected back in the seventeenth century To the Memory of Sidney Somebody, Carved by Himself.

Taking the Leap

"Whether that means that he carved himself or the tombstone," said Dick, "is left for posterity to discover. But look at the verses!"

"Ha, ha, Sidney! Liest thou here?" "Yea, here I lie
Till time hath flown to its extremity!"

These were the verses. I wonder if the crumbling stone stands there yet. I have often promised myself that I would go look, but never have done so. Sidney's ha-ha at the jest of fate in expecting him to lie in peace in Manhattan Island till time hath flown to its extremity—if that was really the humor in the thing—impressed me more deeply than almost anything else I saw on that visit. Not more deeply than the Anton Seidl orchestral concert which I heard at Coney Island, however—my first evening of Wagner. I have never felt such delight in any concert since. Next to these was the mysterious yet pregnant quiet of Battery Park at one in the morning, when I went to take the Elevated train up to Forty-second Street, the loneliness of the Elevated platform as the train I missed went sweeping out of the station, and the marvel of the effect on the pulse of the great city which filled it with the human corpuscles of its blood stream before the next train came in. There may be self-revelation in the fact that these were the things I remember most vividly.

Something I meant to mention apparently almost slipped my mind. Of course, I went to Syracuse and visited Ella Corey. In fact, I stopped off going and coming. I exhibited myself as a full-fledged lawyer, armed with letters of marque and reprisal and licensed to get all the clients found unclaimed.

I shall not enter into particulars. Those who know need no information, and those who do not must be left to their experiences. Before I left, it was agreed that next time I came I should take Ella away with me.

I read the other day of a man in Italy who bet that he could leap into the river from a height of a hundred feet with an uncooked egg in his hand and emerge uninjured, with the egg unbroken. He did it and won his bet; but the authorities took him into custody for examination as to his sanity. Ella's engagement was not so spectacular a matter; and our standards of sanity seem to be lower than that of Italy, so she was not subject to any annoyance by the authorities. Her risk was not a whit less than that of the adventurous Italian; for she knew that we had no money, that I had never had a client and that I was planning to take her to Sioux City, where I had no friends or business connections. Yet she was willing to take the chance. As for me, I have no excuses to offer. I enter a plea in confession and avoidance. I did it; but I was younger then—and did not know that the thing could not be done.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of ten articles Mr Quick had intended to write of his later years, but his sudden and untimely death terminated his autobiography at this point.

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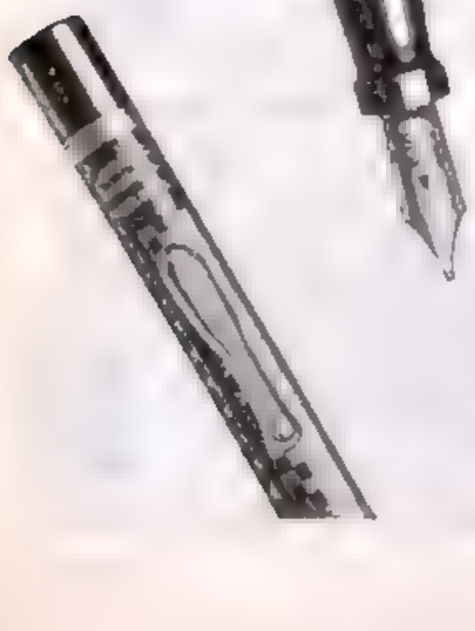

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Conklin
Pens-Pencils-Sets

THE YANKEE IN ARGENTINA

(Continued from Page 16

imposing or the consequences more impressive. Although a later article of this series will be devoted to this absorbing subject, the principal details must be related here because they fit into the general narrative.

The outstanding facts are, first, that the percentage of foreign-born in Argentina is twice as great as in the United States; second, that since we have reached the peak in assimilation Argentina is the next great reservoir for aliens. Between 1857 and 1917 nearly 5,000,000 Europeans migrated to Argentina. Half were Italians. Though many of these Latins have either gone back home or make up the so-called swallow immigration, which comes to Argentina each season to sow and harvest the crops and then returns, 2,000,000 remain in the country. They comprise more than one-fifth of the entire population. There are 500,000 in Buenos Aires, or half as many as reside in Milan.

The Italians in Argentina mainly come from the northern section, which means that the country has escaped the less desirable types, which were dumped on us in hordes in past years. Next in numbers come the Spaniards, and after them the French and Russians.

Four Steps to Trade Supremacy

Argentina's selective control of immigration is not surpassed anywhere, not even in the United States with her quota system. Since 1923, only agriculturists and highly skilled artisans are admitted. This means that there is no fostering of a proletariat, and therefore a minimum of social and political unrest. The red flag does not fly in Argentina. This is one reason why she is prosperous. The procedure of receiving, housing and distributing immigrants at Buenos Aires is an inspiring example of how the job ought to be done. But this is a later story.

Two other factors—the British and German influences—must be emphasized briefly before we can appraise the Yankee advance in Argentina. In them lie our strongest competition. The Italians, in the face of their preponderance in alien population, are no real menace to us, although they are strong in banks, shipping, a few textile industries and small trading companies. The bulk are workers with their hands, whether in town or in country.

What formerly comprised British trade supremacy in Argentina—I say formerly because during the past three years we have practically ranked them in commerce—was due to four major steps, which constitute an enlightening lesson in foreign penetration. The first is that, like the German, the Briton took root in the country. John Bull's colony in Buenos Aires alone numbers 40,000. They have their own suburb, which includes a cricket ground that is called Hurlingham. Nothing could be more British, since Hurlingham is the big sport center just outside of London.

The second step was that they followed merchandise with money. Most of the foreign holdings in the railroads and public utilities are British. Their total investment, as I have already indicated, approximates $2,500,000,000. Here you have one of the infallible bids for good will.

The third is that the British have never tried to capitalize sentiment, as our people did in the earlier stages of our effort to land South American trade. We talked about wanting to help Argentina and the kinship that Pan-Americanism sets up. The English, on the other hand, have contended all along that the tie with them is frankly and purely material, the everyday practical need of one country for the other. Though they could not play on the string of Pan-Americanism, they might have worked the key of how much the pound sterling had done to rescue the land from discomfort. But they did not.

Fourth is such integrity of dealing, honesty of merchandise and meticulous care for the peculiar requirements of local trade that the expression "word of honor" in Argentina has come to be "*palabra de Inglés*," which means "word of an Englishman."

But these four cardinal principles were not all. From the beginning Great Britain's position as a great industrial and maritime nation made for a peculiar accord with Argentina. She was a large consumer of raw materials and foodstuffs, she exported capital and she had a definite international commercial policy. Argentina was an ideal domain for her in that she was a big consumer of manufactured products, had a well-nigh unlimited need of capital, and was an almost exclusive producer and exporter of foodstuffs.

Following Britain's Methods

In consequence, the British economic contact with Argentina has been more intimate than that of any other nation. The greater part of Argentina's international trade has been carried in British bottoms. British bankers were always the first to lend money to the government, and they led the rescue in times of financial crisis. British investments have made possible much of the striking development of the last half century of the republic.

The reason why we have been able to dig into the Argentine trade preserve is that we emulated the British example in many respects. Save in the meat industry, we have lagged in investment; but we have planted our nationals, set up banks and branches, provided a shipping service under the Stars and Stripes, given the Argentines just what goods they wanted and, what is one of the biggest of all reforms, made consignments conform to samples.

So seriously do the British regard our inroads that they have launched a trade drive in which no less a distinguished person than the Prince of Wales is the chief figure. His visit this year was officially to take part in the hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation formulated in 1825 by two great statesmen, Bernardino Rivadavia, one of the eminent figures in Argentine history, and George Canning, assisted by the then British consul-general in Buenos Aires,

Part of 8000 Cattle in the Holding Pens of a North American Owned Packing Plant Near Buenos Aires

How Did Your Garters Look this Morning?

One Dollar

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Other Bostons 25c up. In wide web, narrow web, single or double grip.

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Never Stains

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by going over the entire surface with a cloth saturated with Carbona. Makes them like new. Dries instantly and leaves absolutely no odor.

For Safety's Sake—demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20c 30c 60c & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

A STEADY JOB
Men are *glad* to buy Style-Center tailored-to-measure suits and overcoats at $23.50. Our salesmen make $[illegible]–$150 *every week*. Write for agency. The Style-Center Tailoring Co., [illegible] Anderson Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Woodbine Parrish. In reality he went to give British prestige a boost.

Until we dislodged her, Germany ranked second in the Argentine trade. Her formula almost precisely paralleled that of the British. In one respect she went the English one better, because her sons overseas have intermarried with the Argentines to a greater extent than the British.

In no other country have the Germans staged a more effective economic comeback since the war than in Argentina. Here they had one advantage which was lacking in Brazil, their other South American stronghold. Argentina has always been, and continues to be, strongly pro-German. She did not enter the great conflict. Hence Germany was able to keep all her concerns going throughout the entire period of hostilities.

Although, as with immigration, the German in South America will be discussed in a separate article, one illuminating fact may be brought out here because it contributed to the postwar Teutonic recovery. During the six months preceding the beginning of the war in 1914, every German manufacturer and exporter who did business on anything like a big scale in Argentina and Brazil quadrupled his shipments. It indicated that they knew war was inevitable and enabled them to carry on trade almost under normal conditions during the early years of the struggle. If, as they fondly hoped and expected, the war should be of short duration, their South American trade would suffer little interruption.

Today Germany, like England, is concentrating on a strong offensive in Argentina. Her shipping is back to prewar normal in the port of Buenos Aires, where the house of Stinnes has one of its biggest outposts. In railway supplies and certain kinds of machinery, she undersold everybody until the autumn of 1924, when the operation of the Dawes Plan, together with the stabilization of the mark, increased all overhead costs at home. Prices abroad not only stiffened but considerable difficulty was experienced in filling orders. There is no doubt that Germany is back on the South American map, and nowhere is this more in evidence than in Argentina.

Trade Winds of the War

The story of Yankee ascendancy in Argentina is such a serial of vicissitude crowned with ultimate success as to make it a stirring recital. For years we made every conceivable mistake in the commercial lexicon, and then some. From an orgy of speculative selling made possible by European isolation, and worked overtime by mushroom exporters, we have passed to the firm ground on which a permanent and increasing trade has been reared. It is a remarkable before-and-after exhibit, full of meat and meaning for every firm or individual that wants to do business abroad.

Prior to 1914 the United States occupied third place as a source of supply of Argentina's imports, which consisted chiefly of manufactured and semimanufactured products. Our contribution was mainly lumber, naval stores, agricultural implements, petroleum products, sewing machines, typewriters and a few automobiles. Sales had been gradually increasing during the last decade before the outbreak of the war, but Britain and Germany led us by a good margin.

The principal handicaps to the expansion of North American business with Argentina in those years preceding the European conflict were typical of the deficiencies that long cramped our trade style throughout the world. They included apathy of manufacturers generally toward export business, lack of banking, credit and shipping facilities, and finally, what was most vital in this particular field, the absence of a consuming and distributing population of our nationals resident in Argentina, a factor that has been one of the chief supports of our competitors there. To illustrate: Until comparatively a few years ago the largest distributor of Yankee agricultural implements was a German firm.

This means that there were practically no North American merchants permanently identified with the commercial life of the country and engaged in the purchase and sale of our commodities either as wholesalers or retailers. The flourishing branch houses which are today the backbone of our business had scarcely appeared. This shortcoming, together with the almost complete absence of North American investments in

An American Packing Plant Near Buenos Aires

productive or trade-producing enterprises, formed two serious obstacles to the development of our commercial relations. Though it is true that the three large packing interests—Armour, Swift and Wilson had begun to operate, they were not factors as consumers of North American manufactured products, as are the British-owned railways in Argentina. Their profits are remitted from the country.

The outbreak of the World War therefore found us entirely unprepared for the unprecedented demands that we were suddenly called upon to supply. Among other things Argentina wanted European types of merchandise, some of which we had ourselves been importing for our own requirements. Coincident with the cutting off of Europe as a base of so many manufactured articles was an immediate cessation of the flow of capital from Europe to Argentina. The United States at once became the only available reservoir. Thus the ill wind of war blew us good, but also a lot of harm—at least for a while.

Now we come to the crux of the situation. If Yankee branch houses or resident merchants had been intrenched in Argentina, we would have escaped the years of inflation and loss, both of money and prestige, that followed. Seasoned establishments would have known the peculiarities of the local needs, and avoided glutting the market.

What happened was that for Argentina, as for elsewhere throughout a universe suddenly bereft of its old trading contacts, the fly-by-night exporter got busy. During the years of actual war any old thing in the way of merchandise went. This abnormal wartime trade was handled for us in large part by commission houses in New York and other ports, by alien importers and agents of North American manufacturers in Buenos Aires, and individuals who merely capitalized the golden moment. A small portion of it was through the few branches of North American factories then carrying on in South America.

Immediately following the Armistice there was a lull. For a short time our goods became a drug on the market because the eyes of foreign merchants in Buenos Aires had again turned toward Europe as the natural source of supply. But Europe could not make good. The man power that had been shifted from farm and factory to the fighting line was still in uniform. Germany, although demobilized, was in the first chaos of transition from empire to republic, and her reconstruction had not begun. Once more our industries were called upon to resume the artificial trade that had grown up under war conditions.

The dumping did not become excessive until two years after the Armistice. The net result was that between 1919 and 1922 Yankee merchandise was rushed into Argentina with little regard for need and at excessive prices. Everything boomed and we caught the crest of the wave. Our sales to Argentina in 1920, the peak of the postwar inflation, amounted to $213,725,984—which was 33.2 per cent of all the imports—as compared with $52,694,000, the sales in 1913. In other words, we quadrupled our business.

Most of this merchandise was self-selling. Though necessity is often the mother of indiscriminate purchase, both as to quality and price, the seller overlooks an important bet when he does not consider the future. This is precisely what our temporary exporters did. They forgot that normalcy would return, that Europe would inevitably be back in the field, and that quality would again be the arbiter. Self-selling merchandise is very much like the things that people get free of charge. In the long run, they are always costly.

With one example I can show how utterly the mushroom Yankee exporter overplayed his hand. Ordinarily the Argentine market consumes less than $100,000 worth of canned salmon. He loaded it up with $1,250,000 worth.

Bulk was only one detail of the awry picture. We would book an order one year when a certain commodity was at top price. If the United States demand for this article happened to increase, we delayed the shipment to Argentina six months or longer or did not ship at all. The home market always came first, because we still regarded exports as a sort of luxurious dissipation. By the time the goods arrived the price might have dropped 50 per cent. This means that the Argentine consumer would be required to accept it at a distinct loss. This happened in numberless instances in products ranging from drugs to trucks.

When the bubble burst in 1920 there had accumulated in the Buenos Aires customhouse more than $50,000,000 of Yankee merchandise, acceptance of which had been refused by Argentine importers. The swift fall in world price levels and delay in delivery led to wholesale repudiation of contracts. A serious monetary loss faced the North American exporter, and with it a more vital loss of good will.

An agency that reflects the new Yankee spirit in Argentina stepped into the breach and turned the dark night of friction into a new day of hope and harmony. In 1914 a small group of our business and professional men in Buenos Aires had organized a commercial club which had subsequently been converted into—I give its full title—the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America in the Argentine Republic. One of the first steps was to form an arbitration committee.

To the disgruntled Argentine importers who had repudiated commitments right and left the chamber sent this word:

"You are dissatisfied with your North American consignments. If you have a real grievance, let it be heard. Our arbitration committee will hear all complaints. The condition imposed is that both sides must agree beforehand to abide by the decision rendered."

A Give-and-Take Policy

Practically every consignment tied up at the customhouse came, sooner or later, before this unofficial court of review, which performed a notable task. A fee was exacted, but it went into the treasury of the Chamber.

No adjudication entered into by any North American business body either at home or abroad was more thorough in operation or significant in result than the work done by this arbitration committee during 1920 and 1922. Of the 204 cases that came up for discussion in 1920, a satisfactory settlement was arrived at in every instance. It was a matter of give and take. Everybody got a square deal, as the following instances, which I took at random from the long list, will indicate.

A New England paper manufacturer booked an order with a Buenos Aires firm with the distinct understanding that it would be shipped in two weeks. It arrived exactly five months after the date of sale. The goods had been bought in gold dollars when roll paper was at the peak. Meanwhile the dollar went up and the Argentine peso declined. It meant that the consumer had to pay almost 50 per cent more for his shipment. Incidentally the cost of paper had gone down.

Naturally the consignee refused acceptance. After all the evidence was heard, his bill was cut in half.

The second illustration shows how we almost invariably filled home orders at the expense of the foreign consumer. A Buenos Aires department store ordered a shipment of a well-known brand of underwear for men. Subsequently it was discovered that the house had oversold itself and the intermediary in New York agreed to accept another make—"just as good." The sample of the substitute was apparently all right. When the merchandise arrived at Buenos Aires it was not equal to the sample. The

(Continued on Page 159)

"It's Ripe Tobacco!"

CHEERY, friendly, Bayuk Cigars are always good because we first inspect the soil itself, next the growing crop, then the tobacco at harvesting, to insure selection of ripe leaves only, and finally cure and blend this fine product by processes exclusively our own. You satisfyingly finish one cigar with a longing desire to light another.

There's a Bayuk Cigar, of ripe tobacco only, to fit your taste, and purse as well. The name on the band points the way to the brand.

Practically every dealer can supply you with Bayuk Cigars. If he hasn't the brand you desire, write for Trial Package, but try your dealer first. Dealers desiring name of nearest wholesale distributor, please write us.

A Ripe Plum—

rich and temptingly juicy, is only good because it's ripe—just as Bayuk has pointed out that only ripe tobacco makes the best cigars.

Bayuk Philadelphia Hand Made
Ripe domestic filler. Imported Sumatra Wrapper. Mild, Smooth, Uniform. A friendly cigar.
10c
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10 for $1.00

Mapacuba
Ripe Havana and domestic tobaccos, Sumatra Wrapper, Fragrant but Mild.
10c, 2 for 25c and 15c sizes
Trial Package
10 for $1.25

Prince Hamlet
The Guaranteed Full Havana Filler Cigar. Delightful Bouquet.
3 for 50c. 15c
2 for 25c
and 10c sizes
Trial Package
10 for $1.50

Havana Ribbon
An exclusive blend of domestic tobaccos with imported Sumatra Wrapper.
2 for 15c
Trial Package
10 for 75c

Charles Thomson
Guaranteed Ripe Long Filler and Genuine Imported Sumatra Wrapper. Pre-War Quality.
5c
Trial Package
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Cigar Retailers & Clerks: Ask your jobber's salesman or write us for particulars of our cash prize contest.

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Any Pee Gee dealer will tell you about our deferred payment plan. Makes it easy for you—ask about it.

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You and your Paint-money

You'll never get more out of a paint-can than the maker puts into it; that's sure. You pay the price of the paint, or varnish, or whatever it is; but what you get depends on the maker.

There are lots of good paint-things in the world; and no maker has a monopoly of good materials or methods. The quality of the product is to a great extent an expression of the quality and spirit of the maker.

The reason we can honestly advise you to buy, and put your trust in Pee Gee paint-things is that we know what they're made of; we know, after almost 60 years, exactly how to do it; and we think so much of our reputation that we're unwilling to permit a single small can of any product we produce to damage that reputation.

Everything we put our name on
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If your dealer cannot supply you, we can make it easy for him to get what you want. Just write us about your requirements and mention your dealer's name—we will do the rest.

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If Pee Gee is not represented in your community, correspondence is invited. A Pee Gee exclusive sales franchise involves a very small investment. To inquire about our unusual plan of sales promotion does not obligate you. Write today.

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SINCE 1867
VARNISHES STAINS ENAMELS

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This new model GN-4, Gilfillan Neutrodyne Radio Set operates with Dry Batteries, meets the average demands for distance and has splendid Tone and Selectivity. The cabinet is made of Brown Mahogany with rich satin finish. Price without accessories $70

The New

GILFILLAN MODEL GN-5

Has unusual power for distance, extraordinary selectivity and marvelous tone quality. Made with all the new Gilfillan special features to simplify operation and increase your radio enjoyment. Brown mahogany cabinet. Price without accessories $110

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MELLOW tone and dependable performance entitle the Gilfillan radio to a place beside "the instrument of the immortals." Just as an accompaniment on a rich-toned concert grand enhances the singer's voice, so reception on a Gilfillan radio enhances the program

Highest soprano or lowest basso tones of voice are reproduced with amazing distinctness. There is restful certainty to the listener, in place of garbled uncertainty. With a minimum of tuning-in, the program comes to you in clear completeness, unmarred by nerve racking foreign noises

Just as the artist specifies on his program, "Steinway piano used," so the artist on the air would like to specify, "Gilfillan models should be used."

For where, except in a most elaborate set, can you find such easily accurate tuning-in, such dependable selectivity, such clearness and mellowness of tone?

Have your dealer demonstrate a set, or write for literature to nearest office

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Cable Address, Gilfillan

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GILFILLAN RADIO

THE SUPERFINE NEUTRODYNE IN NEUTRODYNE

(Continued from Page 154)

Argentine purchaser had a double grievance, because he had paid in advance. He therefore got a refund.

The third case was not without its element of humor. An Italian who had the concession to provide food for a chain of Argentine summer resorts ordered a big consignment of corn for popping during the Argentine spring, which is our autumn. He was so eager to have it in time for the summer season that he stipulated that the ears be shipped on a fast steamer from New York. The usual thing happened. The corn arrived during the Argentine winter, when it was of no commercial value to him, because all the outdoor parks were closed. It developed that the corn, instead of being shipped from New York, went first to Mobile and thence to Buenos Aires. Moreover, on account of the long delay it was unfit for use. This importer had a good alibi and the loss fell on the consignor. I could cite many other similar cases.

This arbitration served three distinct purposes. It taught the Yankee exporter to meet his contracts, it proved the folly of trying to put something over, and it showed that the just-as-good proposition usually ends in disaster. That the lessons of those years of inflation and repudiation have been heeded is clearly shown by the fact that where there were 204 cases in dispute before the committee in 1920, there were exactly five in 1924.

The Value of Branch Houses

One other result is that in Buenos Aires you now find well-equipped North American branch houses which are firmly established units of the home organization. The basic reason for the success of such firms is that they intrust their affairs to their own people, and not to alien agents. Many Yankee firms have paid dearly for employing a Latin manager or agent, not because of any moral defection, but because the average South American lacks the executive ability of the North American. He is an admirable salesman, nurses his prospect and can prosper under capable direction. On his own initiative he seldom makes good when it comes to handling men and large affairs.

In Buenos Aires we have also begun to emulate the British example of establishing the resident merchant, another admirable agency for the achievement of a permanent foreign trade, because it takes root. The house of Henry W. Peabody & Co., for example, founded in Boston in the late 60's, which had its own line of sailing vessels between New England ports and Australia in the old days, bears to our commercial relations with the east coast what firms like W. R. Grace & Co. and Wessel, Duval & Co. bear to the west coast. It is world-wide in scope, for besides Buenos Aires, it has branches in London, Liverpool, Sydney, Melbourne, Capetown, Johannesburg, Shanghai, Manila, Yucatan and Montevideo.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the value of the branch house or, as second choice, the resident merchant. The reason is that when an agent is employed he is almost invariably the national of another country and on a show-down between goods his first obligation, naturally, is to his own.

This is particularly true of Buenos Aires, where the Argentine himself is principally engaged in agriculture, livestock, the professions, small retail trade or as government employe. Hence most of the large importing concerns and a large part of the wholesale and retail trades are in the hands of British, Italians, French or Spanish.

Frequently the North American who has an agent regards him more as a customer than a partner, which means that merchandise is not sufficiently pushed. Another mistake that he makes, and I refer especially to the small manufacturer, is to think that Argentina can be entered when conditions are good and avoided when they are bad. In foreign trade you must take the bitter with the sweet. Ultimate profit is gained only through continuity of effort.

The small North American manufacturer who wants to stay in the South American market is still more or less up against it because of his inability to control the distribution of his product once it leaves the factory. His best procedure, so experience has taught, is to make an alliance with a firm of his own nationals. This situation will be discussed in detail in a later article.

Since 1923 our trade in Argentina has steadily moved forward. Although it lacks the volume of those postwar inflated years, in reality it is more and better business, because it is based on legitimate supply and demand and developed through efficient service. Last year it aggregated $116,987,569, which was an increase over 1923. It put us hot on the heels of Great Britain. Germany is a poor third. The element of speculation is entirely lacking.

Twenty per cent of our exports to Argentina in 1924 were automobiles and accessories. The value of this business alone equaled nearly half the total of all our exports to Argentina in 1913. Here we lead the field overwhelmingly. The importations for last year were 31,575 Yankee machines, including flivvers. Only 770 European cars came in. We have put our automobiles over on sheer merit and salesmanship.

Another typical North American commodity which also dominates the market is the typewriter. One-third of the typewriter sales last year were made by a single Yankee company. In this and kindred lines comprehensive sales organization, extensive advertising and good service turned the trick.

This reference to typewriters leads to the interesting fact that all articles of quantity production in the United States—and they include automobiles, agricultural implements, adding machines, automatic scales, cash registers, sewing machines, safety razors, and so-called small hardware—are conspicuous in our penetration in South America and especially Argentina.

Turn from selling and take a look at the other side. In Argentina and in other countries where our trade has thrived, we have learned the valuable lesson that you cannot sell without buying. In 1924 we bought $75,297,795 worth of native products, while during the preceding year our bill totaled $115,276,307. In two export commodities—linseed and quebracho—we exert an influence not generally appreciated by that great mass of North Americans who blindly believe that we are all-sufficient. During some years the United States has bought as high as 60 per cent of the entire Argentine exportable linseed surplus.

Our New Trade Consciousness

With quebracho we touch an industry with which most people are unfamiliar. The quebracho tree, peculiar to Argentina, not only provides one of the toughest of all woods—the Argentines call it the ax breaker—but from it is extracted a liquid invaluable for tanning leather. Since we are the largest of all producers of leather, it follows that we are likewise the biggest consumers of quebracho. Our imports from Argentina some years are as high as 40,000 tons of logs. We are also extensive importers of Argentine goatskins, sheepskins, wool, cattle hides and sausage casings.

When all is said and done, however, it is Yankee selling, and not the buying end, that interests us. Having branch houses and resident merchants knowing the needs will not altogether do the job. Other aids and factors enter, as you will now see.

One reason why we have marched to our point of vantage in Argentina is that we utilized the fundamental of all salesmanship, whether employed in love, commerce or interviewing. Nowhere is it more essential than in South America. It lies in the fact that we have discriminated among the trade prospects. In other words, we have learned to approach the Argentine differently from the Brazilian, the Peruvian or the Chilean. Each one of these peoples has its own particular temperamental kinks, to say nothing of distinctive commercial needs. To use the same formula with all of them spells failure.

The necessary tools of trade, notably ships and banks, support this new trade consciousness. We shall deal with shipping first. A decade ago the Yankee business man arrived in Buenos Aires on a foreign vessel, which also carried whatever merchandise he shipped. Today he comes on a liner flying the Stars and Stripes that makes the fastest time between New York and the River Plate.

The advent of North American tonnage in this trade was brought about by the war, when steamers were scarce and freight rates high. In consequence our ships, like our goods, had to be relied upon when Europe was momentarily out of the picture. Of the eleven established regular lines of steamers between the River Plate and the United States—Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Montevideo are intermediate ports of call—six are under the Yankee flag, five being owned by the United States Shipping Board. Of the remaining five regular lines, three are British, one Norwegian and the other Japanese. This means about twenty arrivals and twenty sailings a month.

East-Coast Shipping

The Shipping Board vessels have been genuine influences in stimulating the sale of American goods in the east-coast markets. Before the establishment of the passenger line in particular, shippers and consignees had to wait for their cargo and mail from a month to six weeks. Now they have a dependable service which transports letters and freight between the two extremes of the itinerary in eighteen days, which is three days less than the best British-operated schedule.

The development of our shipping on the east coast is in keeping with our trade expansion. Prior to 1917 the Yankee flag, save on privately owned yachts, was not seen in the port of Buenos Aires. At the peak of postwar inflation in 1920 we cleared a tonnage of 1,230,000 in the River Plate. Of course, this was abnormal, because British, French, German and Italian sailings were still dislocated.

Since deflation we have settled down to a steady increase of tonnage. In 1923 it aggregated 570,670 tons, while last year it had increased to 676,000 tons. We rank third in the actual number of arrivals, with a total of 151 a year, which puts us in the same class as the Germans, who have always been big factors in South American shipping. First place, as always, is held by the British, with the Italians second.

Our shipping is so firmly established in the Argentine trade as to make its position permanent. The principal need, however, is the utilization of Yankee shipping agents in Buenos Aires. The Munson Line has its own offices in Buenos Aires for the two lines it operates, and the International Freighting Corporation, another Yankee enterprise using Shipping Board craft, employs a North American agency. The remaining four lines flying the American flag are handled by foreign agents while in port. There is a strong feeling among North American business men in the Argentine capital that such important functions as procuring cargo and providing ships' needs should not be intrusted to alien firms, who are not vitally interested in the advancement of our merchant marine.

In banking we have also taken a big step ahead. No longer is the Yankee merchant who comes to Buenos Aires required to get his credit information and transact his other necessary business through a British, French, German or Italian financial institution. Two well-equipped North American banks—a branch of the National City Bank of New York and a kindred outpost of the First National Bank of Boston—provide him with every facility.

The National City Bank was the pioneer, because it set up shop in 1914. It was the

(Continued on Page 161)

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Smooth and softly lustrous . . . easy to comb and to keep in place . . .

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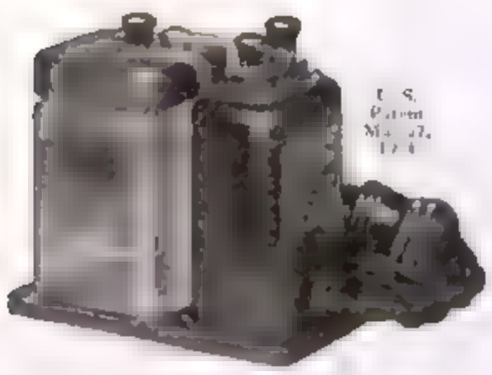
Announcing *the* Balkite Trickle Charger *at* $10 *and the new* Balkite "B" *at* $35

The Balkite Battery Charger is today the most popular charger on the market. Over 150,000 are in use. It is the only charger commonly used while the set is in operation. Balkite "B" II is also well-known. It replaces "B" batteries entirely and supplies plate current from the light socket. It was the outstanding development in radio last year.

We now announce two new Balkite Radio Power Units. The first is the Balkite Trickle Charger at $10. This compact low-rate charger is especially adapted to use with sets of relatively low "A" current requirements—any dry cell set and storage battery sets of few tubes.

We also announce at this time the new Balkite "B" at $35. This new model is specially designed to serve sets of five tubes and less. It fits in your present "B" battery compartment.

FOR THE "A" CIRCUIT



Balkite Trickle Charger

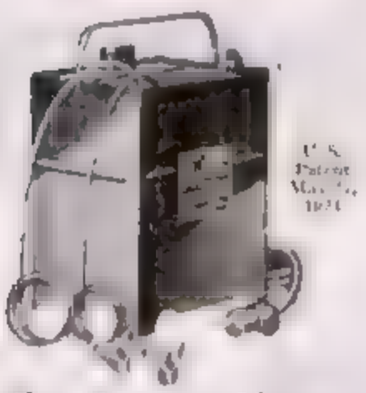
Charges both 4 and 6-volt radio "A" batteries at about .5 amperes. This low-rate charger may be used in three ways: (1) As a regular charger with a low capacity storage battery for sets now using dry cells. Makes possible a very economical installation. (2) As a regular charger with a regular storage battery, for sets with few storage battery tubes. (3) As a "trickle" or continuous charger with a large capacity battery for sets of as many as 8 storage battery tubes. Size 5⅝ in. long, 2¾ in. wide, 5 in. high. May be put in usual dry battery compartment. Current consumption about 1-20c per hour. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current.

Low capacity batteries especially adapted for use with this charger with sets now using dry cells are being offered by practically all leading battery manufacturers this fall.

Reputable manufacturers are also offering this fall special switches which turn on Balkite "B" and turn off the trickle charger when you turn on your set. This makes your current supply for both "A" and "B" circuits automatic in operation.

Price $10

West of Rockies, $10.50
In Canada, $15



Balkite Battery Charger

This is the most popular battery charger on the market. It can be used while the radio set is in operation. If your battery should be low you merely turn on the charger and operate the set. Charging rate 2.5 amperes. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

Price $19.50

West of Rockies, $20
In Canada, $27.50

Noiseless—No bulbs—Permanent

All Balkite Radio Power Units are based on the same principle. All are entirely noiseless in operation. They have no moving parts, no bulbs, and nothing to adjust, break or get out of order. They cannot deteriorate through use or disuse—each is a permanent piece of equipment with nothing to wear out or replace. They require no other attention than the infrequent addition of water. They do not interfere with your set or your neighbor's. Their current consumption is remarkably low. They require no changes or additions to your set.

An "A" battery, a Balkite Charger and a Balkite "B" constitute the most advanced radio power equipment on the market, one that is economical and unfailing, and eliminates the possibility of run-down batteries. Read the specific applications of the four units. Whatever type of set you own, Balkite Radio Power Units will serve it.

Sold by radio dealers everywhere

Manufactured by

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., *North Chicago, Illinois*

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FANSTEEL

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

FOR THE "B" CIRCUIT

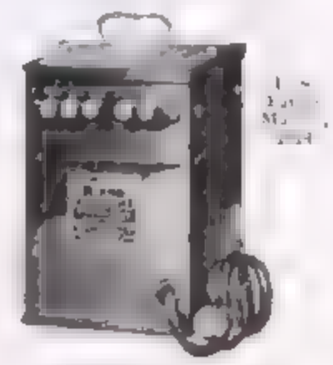
Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries. Supplies plate current from the light socket. Operates with either storage battery or dry cell type of tube. Keeps the "B" circuit always operating at maximum efficiency, for with its use the plate current supply is never low. Requires no changes or additions to your set. No bulbs—nothing to replace. Requires no attention other than adding water about once a year.

A new model, designed to serve any set of 5 tubes or less. Occupies about same space as 45 volt dry "B" battery. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current.

Price $35

In Canada, $49.50



Balkite "B" II

The same model unchanged as offered last year, when it was the one great development of the season. Fits any set including those of 10 tubes or more. Current capacity 40 milliamperes at 90 volts. Size 9 in. high, 6¼ in. wide, 7½ in. deep. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

Price $55

In Canada, $75

The Unipower, manufactured by the Gould Storage Battery Company, is equipped with a special Balkite Radio Power Unit

BALKITE BATTERY CHARGER · BALKITE TRICKLE CHARGER · BALKITE "B" · BALKITE "B" II

(Continued from Page 159)

first of a chain of branches which extends to every important city in South America. Enterprise has marked its activities everywhere. In Lima, for example, the local manager had an opportunity to obtain the ground floor of the best commercial structure in the city when the steel skeleton was still bare. There was some confusion about priority of lease, so he moved in while the edifice was under construction, and carried on without a real roof over his head.

The First National Bank of Boston branch at Buenos Aires contributes a notable addition to Yankee prestige. It came into being in 1917 because of the tremendous wool and hide business which is normally carried on between Argentina and Boston. This unromantic activity does not reek of culture, but it is an all important agency in building up the Massachusetts bank roll. Be that as it may, once the Banco de Boston, as it is known in Buenos Aires, decided to enter the field, it did so in impressive fashion.

It constructed the finest commercial edifice in all South America, a really imposing twelve-story building at the intersection of three principal streets, where it commands the livest section of the metropolis. The architects have happily combined twentieth century utility with sixteenth century architectural beauty. The design selected for the façades is the classical Spanish Renaissance, with a wealth of fine detail.

A Real Business Builder

The First National Bank of Boston has done much more than add a picturesque detail to the Buenos Aires sky line. It is a real North American business builder, because it has agents throughout the republic hunting up commercial opportunities, which are placed at the disposal of clients and other seekers. Moreover, it has instituted monthly statements, which were almost unknown heretofore; simplified the cashing of checks, which was formerly a complicated performance; and inaugurated savings accounts, hitherto almost negligible. To meet the needs of business men visiting in Buenos Aires, a suite of offices, equipped with stenographers, has been placed at their disposal for a merely nominal rental.

The real significance of the First National Bank of Boston in Buenos Aires, aside from its technical services and activities, is that it indicates Yankee confidence in the permanency of our relations with the country. It is the kind of investment—and I now speak of the building itself—that makes for good will. One reason why the British in particular have made themselves so solid in Argentina and Chile is that they have put up magnificent banking structures. Nor have the Italians and Germans been far behind in this respect.

The North American owned meat industry in Argentina must have its separate chapter, because it is our biggest enterprise in the country. Near the River Plate we have reproduced Chicago's Packingtown, and on a tremendous scale. The total investment reaches $80,000,000, which includes the stake in Uruguay and Brazil.

To visit any one of the three great plants near Buenos Aires is to get a real touch of home. As in those hiving packing communities near Lake Michigan, there is a motley array of labor. Again you see the stout Lithuanian and the Pole, for, like the mining camps of Chile, the meat business of Argentina has enrolled an international congress of workers. For the Chicagoan, the atmospheric odor is strongly reminiscent. From the sides of huge abattoirs gleam the familiar names of the firms synonymous with packing the world over.

On the Cattle Map

To comprehend the scope of our packing interests you must know something about Argentine livestock. The earliest Spanish settlers brought with them a few cattle. From them sprang the present mighty herds of the pampas. For years they ran wild.

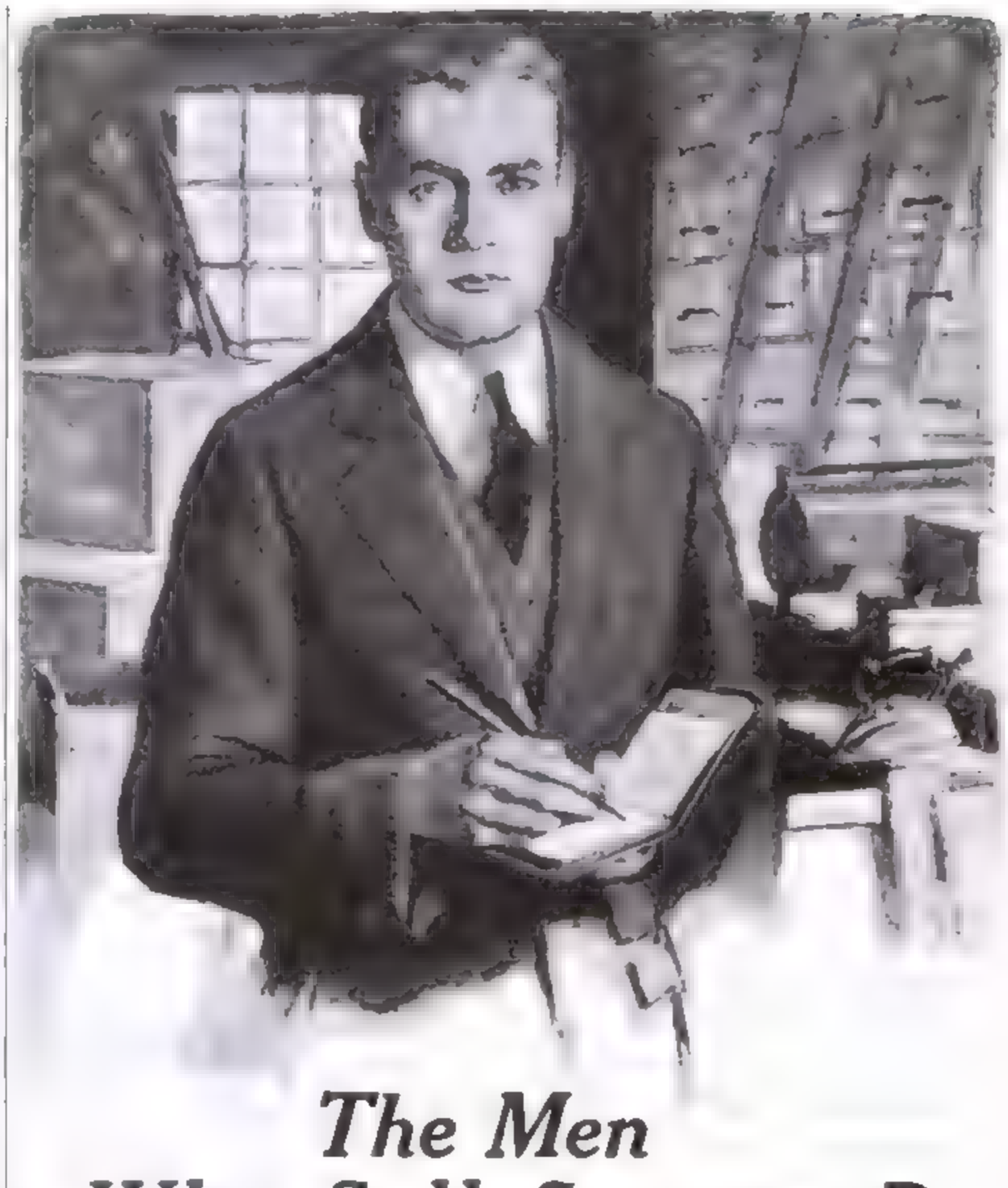
Save for a little extract of beef, a small amount of canned meat, together with a sun-dried beef, or tasajo, as it is called, they were useful only for their hides.

Two factors put Argentina on the cattle map. One was the introduction of pedigreed stock and the other was cold storage. With their employment, the livestock business gradually became Argentina's second greatest source of wealth, yielding pride of place only to her agricultural interests. There was no commercial development, however, until three English packing houses were started in the early 80's. These concerns had a monopoly of the Argentine frozen-meat trade for two decades.

Meanwhile the United States had increased so rapidly in population that from being an important meat-exporting country she was fast reaching the point where her supply was barely sufficient for her own needs, with the certainty that the time would come when she would have to import packing products and abandon the export field to her competitors. It was natural, therefore, that North American packers should look for new sources of supply. Argentina, with her immense droves of cattle and vast stretches of pampas, attracted their attention.

Accordingly, in 1907 the Swifts acquired control of a British cold-storage company. Two years later another alien-owned concern was bought by the Armour and Morris interests jointly. In 1911 the Armours founded an Argentine company which today operates plants at La Plata,

A Train Load of North American Threshers Arriving at Jacinto Arauz



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The success of the foremost electrical wholesalers is a direct reflection of *care* in the selection of the merchandise they sell.

The enduring confidence of these progressive men is part and parcel of Square D leadership—a leadership which rests on the solid foundation of over 3,000,000 satisfactory installations.

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WOOSTER BRUSHES

FOR PAINTING—VARNISHING—KALSOMINING

HERE is a brush that will give you first-class painting results! A guaranteed Wooster Brush made by the "Shasta" patented process. Sleek, springy bristles flow the paint on evenly and smoothly. The bristles are held firm and tight—they wear and wear but don't come out. The Wooster Shasta patented process not only produces a better brush but produces it at less cost! Thus you get exceptional value.

Ted the Tester

188 Pounds on a Wooster Paint Brush! An actual test. Bristles in a Wooster Brush are in to stay.

"The Better the Brush, the Better the Work"

No. 2 Wooster "Shasta", 1⅝" wide; bristles 2⅛" long; Price ..... 50¢

No. 33 Wooster "Shasta", 2⅛" wide; bristles 2⅛" long; Price ..... 75¢

No. 44 Wooster "Shasta", 2⅝" wide; bristles 3⅛" long; Price $1.00

Wooster "Shasta" Brushes Priced from 40c to $2.50

Don't ruin your painting with a poor brush. Good paints, varnishes, enamels deserve good brushes. Make sure—get a genuine Wooster "Shasta" with the name on the handle.

THE WOOSTER BRUSH CO.

Since 1851—One Family—One Idea—Better Brushes

WOOSTER, OHIO

near Buenos Aires, and a sheep-killing center in Santa Cruz. Subsequently the Wilsons purchased the Frigorifico Argentina. The word "*frigorifico*" means cold-storage plant.

The three great Yankee packing corporations operate under the names of Compania Swift de la Plata South America, Frigorifico Armour de la Plata and Frigorifico Wilson de la Argentina. A visit to Buenos Aires is incomplete without a trip out to see how they function. Each has similarly equipped undertakings in Uruguay and Brazil.

The appearance of the North American packers in Argentina not only greatly expanded tonnage but such lively competition ensued that the price of livestock rapidly rose, while the selling price in England dropped. A third result of this highly keyed rivalry was an improvement in technical methods all around. Then, as now, we lead in every respect. Of the 3,789,120 cattle slaughtered on the River Plate in 1924, more than half went under the killing hammer of the three North American *frigorificos*.

The unique detail about our meat industry in Argentina is that practically all the chilled beef that comes out of its cold-storage rooms goes to Britain. Last year the shipment was 5,174,476 quarters. Hence that much press-agented roast beef of Merry England served up to you in the smart hotels and clubs of London is more often the product of finely bred cattle that once roamed the broad pampas of Argentina.

Not only are our packers vital factors in production but they are conspicuous in every movement that affects the industry. A few years ago the Argentine Government, in an effort to insure the prosperity of the livestock producer, framed a minimum-price law. The packers regarded it as arbitrary, and, led by the Yankees, refused to buy any cattle while the statute was in force. In a week it was repealed. The government turned to the opening of new markets instead.

Argentine Grain Exports

The war disturbed the South American shipping situation to such an extent that the flow of Argentine meat to Europe was checked. The United States was called upon to supply the needs in the Allied countries. As soon as shipping became normal, Argentina again leaped to the front as the biggest purveyor of beef and beef products in Europe. This did not take place, however, until after we had disposed of the enormous war surplus of the meat products that had been piled up abroad under the urge of wartime necessity. The most striking development lately is the increase in the purchase of Argentine frozen beef in France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Holland. Hence the beef of the Argentine—the hog does not figure in the productive scheme there—and the pork and lard of the United States compete continually in the European markets.

Just as we have intrenched ourselves in packing, so are we influencing the premier industry of the country, which is agriculture. This bears directly upon trade and competitive export relations between the two republics. As with meat, a brief preliminary survey is necessary to an understanding of the situation.

With Russia out of the export running so far as her old wheat eminence is concerned, the United States and Argentina are rivals for the cereal supply of Europe. There is this difference, however: Argentina produces corn and wheat primarily for export. The amount of wheat consumed within her confines, including the part of the crop retained for seed, is only 43,500,000 bushels, which is 24 per cent of the average harvest. Fully three-fourths of the output is sold to wheat-deficiency nations, principally the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Holland. This is just the reverse of what happens to our crop, because only one-fourth of it can be spared for export.

Argentina, on the other hand, is the leading corn exporter of the world. The crop is not exported in the form of meat products, as with our enormous production in the United States. In Argentina they raise the hard corn which is sought by the importing countries of Europe. Last year's exports of 182,770,371 bushels—it was more than half the crop—not only set a new record but also gave an inkling of the potentialities of the country for production.

It is the vast margin that still remains in Argentina for immense increase in cereal acreage and the yields in relation to the area sown that make the country impressive as a future contender with the United States for the cereal export trade. For the production of her wheat crops Argentina uses only about 17,000,000 acres. It is estimated that the entire area on which wheat can be produced is eight times the present cultivated domain. There is the same opportunity for the extension of production areas of corn, oats, rye, barley and linseed.

Agricultural Possibilities

Though it is evident that industry in the United States is making great inroads upon the resources and man power employed in the production of food crops, it is not generally understood how slowly Argentina is extending the exploitation of her agricultural lands. In Argentina there is not now, nor has there been, anything like the westward migration of the people of the United States, first over the Alleghanies into the Mississippi Valley and later into the prairies beyond. Hence the pressing need is for people. She has a little more than 9,000,000 population and she could take care of 100,000,000.

As I have already pointed out, one-fifth of the entire population lives in Buenos Aires. A surprisingly large part of the residents of the capital are owners of huge tracts of farming lands. The overhead borne by Argentine agriculture in the form of absentee ownership is almost startling. No country except one with a very rich and productive soil could carry such a load of nonproducing farm owners. A back-to-the-land movement in Argentina for Argentines is out of the question, because the ideal state of agriculture from the Argentine's point of view is one that demands the minimum of his own labor. Here you have the Spanish influence.

Therefore the agricultural hope of the republic rests with two things—selective immigration and scientific farming. On account of the inability of the average farmer to acquire ownership of land because of the chronic reluctance of the rich families to sell, Doctor Le Breton, the Minister of Agriculture, has formulated a plan for the colonization by immigrants of the uncultivated land now held as parts of the great estates.

It is proposed that the government expropriate 50 per cent of any owner's land if the proprietor himself has not already colonized half his holdings, or does not immediately take steps to do so.

Now for the Yankee link with Argentine agriculture. We cannot send colonists, but we can and are helping to shape the destiny of the Argentine farmer. During his long residence at Washington, Doctor Le Breton took careful note of what our Department of Agriculture was doing. In consequence his ministry is alert and progressive. It radios prices to farmers, issues bulletins on the North American plan, has a division of crop specialists and operates a laboratory for the examination of wheat with a view to producing the best flour.

In order to carry out his program he has surrounded himself with Yankee experts. The Argentine agricultural statistical bureau, for example, was organized by Leon M. Estabrook, who introduced a system generally conceded to be the best in all South America. The cotton expert of the department is Ernest L. Tutt, formerly chief of the cotton section of the textile division of our Department of Commerce.

(Continued on Page 165)

A "run-over" shoe is old before its time
BARBOURWELT *keeps shoes in shape*

WHEN your heels wear down it is easy enough to have them replaced. But it's a very different matter to restore a run-over shoe that has been trodden out of shape on either side and made to look prematurely old and shabby. And such a shoe, besides losing its trim, neat appearance, may actually injure your foot.

American shoe manufacturers know this. And so today more than 260 of them are using *Barbourwelt* to make their fine shoes better; to add longer life and give you greater value than ever before.

Barbourwelt is an upstanding rib of solid sole leather, part of the welt itself, which runs from toe to heel, tightly sealing the inseam and acting as a sturdy retaining wall for the upper. It keeps out moisture which ordinarily seeps through. It insures the shape of a shoe as nothing else possibly can.

Shoes of all styles, leathers and lasts come *Barbourwelted*. Ask your regular shoe-man to try a *Barbourwelt* model on you.

It's the RIB that does it -
This solid leather rib holds your shoes in shape and shuts out dampness.
Ordinary welting gives no protection against "treading over," and lets in dampness.
BARBOURWELT
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Your shoes don't need to look like these

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Please send me a copy of the new illustrated booklet "What *Barbourwelt* Does For Your Shoes."

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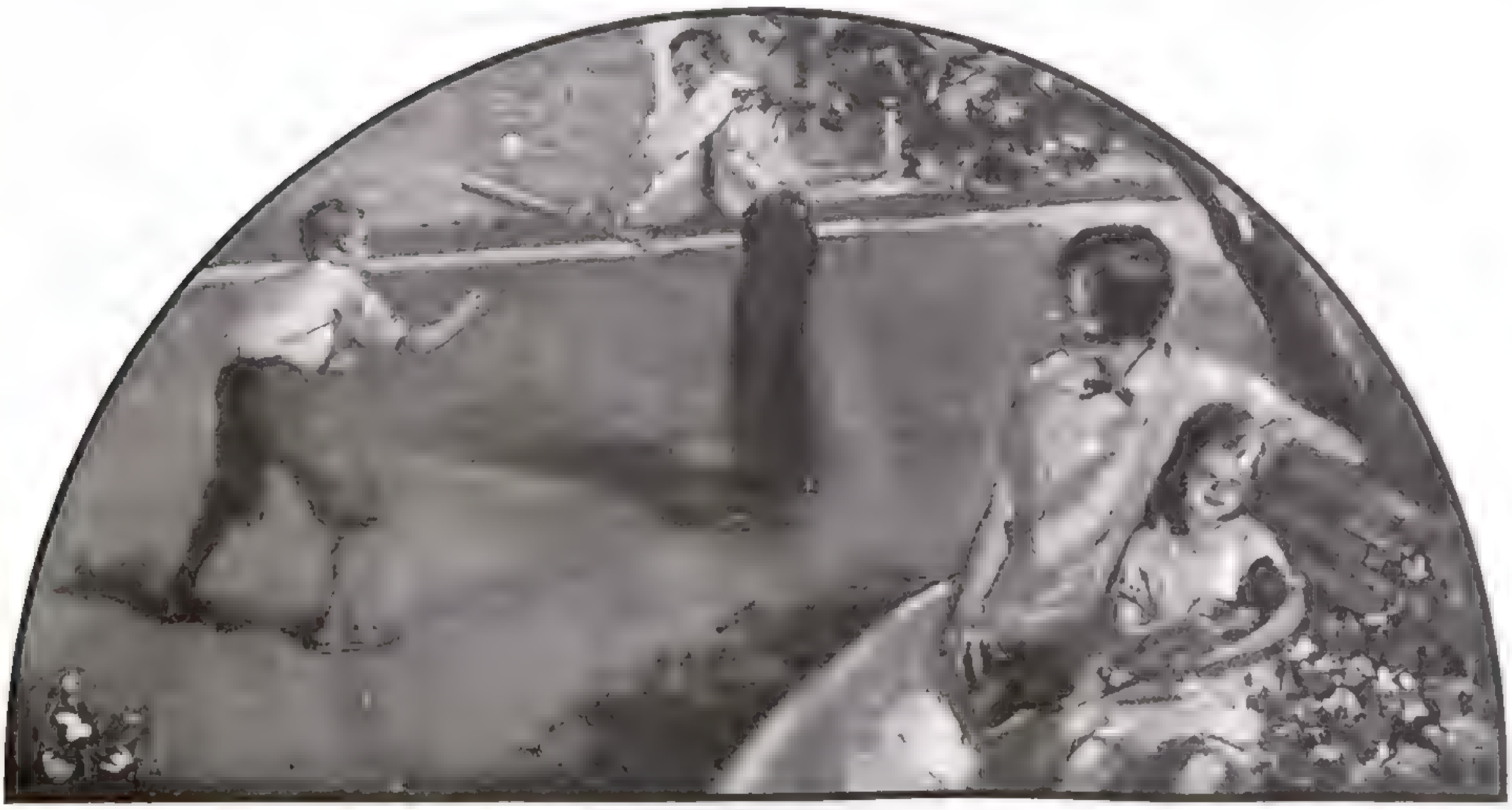
BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* ◆ "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, Brockton, Mass. *Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years*



A NEW ROAD TO FREEDOM

EVERYBODY wants to grow old in comfort, to own a home, to be independent when the productive years are over. Everybody wants security for his family and education for his children. Everybody wants life insurance, which means all these things, and more. For the modern forms of life insurance guarantee not only protection for your family, but freedom for yourself. Freedom from the doubts and worries, the fears and troubles, that menace your health and retard your work.

The Salary Allotment Plan is a new road to freedom. It has been developed to meet the needs of those among us who must consult the family budget before every expenditure. It is designed particularly for those who have long believed in insurance, who have wanted its protection for their families, but who could never finance it. This new plan is possible through co-operation between the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, your employer and yourself. It relieves you from all concern with premiums, and with the plans that you must make to meet them. Given your consent, all such details are taken off your mind.

Talk to your employer about the Salary Allotment Plan. If you wish, you may have the advice and counsel of one of the Phoenix Mutual representatives in securing exactly the amount and kind of insurance that fit your needs. All these men are required to be especially trained in the uses of life insurance. They are able to meet special conditions with a well-planned program of security.

This is but one of the many unusual plans developed by the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company to provide for the education of your children, your own independence and the protection of your family. You will enjoy discussing the many other new and cheerful aspects of modern insurance with the Phoenix Mutual representative. A letter or a telephone call brings him to your home or office—why not today?

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE HARTFORD CONN.

First policy issued 1851

(Continued from Page 162)

His assignment is to bring about improvements in methods of cultivation, harvesting, ginning and marketing so as to decrease costs. An associate is Dr. M. E. Winters, a well-known boll-weevil expert who was formerly in the faculty of Clemson College, of Florence, South Carolina. The 1924–25 Argentine cotton crop shows an increase of 68 per cent in production.

A fourth Yankee in the Argentine agricultural service is Thomas Breggar, whose specialty is corn breeding. Fifth is W. E. Cross, who is in charge of the government agricultural experimental station at Tucuman. His particular line is sugar cane. The Weather Bureau was organized by Mr. Wiggins, who was director until he retired on a pension this year. Dr. H. Foster Bain, of the United States Bureau of Mines, with two assistants, E. C. Swanson and C. E. Williams, recently made a survey to reveal the possibilities of a metallurgical industry in Argentina. To round out the array of Yankee influence, I have only to add that Carlos A. Vallejo, the Under Minister of Agriculture, is not only a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, but has a North American wife.

The effects of colonization and scientific farming methods in Argentina upon the United States cannot be ignored. If our industrialization increases at the present rate, it is more than likely that within a few decades we shall be a food-importing nation, and therefore obliged to buy a part of her exportable agricultural supply. Doctor Le Breton's prophecy, reproduced earlier in this article, is too optimistic, however, with regard to the time of our dependence upon the food of his country.

Agricultural advance in Argentina will necessarily be slow, primarily because of the lack of man power. Moreover, harvests occur at different periods of the year from those in North America and the crops are subjected to climatic changes more violent than in any other important agricultural country. Like the child in the well-known story, when Argentine weather is good it is very good, but when it is bad no language is adequate to describe its vagaries. Hence there is no reason why our farmers should be agitated over any immediate export competition with Argentina's crops.

The Radio Consortium

Argentina's inevitable agricultural importance will mean an expanding market for many of our exports, especially machinery. If developed on the proposed scale, industrialization there will halt, and this in turn is another agency for the increase of our trade with the republic. Thus from every angle Argentine agriculture is full of significance for the United States.

Wherever you turn in Argentina you find the Yankee impress. Take wireless. The Radio Corporation of America, the Telefunken Gesellschaft für Drahtlose Telegraphie, the Compagnie Générale de Telegraphie sans Fil and the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., originally undertook individual programs to provide facilities for linking South America with the United States and Europe. Because of the enormous cost involved in the erection of high-powered receiving and transmitting stations, the limited available traffic for their support, the difficulties of negotiating traffic arrangements with foreign companies, together with the confusion resulting from the operation of four stations when one would suffice, it was decided in 1921 to organize what is called the A. E. F. G. Consortium.

This was done at the instigation of Owen D. Young, whose connection with the General Electric Company makes him an important factor in the radio business. The letters A. E. F. G. are the first in the names of the countries involved.

Each participating company owns patents and inventions useful to the others and has concessions from South American governments for exploiting radio on a world-wide basis. In Argentina the group conducts its radio-communication business through a company known as the Trans-International Radiotelegrafica Argentine. The operating station was erected by the Germans at Monte Grande, near Buenos Aires, at a cost of $2,000,000. Communication range is 7000 miles. It was to inspect this station, as well as the others belonging to the consortium, that Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America, visited South America last winter.

President de Alvear's Message

General Harbord's advent is just another evidence of the fact that we are alive to the possibilities of what might be called the personal job in Argentina. The social and the business ends are closely linked in those parts. British, German and Italian trade prestige has been greatly enhanced by the visits of distinguished nationals from the home countries. Kings, princes and magnates have been numbered among the tourists. Nothing so delights the South American as to do honor to a big foreigner. The lavish entertainment is matched by a kindred splash of publicity, which is always capitalized by the business men of the country involved.

This year a procession of North Americans conspicuous in business and public life were entertained at Buenos Aires. In addition to General Harbord, there were General Pershing, Secretary of Labor Davis, Senator Wesley L. Jones, Frank Munson, of the steamship line that bears his name, and John L. Merrill, president of the All-America Cable Company. Each contributed to the growing commercial good will between the nations. Here is a procedure that may well be encouraged.

I could continue much longer with this inventory of our activities in Argentina, for they range from oil prospecting to pioneering in the construction of concrete highways. We built the first good road in the country. Nothing worth while has escaped the Yankee touch.

There only remains to be mentioned the picture of the president of the republic, Dr. Marcelo de Alvear. In one respect he is distinct among Latin-American chief executives, because his life is not continually in danger. Argentina is free from that form of political animosity which manifests itself so persistently in assassination.

I saw the president in the big brown government building which looms at the end of the Avenida de Mayo. Temperamentally and otherwise, he is a sort of Poincaré of South America in that he is cold, precise, and the advocate in him dominates. Tall, erect, with keen face, and always extremely well groomed, he looks the part he plays. He has been Argentine Ambassador to France and speaks French as well as Spanish.

I asked him for a message to the North American people, and he said:

"We are always glad to welcome your countrymen. The influence of the United States upon the progress of our people has been marked and I hope it will increase. Between the two republics is a bond of strongest kinship politically and commercially. We believe that we have a great future and the North American people can have a large part in helping to shape it."

President de Alvear's sentiments are echoed by all Argentina. Nowhere in South America have we a larger opportunity to make ourselves a vital part of the economic expansion. We have made a good start.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to Brazil.

PLATE GLASS

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A LITTLE RUSSIAN DRESSING

(Continued from Page 22)

different. But I have been here long enough to know that a task of such magnitude as the building of this marvelous rushing country has left no time for the development of manners."

It is no use to argue with him. At the best, you can revenge yourself by refusing to tip him.

There are 10,000 of them honeycombed among us who sit up each night with what they hope is soon to be the corpse of the soviets. At this prolonged wake they gossip a great deal about their strange semi-savage friends, the Americans. Some of them are earning their livings by standing before the moving platforms in automobile factories in Detroit, endlessly putting the same kind of nuts on the same kind of bolts, or pushing hand trucks or lifting ingots. But at night they talk about the Russia that was, the America they see and the Russia they will go back to. There are others who work in the depths of coal mines in Pennsylvania; there are many in the thick atmosphere and hurry of Packingtown, Chicago; Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles all have groups of them, people who were doctors, lawyers, merchants or military chiefs before the Russian debacle.

There is a gorgeous little gypsy in New York who will tell you that she was born under a bush on the roadside in Russia while the tribe which then welcomed her was on the move to new camping grounds. A handsome gypsy girl, with a soul full of music and a voice to express it, is better off in New York than an ex-general, even though he once commanded a division of cavalry. This one, who possesses features so regular, eyes so fine that she can boldly part her blue-black hair severely down the middle of her oval skull and dress it at the nape of her neck, sings Russian and gypsy songs in one of the score of restaurants brought into a New York existence by refugees.

New York, always anxious to card-index humanity, would classify her now as a cabaret performer.

"Please do not ask me to sing Volga Boat Song," she will implore if you are lucky enough to meet her. "Five times tonight these Americans come and say, 'Volga Boat Song.' I say, 'I am tired.' They say 'Volga Boat Song,' so again I sing Volga Boat Song."

Handicapped by the Language

In Russia, unquestionably, rich gentlemen attracted by a gypsy entertainer's face in a restaurant would make advances to her. One may gather from this gypsy, however, that in Russia their advances would have been flattering expressions of admiration, but that in America men tell her how rich they are. If she attempts to explain that she is a *czigany*, that her pride is born of traditions older than the pyramids, they do not understand; perhaps it is her weak command of English. Nevertheless, this gypsy girl, forming her judgment through observation of those who dine where she sings, nods emphatically when another refugee says, "Americans have no manners."

So it is with all these refugees who constitute a portion of that class from the Russian cities who read, went to theaters, studied and cultivated all the avenues to their minds. In the United States, swimming against the current, they have formed opinions that are necessarily different from the opinions of immigrants who lack the background of these people; then, too, they are rather more free about expressing their honest opinion than those foreigners who are shepherded by press agents, concert and lecture managers. To a Russian who once was a well-known prosecutor, and now makes a living for himself and his wife painting blue eyes on the faces of plaster dolls in a dingy East Side factory where there is not sufficient air for all the workers, America is a disappointment. He cannot practice law, nor may that dishwasher in one of the largest hotels in the country, who was once a minister of justice.

Few of them have learned English; a still smaller number have sought to get below the surface of America. They knew and admired Jack London. Now they take Gloria Swanson in thirty-five-cent doses and enjoy her as an anæsthetic.

Still some of them have come to the United States as to a fresh field of adventure in the spirit of small boys starting out to hunt Indians and gold nuggets. There were 529 of them who landed on the Pacific Coast from the Army transport Merritt, which had brought them from the Philippines, ending another stage in an Odyssey that had its beginnings in the disappearance of the old authority from Russia.

Generals in Exile

These had reached the islands in a fleet of white ships under the command of Admiral Stark. For them America was a magic word; a word that stood for the rebuilding of their lives, for opportunity. They were not all princes and princesses, which was destructive to a tradition that has deep roots in America. Some of these refugees were farmers, some engineers, some wireless operators. There were some military leaders.

Although the bulk of the refugees have arrived in New York in small groups, there have been several shiploads. In 1923 there were four large contingents shipped here from Constantinople. Five hundred soldiers and sailors arrived on the steamship Constantinople in that year, wearing remnants of their old uniforms, perspiring beneath shaggy astrakhan papachas. Some still wore their heavy Cossack overcoats, with cartridge pockets across the breast and with viciously curved dirks in their broad leather belts.

At least a dozen of these men found places for themselves and uniforms as door men at Russian restaurants; some others were given work at movie studios. All have burrowed into the industrial fabric of America as so many ants spilled onto the floor of a forest.

There is one hospital in New York which employs more than a score of them, mostly in menial tasks, although when they converse among themselves in the washrooms or in their dining hall, the lowest title by which any of them is addressed is captain. The man who cleans the knives and forks in that hospital is called general by his fellow Russians. His boss, a second-generation American whose philosophy is, with respect to rank, that handsome is as handsome does, does not call him general.

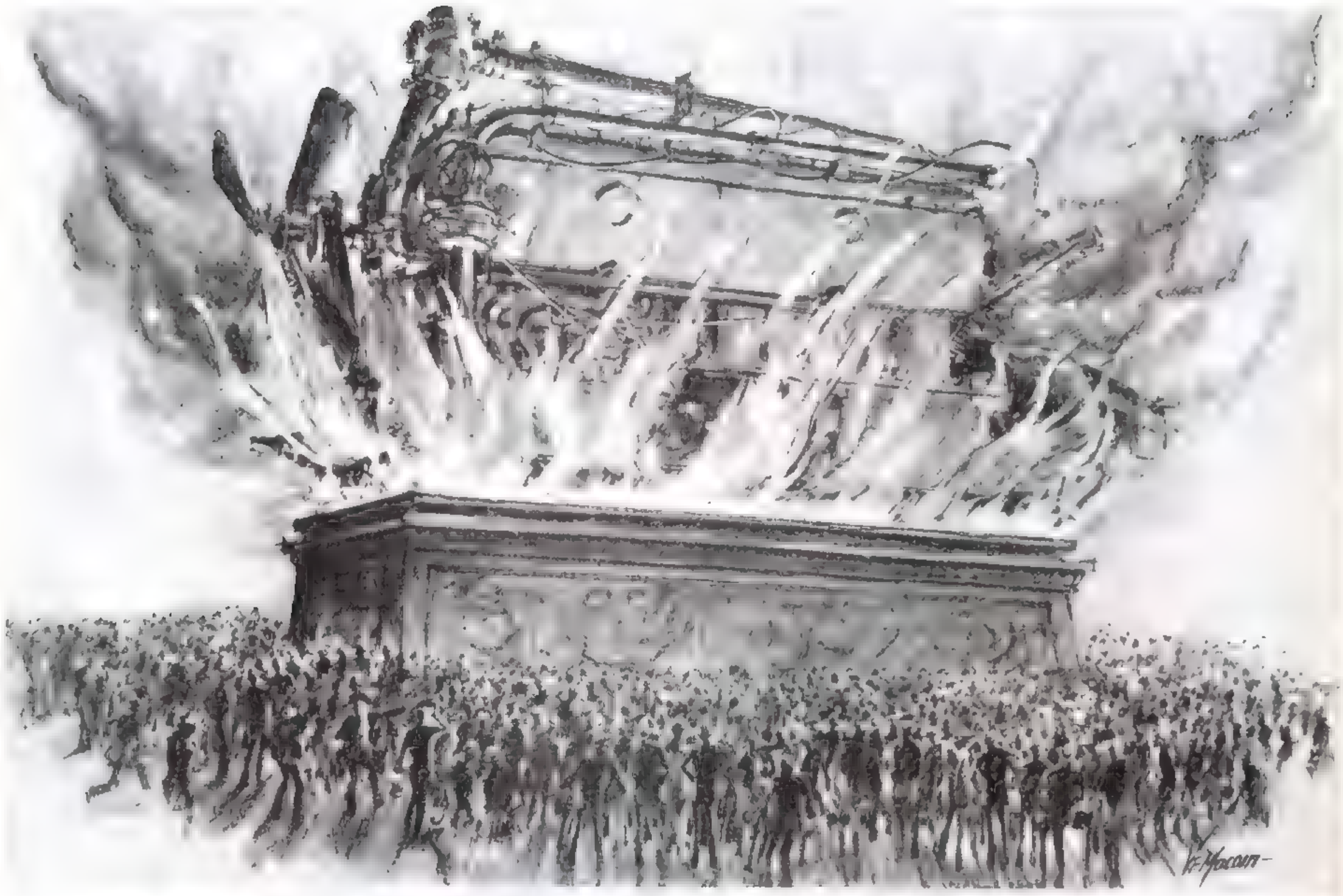
"Hey, John," he says, "get a move on." If the general shudders, still, he does get a move on.

After wearing an army uniform for twenty-seven years, and at the last a general's insignia, a coat with metal button seems a natural and comfortable costume for one old man who works in a huge Chicago factory. If he is embarrassed because his new uniform represents no more authority than is customarily bestowed upon a night watchman, he seems not to be disturbed.

If at night, as he makes his rounds, registering his appearance at different parts of the lonely plant by inserting a nickel-plated key in a clocklike device for the sole purpose of establishing that his patroling has been faithfully done—if as he does that he sometimes pretends that he is again a general inspecting his troops, the owners of the plant do not care so long as he does not let his play interfere with the careful performance of his duties.

There is one former general of a cavalry division in New York who earns his living as a caretaker of the home of a wealthy

(Continued on Page 169)



The great American sacrifice on the altar of poor oil

WHAT peculiar mental quirk is it which makes the average motorist indifferent to the oil he uses? The life of a car may be measured in oil. It is the most vital thing in the operation of an engine. The service it renders can range from successful lubrication to utter ruination of a motor—with a thousand odd repair bills in between. Yet your average motorist buys oil with the indifference he would show in tossing a penny to a blind beggar. And so, hundreds of cars are scrapped before their time, thousands of repair bills are rendered yearly—a sacrifice to the national tendency to shoot into the crank case the first oil that comes along—good, bad or indifferent!

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(Continued from Page 166)

family that has gone abroad. He hopes he will be able to get work as a house painter. There is another former commander of an infantry division who has made good in a spectacular way in the radio business as a manufacturer of receiving sets. There is another, once a general of engineers, who failed as the proprietor of a laundry. Now he is a factory foreman. Another, once a high officer of the Russian army, eats regularly only because he has been able to do some writing. His wife lectures and his daughter has become a stenographer.

These have not found happiness in America, but it is to their credit that they carry themselves as proudly as ever. It may be that if the chance to return to Russia comes they will take back with them some new ideas to be worked into the mortar with which the reconstruction will be cemented. A general who has washed dishes for a living ought to be a wee bit more thoughtful in making kitchen-police assignments when and if he gets another command.

A Russian Vaudeville Factory

But there is another aspect of all this. These Russians who have seeped in among us, not as immigrants but as refugees, have brought certain influences into American life, some of them of a rather strong flavor. Probably only a very few among the myriads who dance night after night on glistening rectangles, where they are surrounded by snowy tables of hotel grill-rooms, or who shuffle in the midst of the wicker luxury of country clubs, ever pause to consider, as they keep the cadence of one or the other of two merry rhythms, that their movements are a reflex of the collapse of old Russia. Nevertheless, the March of the Wooden Soldiers and Oh, Katherina were a part of the mental baggage of a company of Russian troubadours—refugees—who captured the fancy of American audiences as the Chauve Souris.

The music carpenters of Tin Pan Alley will be employing those musical phrases in the synthesis of new tunes, likely enough, when the children of the romances that ripened under the influence of Catherina and the wooden soldiers are grown old enough to seek out partners in the steps of what will be the dances of their own day.

Morris Gest, who in an earlier day was a refugee from those things which made Russia barely tolerable for a Jew, found them playing in Paris and was responsible for their coming to America, where they were liked so well that their original engagement of five weeks extended to sixty-five. During that time, and in the course of subsequent engagements, they were applauded by people who could not define the charm of this entertainment except to say that they found the Russian variety show "different."

Today there is a loft in the New York theatrical district where acts for the vaudeville circuits are manufactured in the likeness of the Chauve Souris in quantity, and the raw materials are fugitive Russian artists and the pattern Nikita Balieff's enterprise. There is a demand; and wherever there is a demand someone is sure to interpret it as an opportunity. In this case the someone is a person who calls himself a producer.

"Mister," he will tell you if you should go to the fifth floor of that dark old structure that is his factory, "for $6000 I got refugee I O U's and for six dollars you can have them."

Darkly paneled partitions shut out from his private office all natural light. There is a filing cabinet, a desk and on the walls photographs of acts he has created. For some reason Russian artists making their way into the United States come as unfailingly to his establishment as runaway slaves in an earlier day found their way to the stations along the underground railroad.

"Dance?" He shot the question at a slender young woman in a gaudy silk frock of cerise with yellow smocking who stood before him, but the only reply was a shrug of thin shoulders and the offer of a card with a few words scribbled on it. Her cheeks were hollow, but rouged highly.

"All right; I need a gypsy number. Go in the back room there; I want to hear you sing."

Through the door he indicated came a burst of sound, the laughter of a saxophone, the whine of a violin, the clack of drumsticks on wood, all contending against a vigorous pianist. The factory was operating.

"Listen!" enjoined the impresario as his suppliant disappeared into his plant. "I got now over 180 Russian artists out on the road. Without me they'd be starving. They dance, they sing; but I give 'em the tempo. I know what Americans want. They want action, the Volga Boat Song in every act. No, I didn't write it, you understand; but I introduced it."

His 180, in their scattered acts, all performed against bizarre back drops, were by no means of the upper classes of the old Russian society; but the newer organism of the Bolsheviki offered them less, and so these and other artists crossed the frontier in search of a living.

In America they are getting on better than the more commonplace performers among them dared dream of in their original environment.

Most of them arrived here in the situation in which Balieff, the creator of the Chauve Souris, fleeing Moscow by way of the Caucasus and Constantinople, arrived in Paris—broke, without company, scenery or prospects. Balieff was able to recruit from among the 400,000 refugees he found living in France some of those who had been of the best in his old theater in Moscow when it was The Bat. Madame Tamara Deykarhanova, Madame Fechner and Madame Karabanova came together with him as quicksilver reassembles under favorable conditions. Some of the famous young Russian painters, N. Remisoff, Andreiff Hudiakoff, Soudeikine and others, splashed out of their native heath by revolution, saw in Balieff's company a chance to reconstruct their lives. Paris, London and finally New York helped to put them in the way of enjoying luxury.

And now Catherina has become Oh, Katherina, and her romance with an officer has been translated into what is called an American version without any sacrifice of tunefulness in its new orchestration.

"We are few," say these refugees, "but we are Slavs." Not the least of them is Catherina. At any rate, their vaudeville has flavored our play like an essence.

The Balalaïka Craze

At Yale, during the last scholastic year, the student body and the faculty were exposed to several virulent cases of balalaïka—homesick young Russian refugees, who clung to the national instrument of their land as tenaciously as they might have cherished a handkerchief of an absent sweetheart.

At Cornell one of the smaller fraternities seriously discussed supporting the formation of a balalaïka glee club. One of their Russian members advocated the idea, pointing out that it was an easy instrument to play.

The balalaïka is an instrument of the Russian peasant. Peter the Great, seeking in disguise a sympathetic contact with his people, heard one singing in the calloused hands of a serf. Fearfully the man allowed him to examine this forbidden toy—forbidden because it was believed that it would interfere with the work of the people. A triangular box, with finger board on a long neck equipped with three strings, its manufacture did not call for tools other than those to be found in any peasant's hut. When Czar Peter threw off his disguise he sent for his peasant acquaintance and arranged for the formation of a court balalaïka orchestra. Thereafter, until Nicholas II was killed, the Russian court always had such an orchestra, an institution as

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4 *Long Wear*—The whole shoe has a double foxing reinforcement. The toe has a rubber guard, six layers of rubber and fabric to protect players who drag their toes when shooting.

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necessary at patriotic functions of state as our own Marine Band.

The balalaïka comes in seven sizes, from the tiny piccolo played with one forefinger to the octo bass as large as a bass violin and operated with a pick like a leather heel. A number of refugees in New York are making a living by instructing persons eager to acquire a smart parlor trick in the art of one-finger balalaïka playing. All the important manufactories of musical instruments have responded to the demand thereby created by putting some of their skilled mandolin makers on this new job. The underside of the sound box of a balalaïka is less swollen, but in other respects resembles a mandolin.

With balalaïkas and round domras plinking and plunking on the campus of each of thirty of our colleges and universities, it should not take long for the successors of those young men who introduced peg-top trousers and football hair to an otherwise sane people to bring to the back parlors, the side porches and the areas where parking is not forbidden, an effective instrument for serenades.

Those young Russians who are going to American schools have, naturally, a more serious purpose in life than the playing of balalaïkas, or even domras.

It is not the old generals who are likely to reconstruct Russia. Napoleon was only a major of artillery when France was drifting in the hands of revolutionists. These several hundred young Russian exiles feel that this will be their job, and then dream ambitiously of applying a knowledge they are acquiring in this country to the problems of their native land.

At Cornell there are a number of them studying agriculture; there are others at Iowa State College of Agriculture and Massachusetts Agricultural College. There are Russian students of forestry at Syracuse and Yale; students of engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, University of Cincinnati, Harvard, Columbia and other similar institutions; miners go chiefly to the Colorado School of Mines; educators to Teachers' College of Columbia University.

The Russian Student Fund, Inc., is paying the way of more than a hundred, and some fifty or so who have been graduated have started to repay loans so that a younger group of refugees may benefit from the same funds.

The Influence on Fashions

In their campus life these young Russians also may say, "We are few, but we are Slavs." Purposely they have been scattered thinly in as many of the schools as possible so that they would associate with American students rather than in a clique of their own kind.

This year the dye vats of fabric makers have stained in vivid patterns the fashions of American women, coloring them as completely as that tiny mill which mythology says fell into the ocean long ago has made the water salty. Those persons whose business it is to understand the whims of fashion as the mariner understands and anticipates the moods of the elements insist this is easily traceable to the influence of our Russian refugees.

There are a number of little shops in New York that have been existing since 1923 by the production of handmade frocks, richly embroidered and smocked in the fashion, suitably altered, of the peasant women of Russia. The makers were not peasant women. They were the wives of the Russian men who had been filtering in on every ship that came from Europe.

"We want work," they said to those who offered to assist them. Those who could not sing or give lessons in French were asked if they could sew. Even the highest born of Russian women, it seems, were taught to sew as painstakingly as little American girls of an earlier generation were applied to their samplers. It was suggested that the more distinctively Russian they made their handiwork, the easier it would be to sell. So they set to work producing frocks like those seen in the towns and villages of Russia on holidays, frocks made and adorned in the slow-changing fashion of the Russian peasant.

The shops of these refugees attracted or were called to the attention of some of New York's fashionable women. Ten-thousand-dollar limousines began to park in front of the shabby little workrooms. Duplex apartments up and down Park Avenue began to echo, "Oh, my dear, where did you get it? You must tell me. A real princess?"

Weary designers, in despair of achieving new lines by cutting skirts shorter, were refreshed as by a cooling breeze from the ocean when strange forms and gay colorings were worked into the afternoon processions where their sharp eyes were constantly on the watch for easily plagiarized styles. In no time at all the Russian-Jewish needle-trades workers were shedding homesick tears as they applied their skill and thread to the creation of garments patterned like dim memories in their own brains of things seen on market days in their childhood.

Gay Colors and Set Designs

After all, not much time or space divides the flash of inspiration in the brain of a fashion designer from the figures of the women in Portland and St. Louis and Dallas and Omaha who are clothed by those inspirations. That is the pathway that has been followed from the steppes of Russia to the prairies of America by those vivid primitive colors and strange geometric patterns.

In one of the big Fifth Avenue stores the general merchandise manager summoned his dress buyer and ordered a parade of manikins for the display of garments betraying the Russian influence. Against a silken hanging that would not have been out of place in a shah's palace, brilliantly colored slim young women began to stroll.

"See that gay scarf?" exclaimed the merchandise manager. "Purely Russian; also that kerchief."

A dark girl with gray eyes and black hair, dressed smoothly like a shield of patent leather, prowled before the folds of the drop curtain. She wore a long tunic with high neck, with sleeves tight at the shoulders and swelling into bellows-like folds at the forearms, to be caught tightly as a band at the wrist. Her eyes were not so impersonal as those of her associates. She used them, and not shyly.

"That one," explained the manager, stepping out of character for a second, "is a Russian herself. They say she's a countess. Personally I do not ordinarily encounter any below the rank of princess."

Another girl appeared in a negligee which consisted of trousers of green silk, an iridescent blouse, a turban substitute for a boudoir cap, gold slippers.

"There the Russian influence," it was explained, "has been romped on by the Turks; but those color combinations in the blouse are as Russian as the Kremlin. That is the big field of Russian influence in fashions today—the colors."

The reds, purples, browns, greens and yellows are undeniably dominating the fashions; and the flowers and other realistic forms of French design have been banished in favor of the geometric figures of the Russian peasants. Another triumph for Catherina.

The same merchandise manager believes that the vogue of painted furniture can be attributed to some of the handiwork of Russian refugees. At least, the Russians fancied painted furniture, and the furniture markets of the world almost simultaneously began to reflect some influence that favored the production of gaudy bedroom sets, brilliantly colored dining-room furniture and even pink breakfast-room tables and chairs.

A furniture buyer in New York who spends more than $1,500,000 each year in the markets in Grand Rapids, Chicago and

(Continued on Page 173)

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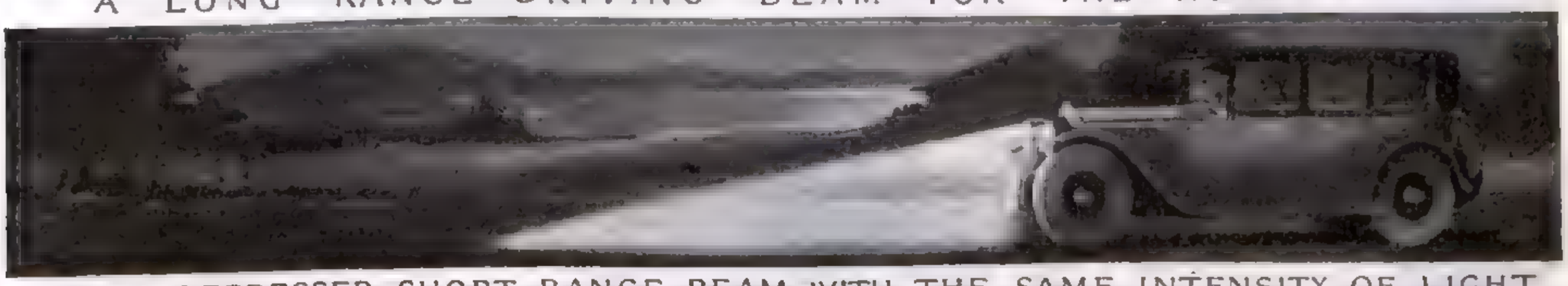
TUNG-SOL MINIATURE

A LONG RANGE DRIVING BEAM FOR THE ROAD AHEAD



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For more than half a century, the standard of "Milwaukee" service has been kept especially high. Money and thought and time have been invested without stint to maintain and enhance it, so that travel on our road might always be easy, secure, and comfortable to the point of luxury. The very flower of this service is our incomparable daily train between Chicago and Puget Sound—"The Olympian." All its equipment is "Milwaukee" owned and operated: observation-club car, ladies' lounge, standard and tourist sleeping cars, dining car serving delicious "Milwaukee" meals. All its attendants are "Milwaukee" employes, personally interested in making your journey pleasanter. And where this superb train crosses the mountain ranges, it is drawn for 649 miles by *electric* locomotives, the mightiest in the world, smooth, smokeless, irresistible. In its every exclusive feature, from these powerful motors back to the open-air observation car, "The Olympian" represents the very best we know.

The only line operating transcontinental trains by electric power

The only line owning and operating its own sleeping cars between Chicago and Seattle and Tacoma

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(Continued from Page 170)

two or three Eastern cities was inclined to take issue with the merchandise manager on that score.

"It's Chinese," he insisted. "There was a play in New York about four years ago that made use of red-lacquer furniture in one scene. I saw the play soon after the opening, and the red-lacquer furniture hit me like a punch in the nose. I thought more about that than I did about the play. Within six months every furniture factory of any size in this country was turning out red-lacquer chairs and tables and beds. I think the color craze in furniture was a natural development of that; but if the Russians deserve the credit I want them to have it, for whoever is responsible has caused a lot of people who ordinarily would have gone through life with the old mahogany or quartered oak that was given to them as a wedding present to junk it and get new furniture. Anyway, they made me very, very happy."

There are more than dress fashions to be changed in America, however, when new influences are breathed on them. There is medicine, journalism, all the professions and all the arts; and the Russians are touching them all in some degree.

The princes and generals who wash dishes attract the most attention; but there are a score of doctors not yet permitted to practice medicine in America, but who are working almost contentedly as the assistants of physicians here; an artist who was once famous in Russia spent his first days here whitewashing brick walls. Now he is painting once more on canvas. An irrigation specialist, assigned at one time by the Russian Government to study and report on irrigation in Egypt, India, Algiers, Canada and the United States, and the author of four volumes on the subject, has never been able to escape from a mop and a scrub bucket. If you were able to discuss it with him in Russian he would say cheerfully enough that, after all, scrubbing was a form of irrigation.

Nevertheless, it is a great tragedy that so much thinking ability should be wasted. These men and women have supported themselves, but it seems that they might have done much more. A way may yet be found to make it possible, for some of them have achieved fine things. There was Igor Sikorsky. Russia knew him as a designer of aeroplanes. One of his machines during the war flew 400 miles into enemy territory.

An All-Russian Airplane

After he reached the United States in 1919 he was for a while in the employ of the Government, at Dayton. Then he was determined to organize a company among his own people for the production of some of the monster planes that had made him famous in Russia. A former colonel of a regiment of hussars, whose restaurant in New York was a splendid success, a place where the red tunics of the waiters, the music of gypsy musicians and the smile of waitresses who could not be anything less than princesses, was one of the financial backers.

A number of other Russians, engineers, worked for as little as fifteen dollars a week and high hope during the early stages of the project.

Not long ago the monster plane they had built was trundled out of its hangar on Long Island. Several baby-grand pianos were loaded into it. Mr. Sikorsky climbed into the cabin, a place as roomy as the pilot house of a tugboat. Half a dozen other Russians clambered aboard; Pilot Sikorsky signaled to his mechanics; someone called "Contact." Someone else repeated "Contact!" There was a roar, and with green-and-purple flames stabbing the air on both sides of the huge engines, the first American Sikorsky plane mounted an invisible incline into the sky.

They flew to Washington and back before nightfall and gave a host of their fellow refugees something to talk about other than the day when the soviets shall have disappeared.

A young American business man announced to his friends sometime ago the news of his marriage to a Russian princess. She was a pretty creature with devastating black eyes and an enchanting voice that she employed amusingly in an effort to speak English. Her name was one that belonged to a distinguished royal family.

The proud young husband volunteered to do something magnificent for the fellow refugees of his bride. A Russian of distinction, who does not claim noble birth but who is unquestionably a historian of standing, asked some pertinent questions about the princess. Then he met her and asked some more questions.

"My dear sir," he said to the husband, "your wife is a very charming young woman, but she is not a member of the family whose name she has taken. That family is one so highly placed that all its members are easily accounted for."

The Land of Princes

The husband was so indignant against his wife's accuser that he behaved in a fashion not at all becoming to the husband of a highly born princess, but in the end he was convinced. His bride admitted she was an impostor. She was the daughter of a Russian Jewish family and she had been born in this country. Her English improved immediately.

The Russian who had exposed her pretensions was distressed, because he had felt it was his duty to destroy the husband's illusions. The last he heard of the couple, however, was consoling to him. The husband had decided that it was the girl he loved and not her title, and he had taken her back to his home.

This historian said that if the young woman had selected any one of a couple of hundred other Russian names she might have continued to pose as a princess and never have been disturbed in her pretense. In Russia, he explained, there are literally whole villages of princes, small farmers most of them. All the children of a prince in Russia are princes or princesses and their offspring in turn receive the title. When Russia began to expand and took over the Caucasus and some Oriental provinces there were chiefs of tribes and lesser notables, beys, sheiks and what not who petitioned to have their titles translated as "princes." Since this offered a satisfactory settlement of a political problem without conferring anything but mild distinction, it was done; and that is why in Russia, long before "Bolshevik" became a word of international understanding, it was possible to see a prince selling and buying old clothes for a living.

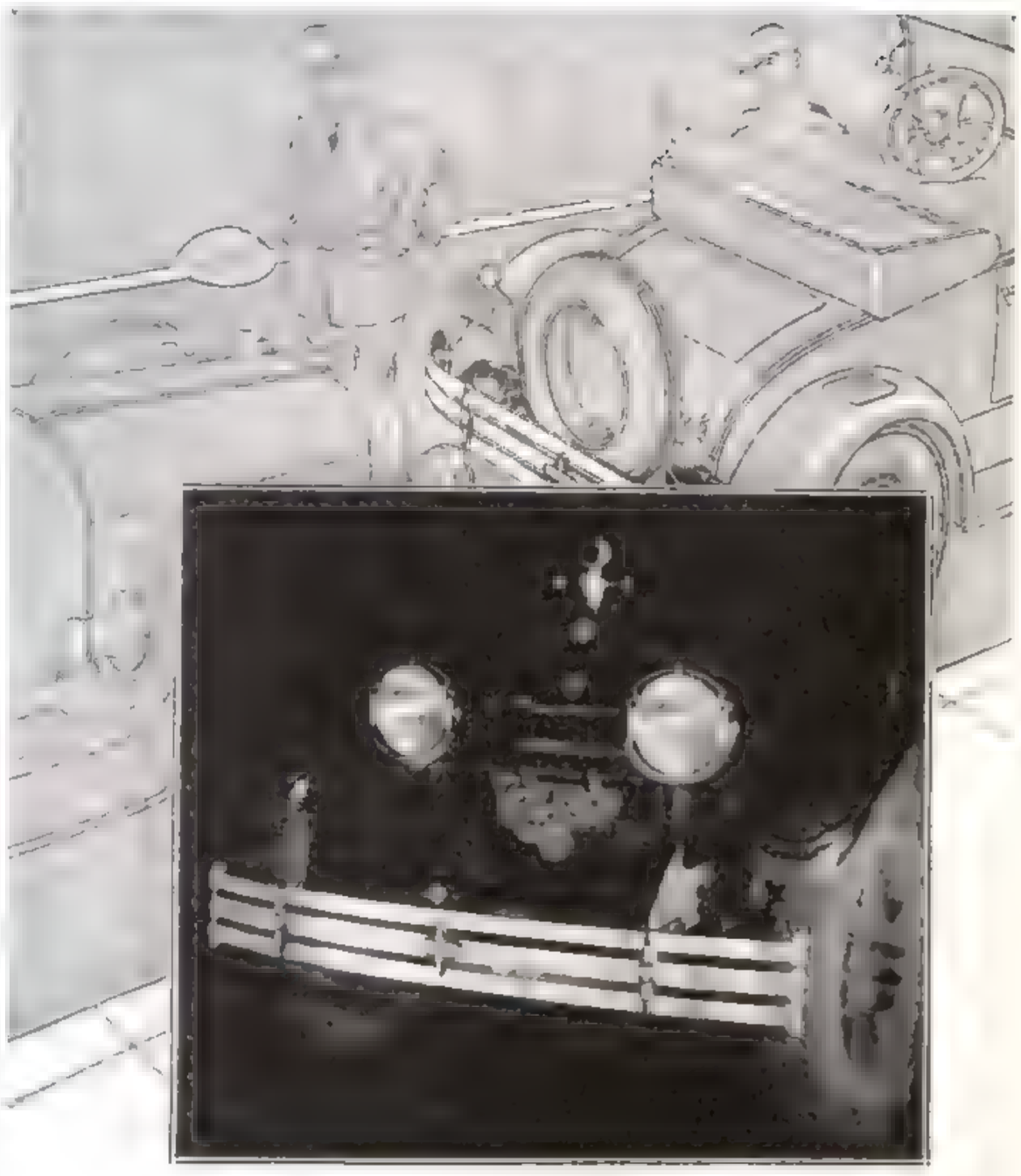
"In fact," said this historian, "it was customary in Russia to hail any Tartar old-clothes man by calling, 'Oy, you prince, come here!'"

Somehow many Americans insist on investing a claimant to a title with far more fairy-tale glamour than attached to them, however legitimate, in their own country.

Nevertheless, there are a number of real princes among the refugees, men of royal blood. There is Serge Romanovsky, stepson of the Grand Duke Nicholas, nephew of Queen Elena of Italy. He spends his days in New York painting, and at his last exhibition some of his work brought fancy prices from connoisseurs.

Then, too, there is Dimitri. He works in a New York bank, where his fellow employes call him Mr. Dimitri. They know also, of course, that when the Czar was alive he was Prince Dimitri, a nephew of the Emperor; that his father is the Grand Duke Alexander and his mother the Grand Duchess Xenia, a sister of the late Czar. His parents are living in Paris.

Promptly at 8:30 every morning of the week Mr. Dimitri arrives at the bank and takes off his coat so that its sleeves may not grow shiny from contact with his desk. There is an alpaca office coat for wear there in the foreign-exchange department. At five he changes his coat again and goes to his lodgings in a bachelor hotel



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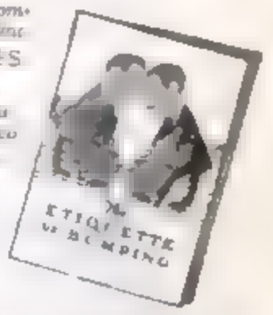

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within walking distance of his place of employment. Mr. Dimitri hopes that when the Bolsheviki have passed out of the Russian picture he will be able to return and play a useful part in the reconstruction of his country.

The swinging doors leading from the kitchen into the narrow dining room of the Nitchevo swung open violently. The chef of this Russian restaurant on the upper East Side of Manhattan, in a stained white apron, was performing the most distasteful task of his day. He, once a leading barrister of Moscow, was compelled to carry out his own garbage. As he was a large man, he had no difficulty, except as his dignity was strained in supporting his end of the bulky galvanized iron can. It was his scullery man who suffered, for the scullery man was small and not strong; and his trousers, which appeared to have been made from a mattress covering for a person of much greater bulk, kept slipping down in treacherous folds on his heels.

It was the hour when Russian refugees who had escaped with something besides their lives sometimes came to the Nitchevo for tea. There were several of them present on this afternoon, one a tall man with a brown beard to give him added distinction. As the chef and his weak subordinate came abreast of this table the scullery man let go his end of their offensive burden so that the heavy can crashed to the floor.

The heels of the little man were run over and in no way did they suggest military boots, but he clicked them audibly and brought a palm red from almost constant immersion in dishwater to his perspiring forehead. His salute was a smart one, but no less smart than that with which it was acknowledged by the distinguished-appearing patron. Both had been colonels in the army of the vanished régime of the Romanoffs.

Any Job in a Restaurant

"I've been transferred to the heavy artillery," explained the little man humorously as he brought his hand down to the garbage can once more; but he said it in Russian. Had he been able to speak English, he would not have been washing dishes in the Nitchevo. A knowledge of English would release many former field officers of the Czar's armies from their enslavement to dish pans and brooms; but in spite of the Russian aptitude for languages, many of these refugees have been slow to acquire the speech of the country that shelters them.

One reason so many of them have gone behind the scenes of restaurant kitchens is the fact that the jobs there rank low in the scale of desirability. Dishwashers are wanted even when, as rarely happens in New York, there are more men than jobs. Besides, when one has gone for months and months without being sure of one's next meal, a job in a restaurant—any job in any restaurant—is a great comfort.

There was a princess who tried it in one of the restaurants of New York, but the proprietor fired her after one day. Her husband had been shot while trying to escape. Her slender white hands had been a source of great delight to him. Looking at them sometimes, she could call up again the phrases of flattery that he would speak as he would kiss her hand as only a Russian may kiss the hand of a lady he admires. Her difficulty was that she could not bear to plunge them into anything so certain to despoil their beauty as dishwater. The proprietor of the restaurant dismissed her unsympathetically when he discovered that she was trying to keep pace with the growing stacks of soiled china and plated silver with her hands incased in rubber gloves.

Making the Disguise Complete

There was another princess, one of royal blood, whose hands nearly caused her undoing before she escaped from Russia to London. That was the Princess Catherine Yourievsky, daughter of Czar Alexander II, who fled from Yalta in the Crimea to the protection of an old gardener. She had been disguised in a rough dress and had a handkerchief about her head so that her cheeks swelled in protest against its sharp binding. Her hair had been cut into a straight fringe and she seemed to be, as was contended, the niece of the gardener. Only her hands were likely to betray her. So she rubbed them with a mixture of red wine and earth and spent her days cleaning a cow shed and a kitchen until the toil had made additional disguise unnecessary for her hands.

When she finally reached London she began to earn her living singing.

But there are only a few of royal blood among the swarm of refugees who identify themselves as Prince This or Princess That. If you should meet one of them it is pretty certain that you will encounter a courageous person, and if he or she is rather insistent that there is a sharp distinction between a Russian immigrant and a Russian refugee, it is well to remember that the insistence is born of loyalty, of a determination not to abandon a country they feel will need them in the future.

"We are few," they say, "but we are Slava."

Heaven's Peak, Glacier National Park, Montana

Successful Men—

Are They Born or Made?

You are born with these assets—
What are you adding to them?

"Born with mind but not with wisdom; born with intellect but not with knowledge; born with power to discern, but not born to discretion and sound judgment; born with adaptabilities but not with abilities; born, it may be, with wealth, but not born to success. Wisdom, knowledge, discretion, judgment, ability, character—these are *attainments*, not bestowments or inheritances."—*The Kansas Banker.*

Genius and *inspiration* were once credited with playing an important part in building a successful career. What part *do* they actually play in the making of success?

William Livingston, President of the Dime Savings Bank, Detroit, has this to say:

"Genius is supposed to be some peculiar capacity for spontaneous accomplishment. If so, it is one of the rarest things in the world. I have been studying business and human beings for more than sixty years, and I've never yet seen anything permanently worth while that was accomplished on the spur of the moment. The man who expects to win out in business without self-denial and self-improvement and self-applied observation stands about as much chance as a prize fighter would stand if he started a hard ring battle without having gone through an intensive training period."

How You Can Measure Your Chances for Success

We are all looking forward to successful careers. If an employe, you want a better position. That is the first step up. If an employer, you want to improve the business you manage.

Business cannot pay you for ideas and plans which you do not deliver, and this applies to owner and employe alike. Neither can Business pay you for *learning* business.

If you desire success, your day must be filled with achievement—doing things. Contemplation, analysis, acquiring the experience of others, must come *after* the gong rings at night.

Broadly speaking, everyone who reads these words falls into one of three groups; in fact, this analysis really constitutes a measuring stick by which you can measure the degree of success which you will probably enjoy:

Group 1—Those who are making no effort to increase their business knowledge and ability aside from the limited experience which comes as a result of each day's work.

Group 2—Those who, more or less consistently, are reading constructive literature pertaining to their specialties or field, but who follow no organized plan.

Group 3—Those who consistently follow a definite, well-organized, step-by-step plan, which embraces not only the best experience in their specialty, but also shows the relationship of their job to the fabric of business as a whole.

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During fifteen years, LaSalle Extension University has been furnishing men with an organized plan of self-development—in every important field of business endeavor. The proof that such a plan wins out is evidenced in the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported salary increases totalling $1,399,507. The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

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"The advancement I have made during the past five years to my present position as Sales Manager of the B. A. Ralston Company was made possible through your splendid training and the valuable services which I have used with much profit. Two years ago I wrote you saying that I would not part with the knowledge LaSalle training has brought me for $10,000. Today I can say that I would not part with it for several times that amount." R. B. COOK, Chicago.

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"At the time I enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy, I felt that I could not afford it; but the results obtained have proved it a wonderful investment. I can truthfully say that your training has made it possible for me to increase my income approximately 700 per cent."
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"The practical ideas which I got from the very first assignment of your course in Modern Salesmanship enabled me to land the biggest order our company has ever received. Naturally I am enthusiastic—not merely because of this initial advancement, but because of the future which your training has opened up to me. It's by far the most profitable investment I ever made or ever expect to make."
O. M. ABEL, Sales Manager
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- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Industrial Management: Factory Management:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager and positions relating to Employee Service.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
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To him—you are not a "purchaser"—you're a customer. There's a distinct difference.

He expects that—through the performance of your Super-Zenith—other people will become interested.

His policy of satisfying you is not sentiment—but sound business.

The Zenith Super-Radio is not a "quantity" proposition.

Consequently we can pick and choose our retailers—add and eliminate—work only with those retailers whose ideals and methods fit our own.

And our objective is a mighty good one for you—for your protection.

We want you to know that wherever there is an Authorized Zenith Retailer, you can buy safely—with the full assurance that you get what you pay for; that cheerful, intelligent service begins with your purchase—and never ends.

The Zenith is not a "cheap" instrument in any sense of the word.

You pay a price that entitles you to unusual performance—genuine satisfaction.

And we are using every means within our control to see that you get it.

Zenith literature and name of nearest retailer gladly sent on request.

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Costs More—but Does More

EVERY BOY

(Continued from Page 9

Ned's thoughts had been as inarticulate as music; but if he could have worded them to some stranger in Carthage and led him to the shrine and revealed the goddess, the stranger would have been dumfounded, hornswoggled. For he would have seen a house that could only have been called stupid, a porch that even the moonlight couldn't do much with, and a woman who was merely a somewhat portly and florid brunette, of no great irregularity of feature and no deformity, but certainly of no unusual majesty.

There must be a million women just like Rose Yore in the world. She was of a type that nearly every race produces in numerous specimens. She looked like a widow who didn't mind being a widow for a while, but would never remain one for long.

She was not alone now, and poor Ned was in for a shock.

To escape the lamp-post before the gate and the eyes of the neighbors who could be heard rocking on their porches, he climbed over the fence at a shadowy spot and dropped down into a pool of fragrant honeysuckle. He plucked off a spray and tried to remember, in order to quote it to Rose, something somebody had said about some flowers he gave somebody or other:

I sent thee late a—something or other—
Not so much honoring thee—
As something or something.
But thou thereon diddest only breathe
And sentest it back once more
Since when it grows or blows—or something—
And smells, I'm sure,
Not of itself, but thou.

He planned to advance upon Rose with the honeysuckle and quote the poem—though he didn't think the word "smells" was very nice. He had better use "reminds me" instead.

As he went stealthily across the velvety grass he paused. He heard a voice—her voice. It was as sickeningly sweet as the honeysuckle that fell from his hand when the porches of his ears drank in the poison of her words:

"Oh, Duncan, darling Duncan, I'm so glad you've come back! I've been bored to death. That idiotic Ned Fisher has hounded the life out of me, but I can't stand puppy love. Oh, Dunky dear, don't ever leave your Rosie-wozie again! You're a liar and a flirt and a crook, and I wouldn't believe a word you said on a stack of Bibles; but tell me you love me and kiss me like you meant it—oh-h-h!"

A man's voice, low and harsh as a bass viol's lowest string, answered:

"You're a little fat fraud and you never told the truth in your life. But you get me somehow, girlie; you get me somehow."

"Oh, Dunky—um-m—take me out for a ride, won't you, before that sap of a boy comes mooning round? He'll never go home, once he gets here."

"I'll send him home all right, all right, if he shows up. Forget him and ——"

"Oh, Dunk, you are so stro-ong!"

The threat of his rival had filled Ned with such wrath that he might have charged upon him at once. But when he heard Rose repeat the very formula she had used with him, and realized that her tone was broken by the sharp constriction of his rival's muscles, the sacrilege of it made Ned almost collapse in a heap. In an instant his love was changed to loathing—a loathing that embraced all womankind, for if she were false, all, all must be false; falser than a dicer's vows, falser than hell.

With womankind went love itself and all its manifestations. Kisses? Ugh! Caresses? Bah! Embraces—hugging matches? Phew! Let Dunk Barclay have her! Dunk was a notorious rounder, a promiscuous old chaser! He was good enough for a treacherous, cheap, lying flirt like Rose Yore, the double-dyed spooner, the ——

He slunk back to the honeysuckle bush to climb over the fence and go home. But the scented bush drugged him. It was yearning and kisses, desire and fulfillment all crowded into one fragrance; it was a love philter and it bewitched him.

He looked back at the porch, a shabby portico blotched with blue moonshine and black shadows wherein treason was at work. He was young and his ideal was in the dust and his loneliness was unendurable. He wanted to run to Rose Yore and fling his arms about her knees and weep upon her feet and pray up to her to be at least true to the divinity he had imagined her. He wanted to tear Duncan Barclay's infamous hands from her sacred form and smite him in his vicious face and trample him. He could do it, too, for Duncan Barclay was a dissipated man and undoubtedly a weakling, while he himself —— What was that line about Sir Galahad?

His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

His duty was plain. Rose was a sweet trusting child, under the spell of an ogre. It was the duty of a knight-errant to rescue her.

It was so good to have something positive to do that Ned was almost glad of the situation. He scrambled over the fence, marched to the front gate, up the front walk, up the front steps and said into the silent shadows, "Oh, Mrs. Yore! Oh, Rose!" There was no answer, though he could see a double shadow darkening the dark. He laughed. "I know you're there, Rose. I heard your voice."

This brought Rose forward, and she said with some asperity, "I'm sorry, Ned. I'm not at home tonight."

This was a jolt, but his enthusiasm for his mission carried him back.

"Got company, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. So if you'll excuse me ——"

"If it was anybody else I would. But seeing as it's Duncan Barclay—a man that's no fit companion for a lady ——"

"Well, I'll be damned!"

There was a roar of surprisingly leonine quality from the lair and suddenly Duncan Barclay was towering over Ned. He was taller than Ned had supposed and he was as mad as Tophet—whatever that is.

Rose tried to prevent a clash. The neighbors were on their porches and she knew that the acoustics were perfect. If she had not intervened, Ned might have backed out cleverly from the encounter; but there was something about the presence of an excited female that awoke primeval instincts. Ned became a cave man seeing another in his cave. His hair rose on the back of his neck, and then Duncan Barclay snarled down at him. "Get out of here and stay out, or ——"

"Or what?" said Ned, in a menacing tone.

"Or I'll throw you out."

"Oh, will you? Well, I'd like to see you!"

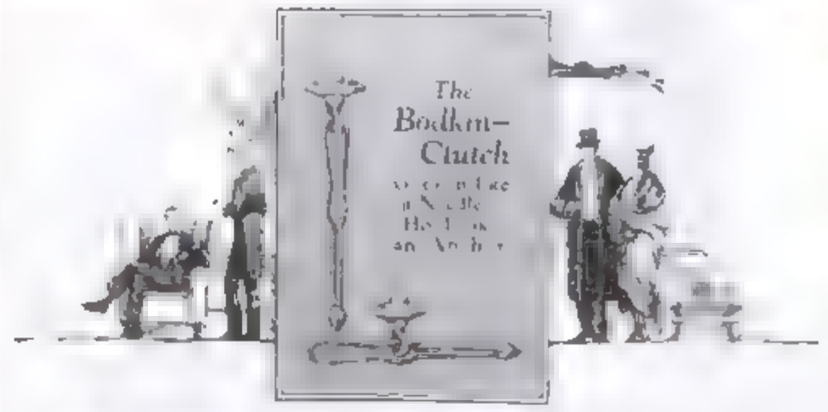
He got his wish. After a brief scuffle, in which his blows were parried by arms like steel, a mallet caught him on the mouth and a mule kicked him in the stomach and he went clattering backward down the steps and lighted so limply on the grass that he almost kicked himself in the face.

While he was dazedly considering his confusion and the untrustworthiness of the romantic belief that vice weakens and virtue strengthens the muscles, he heard Rose sighing, "How strong you are!"

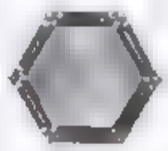
Duncan Barclay tore away the clinging hands of Rose, came down the steps, lifted Ned from the grass by the necktie, and seizing his trousers in his other hand, propelled him with bewildering rapidity to the gate and through it, and motioned across it for Ned to begone.

As that seemed to be the only thing left for him to do, Ned bewent. Having no other place to go he went home. He fumbled the door knob so that when he entered the hall the whole family was waiting for him.

CORRECT JEWELRY FOR GENTLEMEN



2067 -Links $5 pair



2068—4 vest buttons $5 50

2069—3 studs $3.50

Centers are white mother of pearl, enameled border. Complete set in beautiful gift case $14

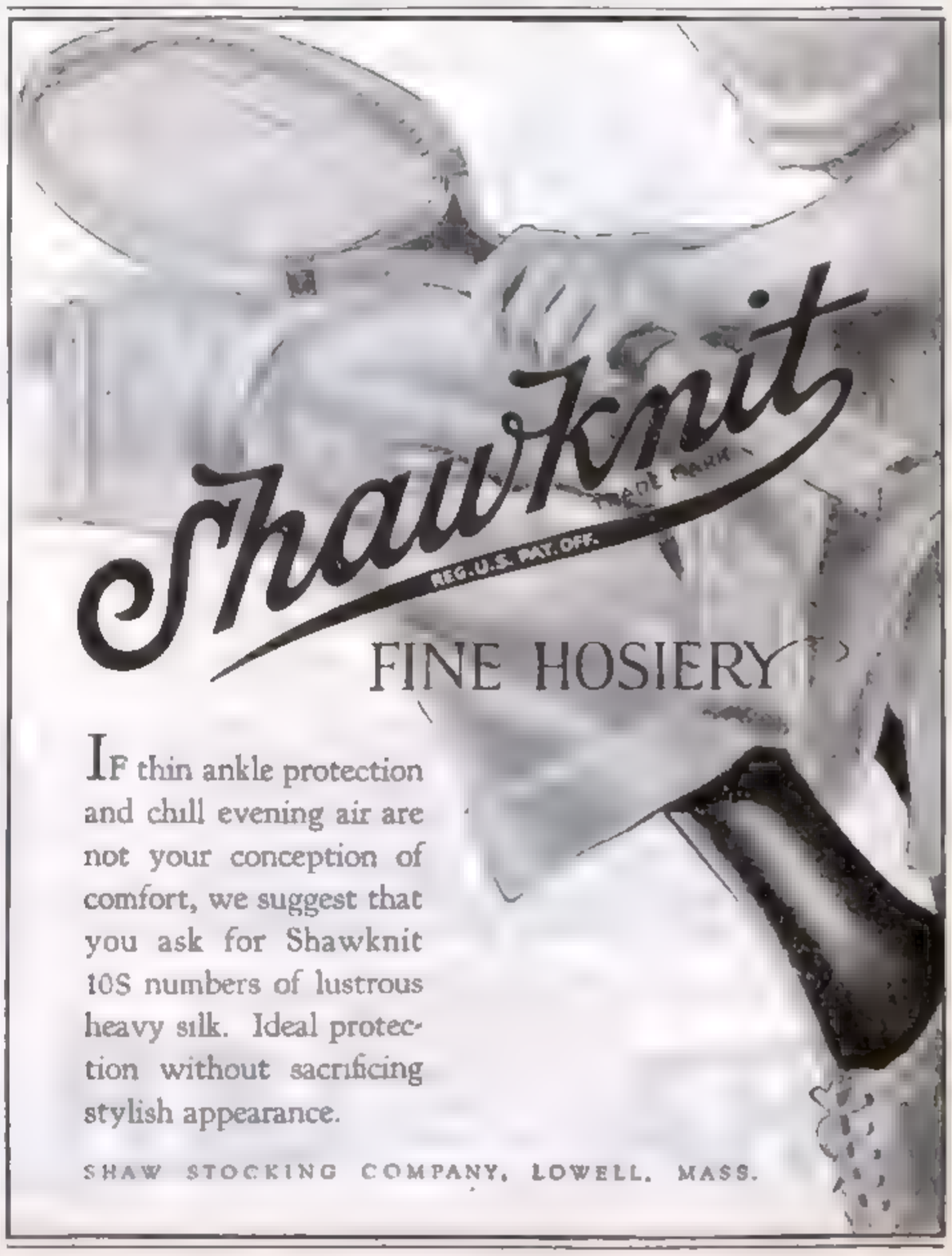
Correct Evening Jewelry

At formal affairs Krementz jewelry is much in evidence. It is correct for evening wear and is selected because of that assurance. Then, too, only on the studs and the vest buttons of Krementz jewelry is it possible to secure that easily inserted and sure-holding bodkin clutch.

Krementz full dress and tuxedo sets may be purchased at almost any fine store catering to the well-dressed man. The price range is wide; the designs in great variety. Each piece has the name "Krementz" stamped on the back and each set comes in a handsome gift box without extra charge.

Names of dealers nearest you upon request

Krementz
COLLAR BUTTON
Newark New Jersey



FINE HOSIERY

IF thin ankle protection and chill evening air are not your conception of comfort, we suggest that you ask for Shawknit 10S numbers of lustrous heavy silk. Ideal protection without sacrificing stylish appearance.

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY, LOWELL, MASS.

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A Style of the Times

FLORSHEIM SHOES have the smart look you like—they make the right impression—they express the good taste of the man who cares. THE FRAT is one of the season's best.

Most Styles $10

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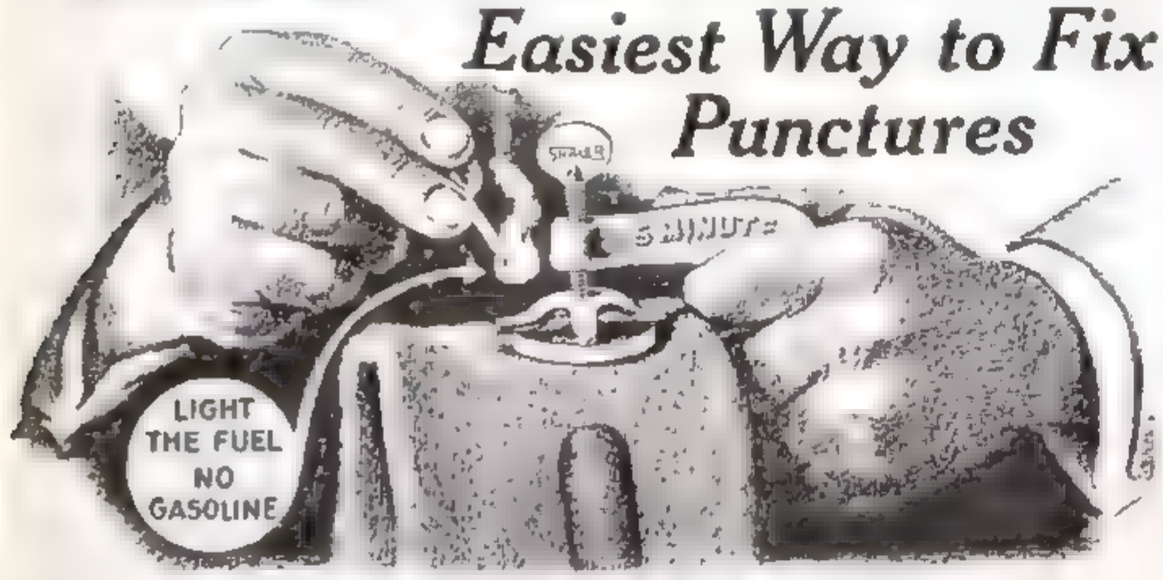
The Florsheim Shoe

Booklet STYLES OF THE TIMES on Request

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

Easiest Way to Fix Punctures



Anywhere on the Road

Better than the old way. Quicker, easier, more dependable. Just clamp a Patch-&-Heat Unit over the puncture. Light the prepared solid fuel it contains. Give it a few minutes to cool. That's all. No gasoline—no cement—even the rubber patch is cut to size. Nearly three million motorists carry it for making heat-vulcanized, lasting repairs anywhere on the road.

Get this "Hole Outfit" Today

Only $1.50 at Auto Supply Dealers' Everywhere.
Slightly Higher in Canada and Far West.

C. A. SHALER CO. Waupun, Wis.

SHALER

His mother screamed, "Oh, my boy, you were hit by an automobile!"

Since it is unfilial to contradict one's mother, Ned let it go at that. But he told her he didn't know whose car it was.

There was a queer look in Will Shippey's eye; but he said nothing, and Ned permitted his mother to help him up the stairs and fetch cold water and fuss around him. It was good again to have a mother—somebody to care whether he lived or died or was hurt or not. She wanted to murder the beast who had driven his hateful car into her darling boy. And it was good to have somebody on earth who wanted to fight for him.

But as she straightened up his room she came across the photograph which he had failed to hide, in his haste to approach the original. She took it with her and sat down on the edge of his bed and ruined all her victory by pouring out what was in her mind:

"When you get well again, honey, I hope you'll find that that auto knocked out of you all this nonsense about this Yore woman. Look at the old baboon!"

"Don't!" Ned groaned. "Please, mother!"

But his mother went on ridiculing the idol his heart had made out of mud and endowed with the qualities it needed in its hunger for something unearthly. His mother tried to destroy the indestructible longing for perfection. It was like telling a child that a rag doll is not a fairy princess but a dirty rag full of sawdust. The only result was that his mother lost him, and every truth she uttered against Rose Yore served to redeem Rose as a victim of persecution and prejudice—or, as Will Shippey would have phrased it, every knock was a boost.

The only defense that Rose could have had was an assault by one who hated her. Ned, squirming under his mother's denunciations of Rose, found himself her advocate. He began to love her again and to feel that he himself perhaps misjudged her as wildly as his mother.

When she left him at last and put out the light, he buried his head under the covers and sobbed himself to sleep. He had experienced the double loss of two irretrievable confidences—in his love and in himself. Sleep was the only answer to the problem, the only medicine.

He woke next morning with a refreshing determination to have revenge. He would go into training until he could lick the stuffing out of Dunk Barclay and he would show Rose Yore that she had chosen the wrong fellow to take up with. But the training would be a slow process and the love of Rose Yore was so deeply embedded that he could not get all the roots of it out. There is, alas, no painless dentist for love extraction.

In spite of his father's warning, he did not go to the office at all that morning. A black eye, a bruised lip and a general limp must serve as his excuse. He stayed about the house and used up all the witch hazel as well as his father's favorite bit of juicy tenderloin from the noon steak. He wore it on his eye with results that did not live up to the advertisements.

To his added humiliation, his younger sister, Helen, came home from boarding school. She was all sympathy when Ned's mother did his lying for him and told about the anonymous automobile that had tried to assassinate him.

But when, in the afternoon, she was called upon by Lulu Sperry, Ned hobbled upstairs and hid himself in his room. He had met Lulu Sperry a year before, when her father moved to Carthage to take charge of the pickle factory.

The Sperrys had been at once taken up by Carthage society, and Ned had danced with Lulu once or twice—a nice kid and not so homely that it hurt; but when Helen, who had struck up a great friendship for her at school, began to sing her praises as a prize beauty, a great scholar and the most popular of all the pupils, Ned sniffed.

Like another Achilles, he sulked in his tent because his captive had been taken from him. As he lay on the bed, gazing at Mrs. Yore's ample charms, he heard Lulu's laughter rippling across the hall. She was up in Helen's room, helping unpack Helen's trunk, and they were commenting shrilly on the various souvenirs of the season's scalp hunt. Ned had to admit that Lulu's laughter was fluty, and he found himself laughing from contagion. But he checked himself out of respect for his grief and returned to mourn over his own Rose.

Later, some boys called and the girls went downstairs. The phonograph was soon set whirring and the house was shaken with dancing feet. A silly pastime for kids, the ancient Ned croaked to himself; but the tunes were ketching. It irritated him to recognize the voice of his chum, Hugo Marsh. He had gleaned from fragments of Helen's remarks that Hugo and Lulu were sweet on each other. He liked Hugo as a pal, but he could not imagine what a girl would see in him.

Later in the afternoon the crowd below dashed downtown for an orgy of ice-cream sodas at McGrath's drug store, and the house was still. Ned felt a bit more abandoned and fell asleep. His mother, peeking in, found him with Mrs. Yore's photograph clasped to his stomach—it had been over his heart when he fell asleep, but had slipped down a notch. Mrs. Fisher said nothing, but stole out and began to conspire. At supper she added Helen to her conspiracy. Something must be done to wean Ned away from Mrs. Yore.

"'Wean' is the word," said Helen with the forwardness of a flapper. The only thing she could think of was to throw Lulu at his head or draw her across his path like a herring. But Lulu was pretty well tied up with Hugo Marsh, and it was hardly fair to Hugo.

"Still," said Mrs. Fisher, "it would only be for a while. Hugo can have her back as soon as she's taken Ned's mind off that Yore woman. Heaven knows I don't want him really falling in love with anybody; but if Lulu could only cure him of the Yore sickness I'd love her forever."

That night there was a party at the Budlongs', and Helen was taken to it. Ned could hear the music across the lawns and he felt a recrudescence of the old dance mania that he had given up since he had been infatuated with Mrs. Yore. People didn't invite her to dances.

The next day his eye was not quite so black—just a mild mulatto or octoroon color. His swollen lip was almost restored to normal. When he was caught downstairs by the sudden invasion of Lulu he had to make the best of it. He was surprised to find how well she looked. A year at college had certainly improved that kid. She had filled out quite considerable, mentally and physically. She was full of fun, but there was some point to her chatter.

He did not notice for some time that he and Lulu had been left alone by his mother and Helen. He did not know that his mother was peering down from the stairs into the living room and watching Lulu. In Mrs. Fisher's eyes, Lulu on the sofa was Queen Titania on a bank of thyme, opalescent and a-shimmer with fairy glamour. She had come in answer to a mother's prayer to touch with her wand a misguided boy and lead him back to the path of sanity away from the grove of the ogress.

To Ned, Lulu was not so pretty as all that, but she certainly had improved a lot since last year—she sure had.

It was a distinct shock when the doorbell rang and Hugo Marsh walked in to claim her for a motor ride. Hugo greeted Ned with a cordiality that had once been pleasant but was offensive now. He made a few wise cracks of heavy stuff and carried Lulu off as if he owned her.

Lulu saved the day by putting into Ned's palm a hand like a little warm lily and saying, "I'm awful sorry wicked old Hugo drags me away, but just you wait. I've

(Continued on Page 181)

ACCURATE · MEASURE · OR · NO · GAS

FILTERED GASOLINE
ACCURATE MEASURE -OR NO GAS
The Positive Measuring FLOW-LOCK
SURE AS A SAFE!
Accurate Measure -or No Gas!
No gasoline can be served unless dial is set at hair-line accuracy.
MILWAUKEE

Hoisting a New Flag

A NEW standard of accuracy in serving gasoline!

Filling stations now make mis-measure impossible by installing Milwaukee "Compulsory Accuracy" Pumps.

These visible-type pumps deliver *Accurate Measure or No Gas.* They are mechanically locked—no gasoline can flow—until the measure dial is set at hairline accuracy.

No eye-estimating or hand-measuring. If you order five gallons, the operator sets the "Flow-Lock" at 5, and you get five gallons—exactly. Not a drop can be served until the pump is unlocked by accurate setting.

Recognize the "Compulsory Accuracy" Pump by its distinctive Flow-Lock that guarantees "Accurate Measure—or No Gas".

These pumps are built in 5 and 10 gallon sizes, hand and motor driven

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No. 1 of a series of full page advertisements

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ACCURATE · MEASURE · OR · NO · GAS

Be sure these Features designed by 369 women are on your new cabinet

For sheer joy

in less housework, get a Boone, the only cabinet with these features.

The Boone sisters were designed by 369 women, who entered a contest announced in The Ladies' Home Journal. Never before had women an opportunity to get what they NEEDED in kitchen efficiency—saving hours of kitchen drudgery. Surely nothing but a Boone will ever satisfy YOU.

HELEN BOONE, shown here, speaks for herself. Just study her admirable qualities.

MARY BOONE is even larger. She has the same exclusive features and in addition an Arcade Crystal coffee mill and a card index system for your recipes.

BERTHA BOONE has the same features. Larger than both, permanent at any close seat both ends. Bertha reverses into the work. If you have, saving floor space.

BETTY BOONE is the most complete kitchen cabinet. Only 27 inches wide. She can go anywhere in the apartment or small kitchen. This is the cabinet selected by the Chicago Federation of Women's Clubs to be installed in their "Better Homes in America" Model House at Park Ridge, Indiana. A special booklet on the superiorities of Boone Cabinets.

In addition to these exclusive labor saving features, Boone cabinets also excel in other ordinary requirements. The Porcelain [illegible] top has a [illegible] surface that keeps it sanitary and easy to clean. The enamel is durable and will not chip. Lasting lustre assured. The bread board is raised at the working side of the frame and is always in the same handy position, even when flour top is extended.

You can have the Boone Design, Finish, Size you like. Boone cabinets have individuality. We will gladly send you the name of your nearest dealer and a free guide showing all the Boone models, or a free Mary Boone cut-out for the chicken fob house. Simply write us.

CAMPBELL-SMITH-RITCHIE COMPANY

The oldest manufacturers of kitchen cabinets in America

Lexington, Indiana

DEALERS!

This year Boone sales have again broken all records. [illegible] because women prefer the Boone. You can't blame them. It means so much to them in lightening kitchen work and giving hours more time for recreation. If you want to create a sensation put a Boone in your window. Women are quick to appreciate its advantages. The superiority of the Boone is so apparent.

Catalog on request.

This is a Boone Year

Boone

DESIGNED BY 369 WOMEN

(Continued from Page 178)

had such a wonderful talk—so intellecchal and—oh, so intresting. Goo'-by."

She was the real thing, that girl. But as he caught a glimpse of Hugo's ugly mug he thought of Beauty and the Beast.

The only fault he could find in Lulu—such a musical name, too!—was what could she see in a dub like Hugo? Hugo was getting awful cheap and common lately. Somebody ought to save a nice kid like that from such a slob.

When they were gone Ned came to himself with a start. He must not take on too many girls to save from unworthy men. Mrs. Yore was still waiting to be rescued from the Svengali that had her hypnotized.

The next morning he had to go to the office. He learned on the way downtown that Dunk Barclay had left Carthage on another of his traveling trips and Rose Yore would be alone again. In fact, as he went along Broad Street on an errand he suddenly encountered her. To his surprise, she spoke to him very sweetly. He was so embarrassed for so many reasons that he forgot he had his straw hat on and tried to clutch it by the crown, like a fedora.

On his way back to the office he saw her coming again. She must be suffering from remorse or ruination or something, for she looked much older—much! She was bigger than he had thought, too—sideways, that is. And kind of clumsy, too, compared to Lulu, who seemed woven of rattan.

He got his hat off this time; but Rose benumbed him by pausing to shake hands, and he had to put his hat back on with his right hand and take it off again with his left. She clung to his paw when she got it, and moaned:

"I am so sorry for what happened, Ned dear. Dunk Barclay came over that night unexpectedly and I couldn't get rid of him. I tried to humor him, because I think he had been drinking, and he was in an ugly mood. His attack on you was dastardly—simply dastardly. I must have fainted, I think. Can't we be friends again?"

It might have been an optical illusion, but it was certain that she visibly changed before his eyes. The sunlight filtered through her and illuminated her like a candle inside a frosted cake.

Something told his bitter soul that she was probably lying to him. He seemed to remember certain things inconsistent with her present version, but he could not be sure. And if she were lying to him, there was a kind of compliment in that. A woman wouldn't take the trouble to lie to a fella she didn't care about.

That night he went to Mrs. Yore's again. His mother was desolated and she and Helen cooked up a more desperate plot. Wise Helen advised her mother to quit roasting Mrs. Yore and invite her over to the house, where Ned could see how she stacked up against Lulu. Mrs. Fisher had her doubts, but she was at her wit's end, and she agreed.

Helen had seen a play or two and several moving pictures in which it was plainly demonstrated that the way to break up a love affair is to praise the girl till the fellow gets fed up on her. It never failed.

In the moonlight all cats are pretty; and Mrs. Yore, on her own porch, was musical, warm, amorous and less resistant than she had been before. She became for the nonce a very siren, mythically beautiful. Her porch was an islet in a perfumed ocean and Ned an infatuated Greek wanderer enmeshed in the smothering bliss of her scented hair. When he left her at last he was drunk with her spells and truculently ready to do battle for her.

His mother was still up when he tried to sneak in, and he snapped at her first word:

"Ned, I want to speak to you about that—about Rose Yore."

Ned bristled in her defense, but controlled himself and spoke with the gentle patronage that only a son in love can inflict on a meddlesome mother:

"Mother, when a man's a man, he cannot allow his—his—even his parents to discuss his—his ——"

"I wan't going to discuss her," cried Mrs. Fisher. "I was going to say that, seeing she's likely to be my daughter-in-law, I want you should have her over to dinner—day aft' tomorra night."

This ditched Ned completely. He had no comeback for such an attack and he could only nod and stammer, "Oh, well, all right. That's fine. That's great. Sure! You're the grandest little mother ever."

The old villainess did not tell Ned—and so he could not tell Rose—that there were to be other guests.

The next morning Mrs. Fisher, in Ned's presence, telephoned Mrs. Yore and with her most grandiose grace invited her to come over to dinner. At her end of the line, Rose's face expressed amazement, incredulity, then scornful elation; all this without a trace of change in the vocal maple sirup she poured into the telephone. She accepted in shy sweetness and childlike gratitude.

Ned hugged his mother with an effect of osteopathic crackling and hastened to his office, feeling that he dwelt in the sweetest of all possible worlds. But the all-seeing angels were shocked to observe Mrs. Fisher laughing her head off as she pointed scornfully at her telephone, and Mrs. Yore laughing her head off as she pointed scornfully at hers. The perfidious telephone told neither of the subscribers of the other subscriber's duplicity.

Ned's mother was not so stupid as she looked. Perhaps nobody could have been. But she did enjoy counting her scorpions before the eggs were hatched.

On the great night of the truce dinner Ned was not permitted to peek into the dining room, and he left the house to fetch Rose before the first of the company arrived. Rose was dressed to the height of her ability. She was making ready for a genuine triumph over the Fishers and Ned found her more glorious than ever. He told her she was some queen, and reiterated the tribute again and again, laying more and more emphasis on the word "some."

Rose would never have gone at all if she had been told that it was to be a party made up of girls all years later than she. She was uneasy enough at first, but when she saw the house filling up with hilarious youngsters of Helen's age she felt trapped. She was in a smoldering fury and she glared murder at Mrs. Fisher, who bedeviled her with compliments and attentions.

Mrs. Fisher put Rose on Ned's right and Lulu on his left. As he looked from one to the other he fought in vain against the inevitable conclusion that Rose was a homely hen compared to Lulu, who had the fluffy adorableness of the most adorable thing in the world—a little cuddlesome chick just out of the shell. Ned had dabbled in poultry for a time and there was something about Lulu's voice that reminded him of the first irresistible chirps of a chickabiddy with flakes of eggshell still sticking to a coat that is not quite fur and not quite feathers. Or better, she reminded him of the sleek little bantam pullets that the perky little gamecocks flirted with.

But Mrs. Yore reminded him more and more of a dowdy hen waddling about the barnyard and all the time clucking to some superannuated promiscuous old rooster like Dunk Barclay.

Rose did not indulge in much cackling. She sat and smiled with ghastly agony that made Mrs. Fisher happier than anything that had happened since her favorite enemy's daughter ran off with a milkman. Rose's lips kept sagging and she kept lifting them up to a smile till her muscles must have creaked like the rusty chains of a medieval drawbridge.

Ned began to pay her the hideous compliment of sympathy. He felt it his duty to talk to her, and he could think of nothing to say, especially as he was trying to listen to the awful breaks Hugo Marsh was making and the nifty answers Lulu tossed back. The kid was clever, no mistake.

He had had much to say to Rose when they had been alone on the porch together. But now, in a crowd, he began to wonder

Alcazar

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Every type, style and price for every fuel

When choosing a kitchen range look for the trademark "Alcazar."

The famous Alcazar Gas Duplex 3-fuel range, pictured above, burns gas and coal or wood—singly or together. Instant change can be made from one fuel to another, and whichever you use, you get the uniform heat necessary for perfect baking.

There's an Alcazar to suit your needs, whether you want the Duplex 3-fuel type, or one for gas only, or the type that uses coal or wood and kerosene. Many models to choose from. Every Alcazar is built to give you uniformly good cookery with least fuel cost.

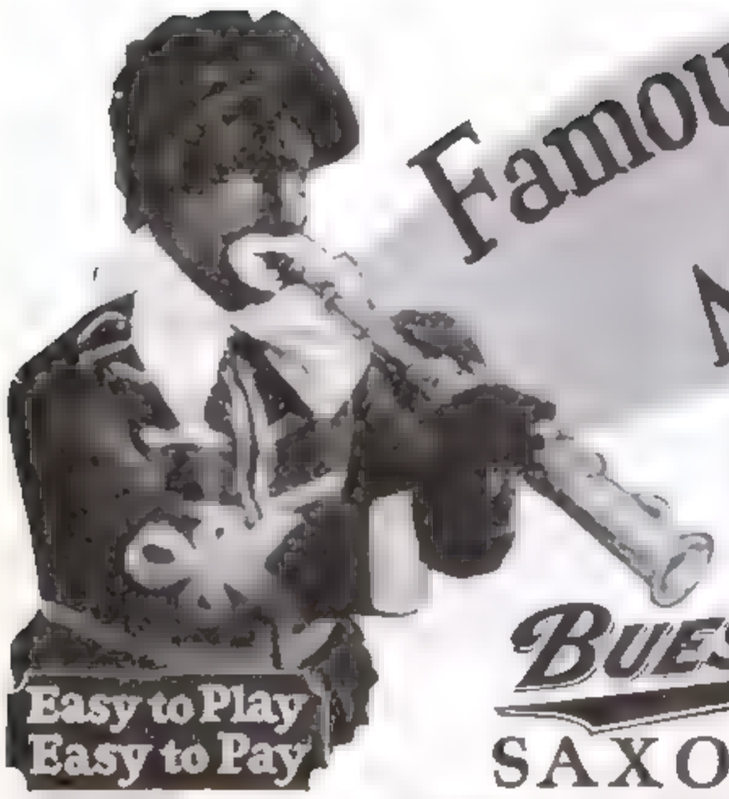
Let any Alcazar dealer show you—or write direct to us.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER CO.
436 Cleveland Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

Correct style is as essential to a man's hat as the right head size. And the distinguishing mark in a gentleman's hat that is accepted as a symbol for authoritative style is as always . . . . the label of KNOX*

KNOX HAT COMPANY
452 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 161 Broadway, N. Y.
359 Madison Avenue, N. Y.
51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

*The Knox seal on a store window identifies the dealer who carries hats with the distinguished Knox label. The Knox "Fifth Avenue" hat is in the newer colors of gray and tan with broader, deeper brim. Priced at eight dollars.



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Thousands of boys and girls everywhere are learning to play this wonderful instrument. Many are "playing" their way through college. Hundreds find it the "open Sesame" to social popularity, and mental and physical development. Boys love the Buescher Saxophone because it is so easy to learn.

You can learn to play a Buescher. Persons who never played any instrument learn scales in an hour and play popular tunes in a week. Three lessons given free with each new instrument start you. It's great fun learning because it comes so quickly.

Try It Six Days FREE. Try a Buescher, any instrument you choose, in your own home. Six Days FREE. Surely this is a most liberal offer. It places you under no obligation. We take the risk. If you like the instrument and decide to keep it, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Get the details of this wonderful plan. Send the coupon below for free literature.

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Gentlemen: I am interested in instrument checked below

Saxophone ☐ Cornet ☐ Trombone ☐ Trumpet ☐

Mention Any Other

Name

Street Address

Town State

what had been the matter of him when he thought she was the queen of the world.

Rose could see the effort he was making and it infuriated her. She wanted to slap him for sitting there and hee-hawing at her like a jackass while his long ears were laid back to catch what the pink ninny of a Lulu was driveling to that guzzling clown, Hugo Marsh.

If looks had been daggers Mrs. Yore's eyes would have sent poisoned stilettos into Mrs. Fisher till she was polka-dotted. She could see how Helen Fisher was gloating. Everything that Helen nibbled was accomplished with glances of triumphant amusement that swept Mrs. Yore back and forth.

Rose thought she would never live through it, but she endured somehow till the last imbecile had been persuaded to take a little more of the vanella ice scream and another chunk of chalklit cake, and they all adjourned to the poller to dance to the same old crackled records.

Ned was knightly loyal enough to dance first with Rose; but she could feel that he was really dancing with Lulu, and it was impossible to keep step with him. As for Ned, he was astounded to find how far it was around Mrs. Yore's waist. Dancing with her was like pushing a sofa about the room—the casters were always turned the wrong way. Her knees were always punging into his, and as for feet—she must have had a dozen pair; they were everywhere he stepped.

In the meanwhile he was observing how much Lulu was like a fluff of thistledown, and he could have murdered Hugo Marsh for his infamous manner of fairly surrounding the helpless child with his devilfish tentacles. He made a point of engaging the next dance with her the first moment they grazed.

After the dance he deposited Rose in the most substantial of the chairs and stood by her hemming and hawing and saying, "Kind o' warm, isn't it? You dance great. That was fine. Kind o' warm, though, isn't it?"

There was a battle about the phonograph over the selection of the next record, but finally it was spinning, and Ned excused himself from Rose and plunged into the crowd about Lulu as if he were a fullback arriving late at a football scrimmage.

He tore her away from two usurpers and began to dance. Dance? "Float" was the word.

Why, that kid was light as a little red balloon! She just kind of lifted you off your feet! And in your arms, she felt like—like an armful of feathers or something; only feathers don't have figures like hers.

Ned observed that nobody had asked Rose to dance and he felt sorry for her. But though he might have found plenty of excuses for going to her, since half a dozen youths kept trying to cut in on him and Lulu, he would no more have surrendered Lulu than he would have turned a little lamb over to a pack of wolves.

That brief dance was to Rose what a week-end at a bridge-mad house party is to a guest who does not play cards. If saints danced while on earth, it would doubtless be put down among their supreme martyrdoms that they had sat out a dance alone, trying to smile and pretend that they did not care to dance. In Rose's eyes, Lulu was a young harpy, shameless, affected, silly and vicious.

But Mrs. Fisher whispered to Helen, "Just look at Lulu and Ned! Ain't they grand together? And ain't she the pirtiest thing? Why, she's a regular little cherubim!"

When the dance was over, Ned was intoxicated with Lulu. He besought her for the next dance, and when she said she had promised it to Hugo Marsh the news almost prostrated him. Only the promise of the one after that dragged him from the slough of despond before he perished of gloom.

He noted that Rose was beckoning to him and went to the old thing like a schoolboy called up to the teacher's desk for punishment.

She mumbled, "Neddy dear"—how dared she call him Neddy!—"I have one of my sick headaches coming on, and I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to take me home."

He could have shrieked. It might mean that he could not get back in time to keep

(Continued on Page 184)

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(Continued from Page 182

his plighted troth with Lulu for the second dance. The only hope was to deliver Rose to her shack as fast as possible. But she insisted on lingering forever, saying good night to Mrs. Fisher. The two women beamed over their pledges of cordiality like a couple of Borgias offering each other poisoned wine. Mrs. Fisher was genuinely sorry to have Rose go. She furnished the contrast for which the party had been given. Besides, Mrs. Fisher feared the moonlight arts of Rose and that den of incantations, her front porch. She misjudged Ned's evident impatience to be off. She did not know that it was really impatience to be back.

As Ned and Rose sauntered the familiar sidewalk Ned's thoughts trailed back to Lulu like a ball of darning cotton that has caught on something. Rose's hand on his arm was heavy as a mailed glove. Her front porch was a cell. It recalled his degradation at the hands of Dunk Barclay. To grow strong and beat up Dunk Barclay and drive him away from Rose had been but yesterday his deed of highest emprise. He had vowed that he only lived till he succeeded in wiping that blot from his escutcheon.

But now it seemed not to matter much. After all, everybody got licked sooner or later. Dunk was a lot bigger and older, and he naturally felt miffed at a young fellow like Ned trying to push his way up among the old folks like Rose. Of course, if Dunk ever tried to drift down among the younger set, or ever even looked at Lulu, Ned would knock his bald old block off. But as for Rose, what business was it of Ned's to fight for her? Let Dunk have her and welcome.

When Rose invited him in he said he was awful sorry, but he really had to get back to his guests. He made no effort to kiss her, but lifted his hat with deference to her age and walked with dignity to the gate. As soon as he passed the honeysuckle bush he broke into a run that a racing whippet might have envied.

He shot into the parlor with his lungs going both ways, and saw Hugo Marsh again enveloping Lulu in his slimy arms. He decided that Hugo Marsh was the ugliest, vilest beast in town and he knew just enough about him to know that his mere contact with Lulu was leprous.

He cut in on them, panting like a wheezy melodeon, "Sa-sa-say, this—is—is my my dance—dance. Break a—break away!"

Hugo grinned at him repulsively.

"Go back and lay down, your fan's busted. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, deserting this little lady and running off with your well-known Mrs. Yore. Go on back to your old hang-out."

If Ned had been able to command his lungs, he would have answered with a searing retort; but while he puffed, Hugo broke free and a maelstrom of other dancers shunted him off the floor.

When the next dance came, that incredible hound of a Hugo insisted that it was his according to a previous contract; he had only been substituting for Ned in the last dance. And Lulu backed him up in this heinous sophistry. If Ned had not been the host, and if Helen, his mother and father, and two or three of the other young men had not restrained him, he would have done battle for Lulu then and there.

He stood off and watched his erstwhile crony Hugo and conceived for him a hatred that was absolutely international. He hated him with all the hatred of difference in race, color, creed and politics. He wondered how he had ever tolerated the dog's existence. And the only flaw he had discovered in Lulu was her willingness to be seen with such a reptile, let alone dance with him.

In all these dazzling shifts of view Ned was simply manifesting the immemorial symptoms of his disease, the all but universal lunacy known as love, which Nietzsche described as well as anyone:

"Love is the state in which man sees things decidedly as they are not. The force of illusion reaches its highest here, and so does the capacity for sweetening, for transfiguring. When a man is in love he endures more than at any other time; he submits to anything."

At last the dance and its litter of encores were ended and Lulu gave herself to his arms for the following number. When it was over he inveigled her into the moonlit porch and concealed her ruthlessly from the young man she had promised the next dance to. He told her she was the dream girl of his dreams, the ideal of his ambitions and he was simply crazy about her.

She told him he was awful nice and he was prouder of that than if General Foch had pinned sixteen war crosses on his bulging bosom.

The crowning torture of the evening was the fact that Hugo Marsh had brought her to the party and, of course, he had to be allowed to beau her home. There was no way out of it, short of stabbing Hugo to death; and while Ned was perfectly willing to do the world this favor, it would mean a long incarceration and a postponement of his marriage with Lulu. So he acquiesced.

When the guests were all gone the family tried out Ned's feelings by a test question or two.

"Didn't Rose Yore look sweet and pretty?" said mother.

"I think she was the prize beauty of the occasion," said Helen. "Don't you, Ned?"

Ned saw what they were getting at and he lashed them with a glance of contemptuous cowardice. He went up to his room and peered from his window to see if he could espy Hugo and Lulu loitering homeward. He imagined Hugo getting fresh with Lulu, and jealousy broke in him like the hives. He writhed, itched, clawed the air in astounding torment. He did not even remember Rose Yore with a thought.

His sleep was an alternation of beatific hours with Lulu, in which he saved her from drowning, from mad dogs, bulls, from assault by murderous thugs, from earthquakes, and once from an attack by a comet. He married her three or four times in his dreams. Also, in other dreams, he saw her marrying Hugo once or twice. He even saw her marry Dunk Barclay!

The next day was the commencement of a duel between Hugo and Ned for Lulu's hours and smiles. It raged with fury. They did not lock horns like two stags. They did not call each other forth with pistols. They did not fist it out. They were so evenly matched that neither quite dared to risk the consequences of a set-to. They fought with telephones and invitations and notes and flowers, ice-cream sodas and motor rides.

There was no trick too unworthy for either to play on the other. But Ned's wiles were all of noble motive, and Hugo's vile.

The amount of energy Ned devoted to planning stratagems against Hugo would have served a general in a long war.

Hallucinations began to trouble Ned's prolonged Luluitis. Her face appeared everywhere. Inside his eyelids, he saw her in splotches of iridescence. On the wall, on his ceiling, on the books he tried to keep at his father's office and on the newspapers he read at home, her face appeared like St Elmo's fire. When black specks float before your eyes, you say your liver is out of order, and take calomel. But the specks that floated before Ned's eyes were sparkles of Lulu, and he couldn't take calomel for that. Perhaps the Greeks were right when they made the liver the seat of love.

When Lulu was late to an engagement he could think of nothing but cataclysms. She had died of heart disease; had perished of sheer loveliness; had been carried back to heaven by green-eyed angels. She grew as indispensable to him as air to a man, as water to a fish. He swam in a Lulu sea.

When they had grown fond enough of each other to quarrel over the nothings that ruin the peace of love, he plummeted the ultimate depths of misery. He reproached himself with the crimes of Richard Three-Eyes. He pondered suicide as an

atonement and solemnly meditated the necessity for committing hara-kiri on her front steps. His dreams were horror pageants. One night he saw her house afire and heard her screaming for him to help her. He woke in his black bedroom and would have sworn that it was still ululant with her outcries.

He ran to the window. There was a red glow in the sky in the general direction of her house. He thrust both feet into the same trousers leg, then got into his breeches backward and gazed down in astonishment at the seat of them about his middle. He had to take them off to put them on. Then he hopped about in a maniacal search for his shoes. He flung a coat on over his pajamas and clattered down the stairs with a noise that threw the family into a panic. His mother gasped, "Burglars!" His father groaned, "Earthquake!"

He ran along the street in a fury. When he approached the Sperry house he saw that the red glow was a belated moon coming up. But he drew near to make sure that the foundations still supported her sacred room. He gazed up at her window. She had told him once which one it was. She was safe. He thanked all the gods there be.

And then he saw her at the window. Love had wakened Lulu too. No alarm, just an ecstasy of being young and pretty and beloved by many impassioned youths. She went to the window to gaze at the moon, a priestess saluting her special deity. Ned saw her there, and Romeo felt no more poetry in his heart, even though he had a Shakspere to word his thoughts for him. Shakspere came to Ned's rescue now—or at least a garbled version of him so much in use that it had lost its nonsense. Or perhaps Ned was in such an exaltation of nonsense that no other language could express his aberration. He sighed like an eolian harp:

But see, what light from yonder window busts?
It is the yeast, and Juliet's baking bread.

The infelicity of the words did not strike him. It was their rhythm that he needed. He wanted an apostrophe. Next, he recalled the words of a college song he had often sung—"A spirit in my feet has drawn me, who knows how, to thy chamber window, sweet."

The Sperry home had no fence to its lawn and he shambled across it in fascination. Lulu saw him with alarm, but recognized him before she shrieked for help. She vanished for a moment; then, adding the lace curtain to her gauzy raiment, leaned out and questioned him with gestures.

He would never have dared to climb that wall in the daytime—not even on a bet. But now a magnetism drew him aloft as what biologists call a heliotropism draws a caterpillar up a mullein stalk.

A projecting pattern of bricks furnished a slight foothold and a tenuous trellis afforded a frail hand grip. Before he knew it his elbows were on her window ledge.

She was whispering frantically, "Go away, you beast! How dare you? Oh, darling, you'll hurt yourself! If anybody should see you!" But her eyes kept calling him up and her throbbing heart applauded his unexampled valor.

He had no thought of invading her holy window. His love was innocent of guile and it asked no more than a touch of her lips. She withheld that for a long while, and then she kissed him. It was no such kiss as Mrs. Yore had given him. It was only a touch of a frightened little mouth, but it sealed him to her with a pitifully devout solemnity.

His eyes filled with tears as he stared up at her in her inaccessible heaven and her tenderness melted her till her eyes shed upon him warm drops as if from two altar candles.

"Tell me you love me."

"I can't."

"Then I'll let go and die."

"Oh, heavens! I love you!"

"You love only me, or ——"

"I love only you! Oh, please, please go, my darling, before you get killed or something."

"It would be worth it. Promise me you'll marry me—or I'll drop."

"Oh, I can't! I mustn't! Tomorrow, maybe!"

"All right, here I go!"

"Oh, I promise! I'll marry you!"

That almost knocked him over. But he clung till she kissed him again—and again—and once more—and for the last time—and for a few more last times. Then he descended, with infinite regret.

It was fearsome getting down, and he fell halfway. But no harm could come to him. He was upborne by angel wings.

The next day he met Hugo Marsh on the street—a different Hugo somehow. Hugo was all right. He was no longer a rival, though he didn't know it. Ned felt positively sorry for poor old Hugo. A nice fella, at that. A little too ambitious. But

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Ned couldn't blame anybody for loving Lulu. As long as she was plighted to him, let the whole world love her.

Hugo was amazed at Ned's cordiality. He had an intuition of the truth, but was not wise enough to heed it.

That afternoon Ned sneaked away from the office and took Lulu for a long ride. She agreed to be secretly engaged and to love him forever. She said she would have to break off a kind of engagement with Hugo and one or two other fellows, but she guessed Ned was the one true love of her heart. She admitted that she had never known what love was till now, and he confessed that it was news to him, too, though he had gone about a bit.

They decided not to tell anybody about it till she finished her next year in school. By that time Ned would doubtless have struck it rich somehow so that they could get married.

They parted mournfully, each sublimely confident of the other's absolute fidelity. Though she had confessed that she was false to Hugo *et al.*, he was sure that she could never be false to him. Though he was false to Rose, he swore he could never be false to her. And each believed the other, and she believed herself and he believed himself.

All was bliss for the two angels in their mutual heaven. But when Hugo learned of the situation his eyes changed focus. In his distorted vision Lulu was a crook and Ned was a blackguard. He fell promptly in love with another girl and decided that Lulu was just ordinary clay after all. He was glad that he had found her out in time to break with her. Good riddance of bad rubbish!

Helen was indignant at the success of her own game. She had wanted Lulu to distract Ned's attention from Mrs. Yore, but she had never meant that Lulu should take him seriously. She was disgusted with her adored chum and sick of her idiotic devotion to Ned.

As for Mrs. Fisher, she is, at the present writing, deciding that Lulu is a much overrated little cat, who has stolen her son's love from his mother and is making a fool out of her boy. Mrs. Fisher is even deciding that Rose Yore has been rather badly treated and cruelly misjudged. She is trying to figure out a wonderful scheme for getting Ned interested in Mrs. Yore again.

Ned is engaged in a heartbreaking, headshattering effort to make a fortune out of an office where his salary is considered excessive even by his own father, and where his mooning over that Sperry girl is rendering him uselesser than he ever was.

The outcome of the matter is hard to foretell. Lulu has not even gone back to school yet. Engagements have been known to be broken in Carthage, and they have been known to result in marriages; and Carthage marriages have had various results.

But for the present, when Lulu and Ned are together, they are in Eden, and when they are in a crowd, the word is hardly more than a typographical error for "cloud." Even their clouds are rosy, and though Paradise has a gate marked This Way Out, they have no knowledge of it.

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Table of Contents

September 5, 1925

Cover Design by George Brehm

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Every Boy—*Rupert Hughes*	8
Telling Jedbury—*Ellis Parker Butler*	10
Airy Adrienne Takes the Air—*Roland Krebs*	12
For What Shall it Profit——*—Lucy Stone Terrill*	14
"I Got Honolulu!"—*Lowell Otus Reese*	18
Unbeatable Bettle—*Richard Connell*	20
The Death of an Infinitive Splitter—*Nunnally Johnson*	24

ARTICLES

Wilson and Bryan—*Josephus Daniels*	6
The Odyssey of a Columnist—*Jay E. House*	11
The Yankee in Argentina—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	16
Europe Takes to the Air—*F. Britton Austin*	17
A Little Russian Dressing—*Boyden Sparkes*	22
Purveyors to the Bride—*Jane Grant*	23
One Man's Life—*Herbert Quick*	29

SERIALS

Conquered (In three parts)—*Arthur Stringer*	3
As a Woman Thinks (Fourth part)—*Corra Harris*	26
Rivers to Cross (Sixth part)—*Roland Pertwee*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30
Out-of-Doors	38
Being Your Own Boss—*J. R. Sprague*	46
Cartoon and Comedy	62
The Poets' Corner	115
System—*Newman Levy*	138

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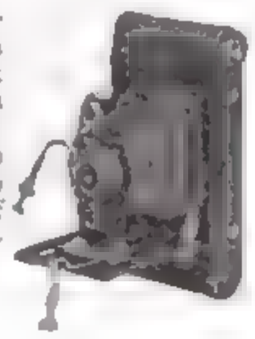

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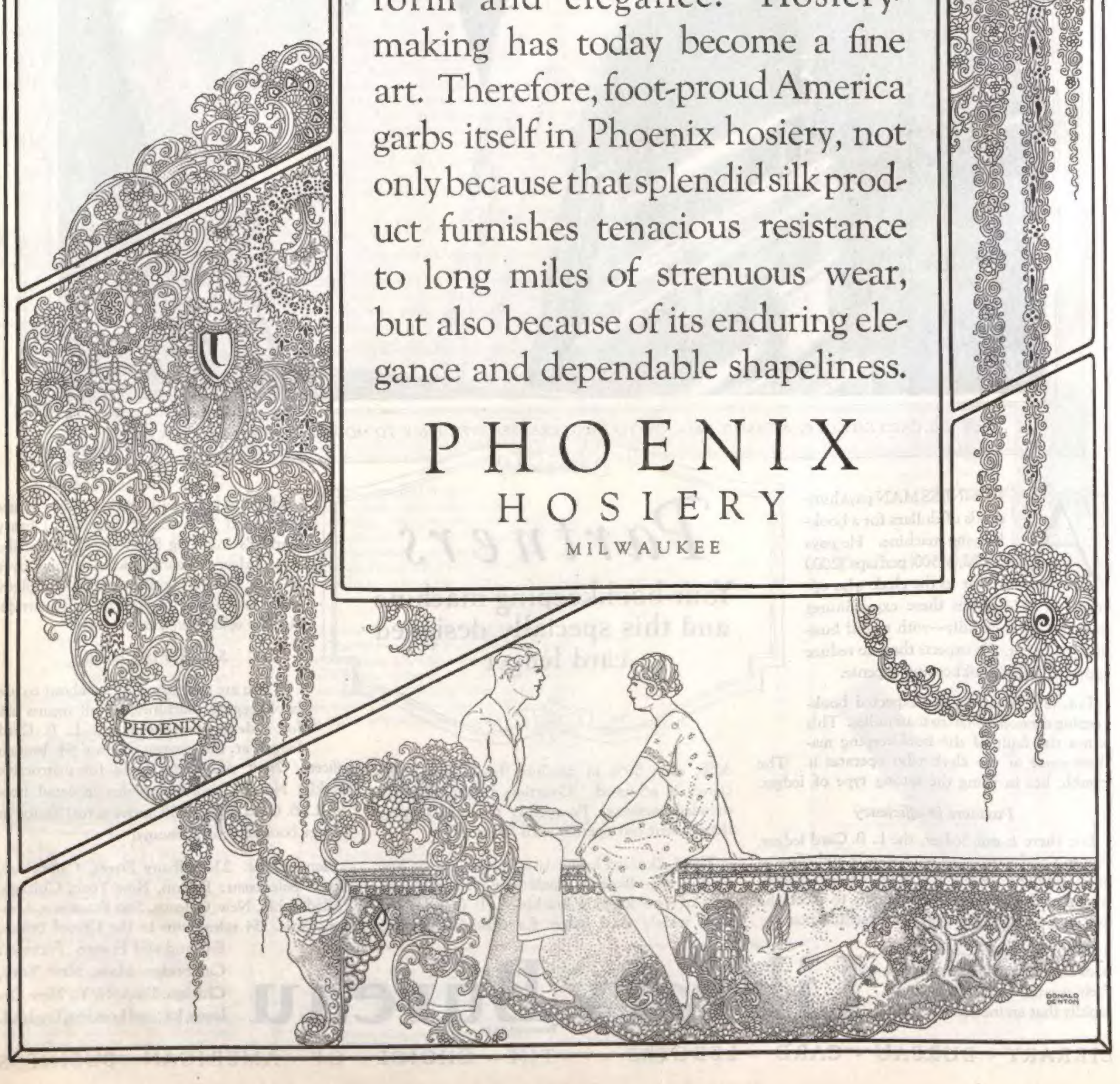

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Cake or Powder

whichever you prefer

What Some Men Know about their food

They know that business efficiency depends largely on its right selection—that poor digestion is a business liability and good digestion an asset.

NOTE the successful-looking men who are taking orange juice with their meals today—thousands everywhere.

It is usually *California* orange juice.

The reasons are three-fold.

FIRST: California orange juice contains fresh, potent vitamines, in which California oranges are particularly rich and these vitamines are food-necessities.

SECOND: This juice supplies organic salts and acids which are fine, natural digestive aids. California oranges offer a high content of these salts and acids. They help in the assimilation of the nourishment from all the other foods included in the meal. Nourishment is fuel, energy, vitality—it generates the power to think, and work.

THIRD: Although known as "acid" fruit, oranges have an *alkaline* reaction in the blood which *offsets* the acidity caused by such good foods as meat, fish and eggs.

So this rare, natural tonic-appetizer—California orange juice—is of great importance in the diet.

Order California orange juice, therefore, not merely for an attractive drink, but for its healthfulness as well.

There is good *efficiency* in the orange habit. Add the California orange to your list of *preferred foods*—the ones you choose most frequently because they are both good and good *for* you.

California Oranges
are Easy to Peel,
Slice and Separate

Restaurant and Hotel Owners, Mail This

Sunkist Juice Extractor gets 15% more juice from same orange or lemon in ¼ the time required by ordinary reamers.

Only machine, so far as we know, sold at actual cost-price, no profit to us who manufacture and sell it merely to increase juice business. Great time saver and money maker. 25,000 now in use.

Pin your name and address to this coupon and mail to us for complete information. Terms if desired.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 109, Los Angeles, Calif.

California **Sunkist** *Oranges*
Uniformly Good

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 109, Los Angeles, California